

# *Hearst's International* *combined with* **Cosmopolitan**

*February*

**25**  
CENTS



*A Heart to Heart*  
*TALK with*  
**MR. HOOVER**

*A New Series by P.G. WODEHOUSE*





# THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION

Just as the fresh delicious juices of the fruit pour at the first touch of the orange "squeezer"...so the delightful juicy flavor of Life Savers Fruit Drops is released the instant they touch the tongue!

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**Y**OU probably don't remember when you first began to notice "pink" on your tooth brush. Most people don't go into a panic over that first slight tinge of "pink" on the brush.

It's almost inevitable these days—"pink tooth brush." The gums need the stimulation of coarse foods—and they don't get it. Gradually they become more and more lazy—until they're so tender that they bleed on the slightest provocation.

And suppose you don't do anything about it. Just let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. What then?

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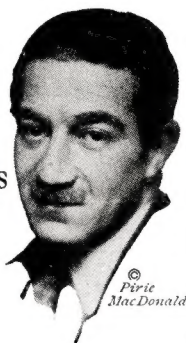
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for

New York's

gay and  
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March

COSMOPOLITAN

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# You Can't Stop It, But— You Can Make It Carry You to Success!

"It is estimated—that in the last ten years over 2,000,000 workers have been displaced from older industry due to labor-saving devices."  
President  
Herbert Hoover

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No machine can determine whether or how to expand or retrench, neither can it work out and apply the policies needed to preserve and increase dividends. Only a human being, knowing the laws and rules of Business Management, can do that or make the other decisions necessary in this day of bigger business, sharper competition and centralized control.

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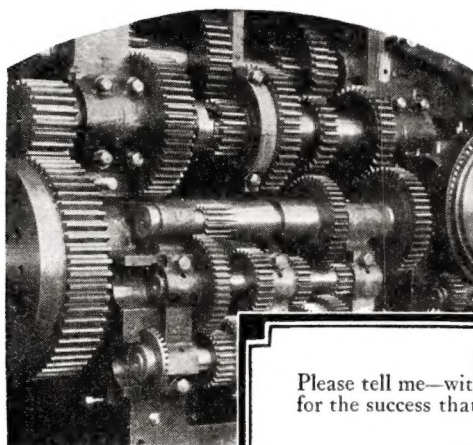
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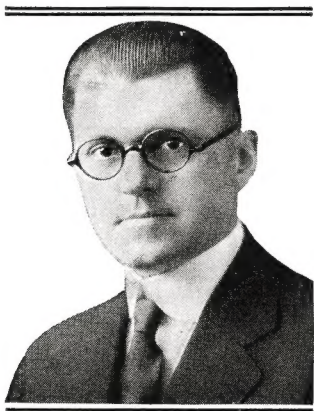
## LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY



# Preparing Young Women for Important Positions in Business

By T. LAWRENCE DAVIS, M.B.A., LL.D.

President of the American Institute for Secretaries



SEVERAL years of observation, as Dean of a college for women, have convinced me that some of the most desirable positions in business are reached through the channel of secretarial service. The secretary to the executive officer of an organization is likely to come in contact with every phase of the activities of that establishment. The secretary who actually is fitted to assume responsibility may expect to be given an ever-increasing share of executive duties. She should be able to relieve her chief of all the routine super-

vision of his office. Her technical skill in secretarial accounting should enable her to care for her employer's financial records, even to the complete preparation of his personal income tax return. Her ability to dictate effective business communications should be a distinguishing feature of her work. This attainment usually is the result of well-directed study. Her breadth of training should make her resourceful in everything pertaining to the business with which she is associated. Her general business outlook should be developed to such an extent, through systematic training, that she will be able to comprehend the significance of all events which have a bearing upon the interests of her employer. For the girl of ability there is hardly a better opportunity in business than that which is found as the chief aide to an executive officer.

Unless she aims for advancement to a secretaryship, a stenographer may need little more training than that provided by a high school stenographic course. But the *real* secretary needs much more; so much more, indeed, that the girl who aspires to become a confidential secretary certainly should equip herself through advanced study for the responsibilities involved. The genuine secretaryship takes on some of the characteristics of a profession, and accordingly it warrants the best type of training that our vocational schools and colleges are able to provide.

A pleasing personality is almost essential to success. A striking personality in itself, if free from affectation and eccentricity, may move a girl a long way toward an executive post. A natural aptitude for business, obviously, is a requisite. A lack of tactfulness sometimes is overlooked by one's friends but seldom by the one whose recommendations result in promotion. Common sense, poise, never-failing courtesy, correctness of speech, and respect for confidential problems, are so easily recognizable as important traits that we hardly need mention them. However, the fortunate possessor of all of these natural characteristics cannot rely upon them alone to carry her to her goal.

Business activities have become so complicated that a secretary who aspires to advancement needs to make a painstaking study of the scientific principles which underlie business operations. Just as the public accountant finds it necessary to base his career upon a study of accounting theory and practice together with other principles of business administration, so the prospective secretary is faced with the necessity of becoming thoroughly versed in certain fundamental subjects. College committees interested in the problem of the secretary have made quite a little progress, during the last decade, in defining and meeting the needs of these young women.

Many schools throughout America have established secretarial-training divisions. Some of these training centers are simply in the process of development; some are completely organized and equipped to give adequate preparation. Recently the American Institute for Secretaries, representing a co-operative movement of nation-wide scope, was established for the purpose of joining hands with these schools in such a way as to standardize the basic courses of instruction. Through co-operation it is hoped that standards will be maintained which will enable a girl in any of the better schools to obtain the well-rounded educational background necessitated by the modern secretaryship. Efforts also are being made to secure the assistance of experts in the various schools to bring about the development of guidance charts which will show the secretary already in service how to supplement her knowledge effectively through part-time attendance at a near-by college and through home study intelligently pursued.

Until recently, secretaries have been selected more or less haphazardly, usually from groups of typists with certain agreeable characteristics but without sound educational background, or sometimes from college women whose ideas relating to secretarial service frequently warp their perspectives and utterly disqualify them for advancement. In the future, a scientific approach to the training and selecting of secretaries probably will provide employers with a superior grade of assistant and relegate to subordinate places those young people whose personalities and educational backgrounds do not justify their advancement to the more responsible positions.

Needless to say, it would be unwise for every stenographer to aim to become a company executive. Many girls are much happier in front of a typewriter than they ever could be at a desk to which executive duties are attached. In much the same way that we find thousands of students in college halls striving for goals which they never can reach, students for whom the college experience actually may do more harm than good, we are certain to find young women who aspire to advancement in secretarial service—but without any likelihood of success. The problem demands the sound thought of those charged with the duty of providing courses of instruction. It warrants the careful consideration of those who guide young women in the choice of occupation. The universities, colleges, junior colleges and other training centers are not overlooking this opportunity to render aid.

For representative schools offering business and secretarial courses refer to page 10 of this issue. If you are interested in schools in other locations we shall be glad to offer suggestions

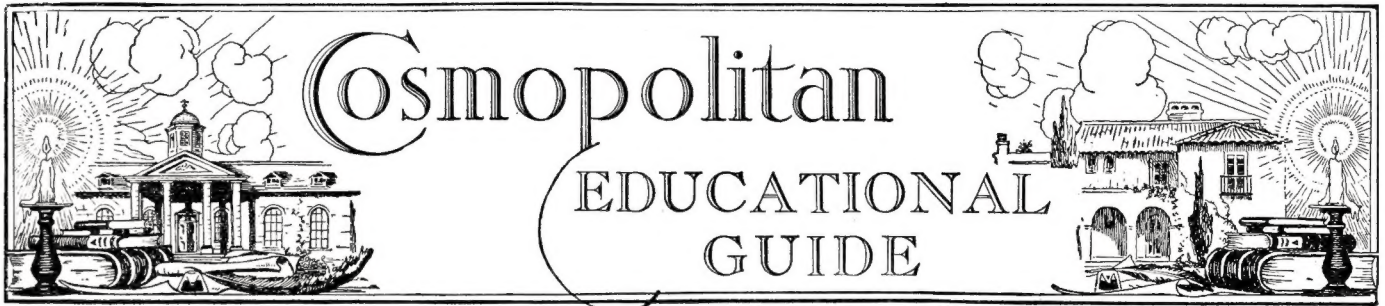
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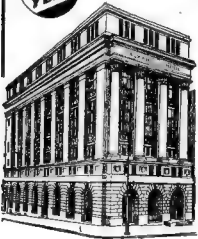
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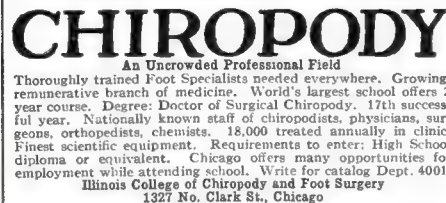
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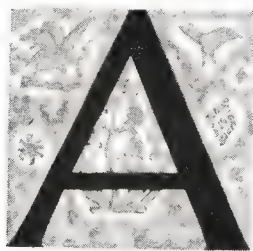
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# Don't crowd that *Little* fellow—

He may be a  
BIG Man  
Some day

LESS THAN twenty years ago Nikolay Lenin was an obscure barrister disbarred from practicing his profession and living constantly in the shadow of prison. Today, though dead these many months, he wields greater influence over more people than a dozen living Mussolinis.

Recently, in Moscow, I went with two friends to visit Lenin's tomb in historic Red Square (by the way, "Red" in this instance means "beauty" or "beautiful," not "Communitic"). It is made of massive blocks of red and black granite. Its modernistic lines are somewhat incongruous against the background of the ancient Kremlin, but there is no question that it is one of the most imposing structures in the world.

More impressive to me, however, was the throng waiting and waiting to enter and pay him homage. It was bitterly cold that day; keen winds shot pellets of icy snow into our faces, yet there must have been more than two thousand men, women and children in queues that shuffled slowly toward the entrance.

All day long and every day those double lines of Russians brave discomfort that they may look upon the man whom they regard even more reverently than we do Lincoln.

Inside, they bow as they pass his body and mutter what seems to be a prayer. The body lies inside a triangular-domed glass case, preserved by the most remarkable embalming that man has ever known.

HE SEEMS to be asleep—an inconspicuous, middle-sized, middle-aged Russian taking an afternoon nap. You might pass—probably you do pass—his counterpart a dozen times a day in your home town without even noticing him. So far as appearance goes, there must be a thousand duplicates of him in small tailor shops in New York City alone.

Duplicates so far as appearance goes. There may be another Lenin among them but then again there may not be another Lenin in a century. For among the many qualities this man possessed he had one which few men ever attain: he made his plans so far in advance, made them so thoroughly and so carefully that when history took him by the hand he was ready.

He had prepared his philosophy of Communism to the last detail. He knew each man for each post. Almost

overnight he put into motion a tremendously complicated but impressively efficient machine of government.

Even today, despite the more brutal hands which control it, that machine functions. If it continues to do so it will be the most important factor in world affairs of modern times. And if it does it will be because Lenin infused into it a spirit which can not be killed.

As we left Red Square one of my companions said, "When I think of what he was twenty years ago, what he became ten years ago, and what he means today, it convinces me that one of the greatest mistakes many of us make is to judge a man by appearances. And it makes me realize as I never realized before that a lowly carpenter who was born in a stable became the world's greatest teacher, that a homely Corsican subaltern changed the map of Europe several times, and that a gangling Illinois lawyer became almost a deity to his countrymen. Hereafter I shall try to see what's inside a man instead of making up my mind about him from the outside."

And as I look back on my own life with its many mistakes I agree with that statement one hundred percent.

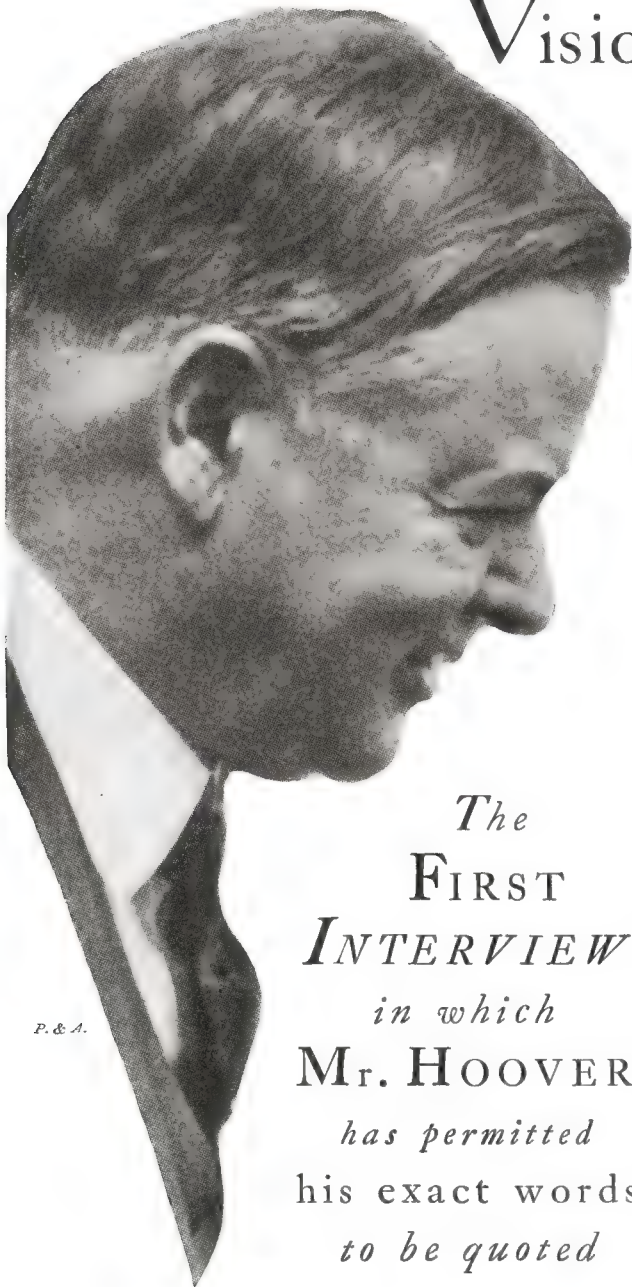
R. L.



*In this Heart-to-Heart TALK*

# PRESIDENT

*Visions the World in which*



P. & A.

*The*  
**FIRST**  
**INTERVIEW**  
*in which*  
**MR. HOOVER**  
*has permitted*  
**his exact words**  
*to be quoted*

**I**t was almost six in the evening when the President had finished his Message to Congress and could leave his office. He had worked most of Thanksgiving Day and for the week that preceded this national holiday, and now on this late Friday afternoon at the end of November he was tired and worn and worried.

But despite all this I had been invited to dine and to spend the evening with him. I had arrived at the White House some five minutes before the designated hour of eight, and had been shown into the Red Room and very cordially told to make myself at home. A portrait of Grant that hung over the fireplace caught my eye—while I pondered as to how I might lead the President to showing me his dream of a future generation of children that will be trained to fit into the scientific and mechanized world of tomorrow.

Sweet-toned clock chimes had just begun to strike when the Master of Ceremonies quietly announced the President. Mrs. Hoover had gone to North Carolina to spend the week-end with her elder son and the President was alone in the White House.

With a friendly smile he shook hands with me and led the way through the open doors to the great dining room. With a wave of his hand he motioned me to the single place at his right. Behind his own chair a wood fire was blazing and crackling in the baronial fireplace, but despite the cheeriness of the welcome and the subdued tones of the warm colors of the paneled walls and draperies, it seemed a vast and stately place for two rather simple Americans to be dining alone.

I thought of a small sitting room in the old Crillon Hotel in Paris where, during the Peace Conference days, we two had lunched together and argued over Russia. And now he was President, and one hundred and twenty millions were waiting for him to speak promises of impossible relief—he who had fed half the children of a hungry and disillusioned world.

"Funny about that portrait of Ulysses S Grant hanging there in the next room," I began. "Even here in the White House they've put a period after the S—when there shouldn't be any. Probably you remember that the S was slipped in his name on his entrance papers to West Point and as the easiest way out he let it ride for life. His son, U. S Grant, Jr., told me that a few months before he died . . . You know, Mr. President, General Grant is a great hero of mine."

"Well, for one thing, he had the physical and moral stamina that it took to fight battles in those days," the



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# HOOVER

*Our Grandchildren will Live*



R. H. Davis  
*Frazier Hunt*

President explained. "They had no such staff work then as our own modern generals have. Information was slow and often unreliable—both as to their own forces and the enemy. I've been told that in the battle of Gettysburg General Meade had two army corps in reserve that had scarcely been brought into action. If he had possessed a modern general staff with its accurate information and had not himself been exhausted by three days and nights in the saddle and had thrown in these two corps at the exact moment of Lee's retreat, he might have ended the war almost two years before Grant pounded out his ultimate victory. In any event, Meade stands a great general, a great American."

I unconsciously studied the President as he spoke. His face was ruddy with good health and vigor. But his hair, parted on the side, suddenly seemed to have turned gray. It was part of the price of the Presidency, I mused.

**"Did you** ever hear, Mr. President, about the meeting of General Meade and General Longstreet, Lee's right-hand man, just after the surrender?" I asked—the gray in the President's hair stirring up the memory of this quaint tale.

The President slowly shook his head.

"Don't you remember me, General Longstreet?" the northern officer asked when they first met after hostilities had ceased. 'I'm George Meade.'

"Certainly I do, General Meade," Longstreet answered. 'But what makes your beard so white, George?'

"I'm afraid you've had a good deal to do with that, General Longstreet."

The President's face lighted up with a radiant smile, and his body fairly shook with a deep and hearty chuckle.

Then we fell to talking about the mighty memoirs penned by Grant as he sat facing death, and the modern crop of war diaries and books that have sprouted up in the past few years, and how so many of the great have harmed themselves with their own typewriters—and of a score and one big and little unrelated topics.

I wish I could put down how friendly and informal it all was. We were two American citizens talking frankly and without reserve about our country and our world.

The simple dinner seemed to go on almost automatically. At the exact moment the two uniformed servants would whisk off the empty plates and the next course would be brought in: soup, fish, then roast beef medium, with noodles *au gratin* and buttered beets; then lettuce salad and American cheese; then a dessert—and it was over. The President ate sparingly but his appetite was good.

We talked on as we entered the elevator that took



**If we could have but one generation of properly born, trained, educated and healthy children, a thousand other problems of government would vanish.**



*Children of a New Generation can stand against this World*



# I am more Interested in INCREASING people's



*International*  
**“Before long we will wake up to find depression and fear passed and prosperity with us again.”**



*Wide World*  
**“I don't mind how much we standardize so long as we standardize UP and not DOWN.”**



*P. & A.*  
**“I wouldn't care if every bathtub was exactly the same if all people had them.”**

us to the second floor and to the Lincoln study. It is a big and simple room, with low bookshelves running around two sides, and over by a window—that looks down across the rolling White House lawns to the perfect memorial shaft to the great Washington—is the flat-top work desk that Lincoln used. Here the Emancipation Proclamation had been penned, and here Lincoln had built up the patience and the humility and the soul greatness that had made him one of the immortals.

**I**t seemed fitting and proper that Herbert Hoover should be here—this man of the great heart and the great mind who knows the whole world as no President of the United States has ever known it. Unlearned in the cheap trade of politics, disdainful of the handshaking and the claptrap of traditional public life, this shy and gentle man had won, it seemed certain to me, the distinct right to be here. No trick of fate, no whirl of fortune had put him here—but years of service and years of sturdy preparation.

He took an old, yellow, leather-back rocker—a chair that a thousand and one times must have held the gaunt frame of Lincoln. He motioned me to a deep upholstered chair opposite him.

A servant brought in cigars. The President took one, but I declined. Then coffee came. This time the President shook his head, while I reached for the cup.

I remarked that I was worried about the failure of American distribution—retailing—to keep pace with the superb efficiency of American production—our automobile plants and steel mills and radio factories. Calmly and without effort the President unraveled it all for me. We were accustomed to demand variety and an ever-increasing service.

Take the simple matter of bread: most of the world is content with one kind of bread, bought and carried home unwrapped. But here in America we want a choice, and we want it delivered at our kitchen doors in oiled paper and fresh from the ovens. That all cost money. It wasn't necessarily inefficient—it was simply convenient and extravagant. But if we had the money for it, it was all right.

*“We spend more in this country, but we earn more,” the President went on. “You know, contrary to the old maxim, it isn't so much what we spend that counts—it's what we earn. I am more interested in increasing people's incomes than in worrying over their expenditures. Before we are a spending nation we are an earning nation . . .*

*“I remember hearing an argument three or four years ago between an old retired middle-western farmer and his son. The father was criticizing his son for spending so much money. He explained how hard he and the young man's mother had worked and how little they had*

spent—as against the all-year hired hand and the trips and the two motor cars of the present day. But the son changed his father's tune when he proved that today the farm was earning five times more gross than during his father's day—and so he had a right to better things and to spend five times as much on them.

*“You know there is a certain type of individual who chides this country about our so-called ‘standardization,’” the President went on. “Well, I don't mind how much we standardize or what we standardize so long as everybody gets it and uses it. The purpose of standardizing is to make things cost less and to make them accessible to everybody. Take bathtubs. I wouldn't care if every bathtub was exactly the same, if all people had them and would use them. And the same way with the radio; it isn't the type or style that's important—it's their universal use and what comes out of them that's all-important. Standardized tools, radios, automobiles, typewriters, lead pencils, do no harm to the human mind; in fact, they add variety to life and joy to millions who would not otherwise know them. It's all right to standardize so long as we standardize UP and not DOWN.”*

From this we just naturally drifted into Russia. I wish what he said could have been broadcast.

Then we swung into the business depression and the unemployment problem. Long before this, we would have thrown off the effects of the market crash if the rest of the world had remained stable. But political upsets and unrests and revolutions and the tumbling of world prices generally seemed to unnerve the country. *But we are really cheerful humans and consequently optimistic people, and so it is a passing thing and before long we will wake up and find the depression and the fear passed and prosperity again with us.*

But all this seemed to be just a sort of prelude to the thing I really wanted to talk to him about. Even unemployment is, in the long pull, a question of passing import. It, with a hundred other things, is a matter only of the present—to be met and solved and all but forgotten within the limits of a single administration. And I knew that here in this Lincoln room had been dreamed a vision that would light up a century or ten centuries—a vision of a new life and a new chance for the children of the future. It was something that would belong to history.

“Mr. President,” I began, “you said recently that if we could have but one generation of properly born, trained, educated and healthy children, a thousand other problems of government would vanish.”

“One generation would do it,” he answered, his eyes flashing their strange light of sincerity and eagerness. The springs of his imagination had been touched and his mind was throwing off creative sparks.

*“We are facing a changing world of science and invention,” he went on. “No twelve months go by but*



# Incomes *than* in Worrying over their Expenditures



Keystone

☐ *It's hard to "sell" an intangible thing like protecting children, yet we "buy" \$17,000,000 cruisers.*



Acme

☐ *City children must not be denied grass and flowers, fields and streams.*



International

☐ *What will our grandchildren do with the leisure that efficient machinery will give them?*



that there is some great advancement, some discovery, some development, in the field of practical science. It is all so swift and changing that we cannot begin to follow it. Take the one matter of rays, all but unknown a generation ago. Today the harnessing of certain of these strange elements makes possible our radios and a score of other inventions.

"Fifteen years ago there were less than a hundred industrial research laboratories, operated at a total cost of perhaps a million dollars a year. Now there are more than a thousand of these laboratories where pure science becomes the handmaid of invention. One great organization alone is spending \$5,000,000 annually for experimental purposes and research.

*"So it is that before our very eyes a new world of science and industry is being built and constantly rebuilt. It is a changing world with new and changing problems. What, for instance, will our grandchildren do with the added leisure that efficient machinery, and its consequent shorter hours of labor, will give them? Will this future generation have the discipline and education and the spiritual upbringing and the fine moral background to withstand the new temptations of the high-speed city life that will be theirs?"*

The President's gray eyes flashed and sparkled as his mind unfolded its great dream.

**"Only children** of a New Generation—a New American—can stand against this future world. First of all, their health must be looked after—this civilization would decay in a generation of physical weaklings; then comes their play environment, their schooling, their discipline, their morals. These are but a few items in this endless and many-sided task of seeing that a New Generation is ready for the New World.

*"One of the biggest of all problems is to drive in this idea of the necessity of properly born, trained, educated and health moral children to the voters and officials of America. This Child Health Conference was a start—but only that. We must keep it alive and burning. This Conference was the aftermath of years of investigation and experience of the best and most devoted of Americans. It evolved a 'Charter for Children' of nineteen points that needs be in every household and every government office. We must follow this National Conference with a series of state conferences, then group, and finally individual town and city conferences, and the 'Charter for Children' must be drawn into the activities of government and of social institutions.*

*"Think what this New Generation built upon that constitution will mean to the single problem of the young criminal. The present rate of criminal increase is disheartening beyond measure. Today, there are more*

than 100,000 criminals in our Federal and state prisons—and there are that many more criminals at large who should be behind the bars . . . *This New Generation of children, healthy, trained and mentally inspired, would go a long way towards solving all this. Most of our native criminal class are products of city slums. If the character and quality and health of these children were watched and nurtured, a criminal type of child would not develop. It would be difficult to overestimate what the single item of adequate playground facilities would mean in the bringing-up of normal city children.*

*"Proper food is another all-important part in planning the New Generation, for, according to the Conference, one hundred percent of all deficient children are simply the product of bad feeding. And while this goes back to the home, health education must largely originate in the school—and for the time being, in proper and periodic examination.*

*"We must see that their roots have proper soil to put their precious tendrils into. City children must not be denied grass and flowers, fields and streams—all the imaginative surroundings that are a part of nature.*

*"And of tremendous importance, too, are the million and a half especially gifted children, scattered by the winds of chance among our 45,000,000 children. They have 'gifts' that must be nurtured. They come from all classes and kinds; they are the 'sports' of nature. They must be used to the limits of their special talents in the building-up of this great new national life. One of the major problems is to find leadership capable of coping with its increased complexity."*

For a long moment the President hesitated; then he went on painting this fascinating picture of the future.

*"Ten years will see the start of this new generation. We can move swiftly after that . . . But I repeat, we must keep pounding and repeating the whole idea until it becomes as much of an accepted part of our national life and thought as, say, our national defense is. Why, today we think little of spending \$700,000,000 annually on our two great arms of defense—and yet it is with difficulty that we vote a twentieth part of that sum towards national health and national education. Somehow, it is hard to 'sell' an intangible thing like protection of children, yet we 'buy' a \$17,000,000 cruiser without raising an eyebrow."*

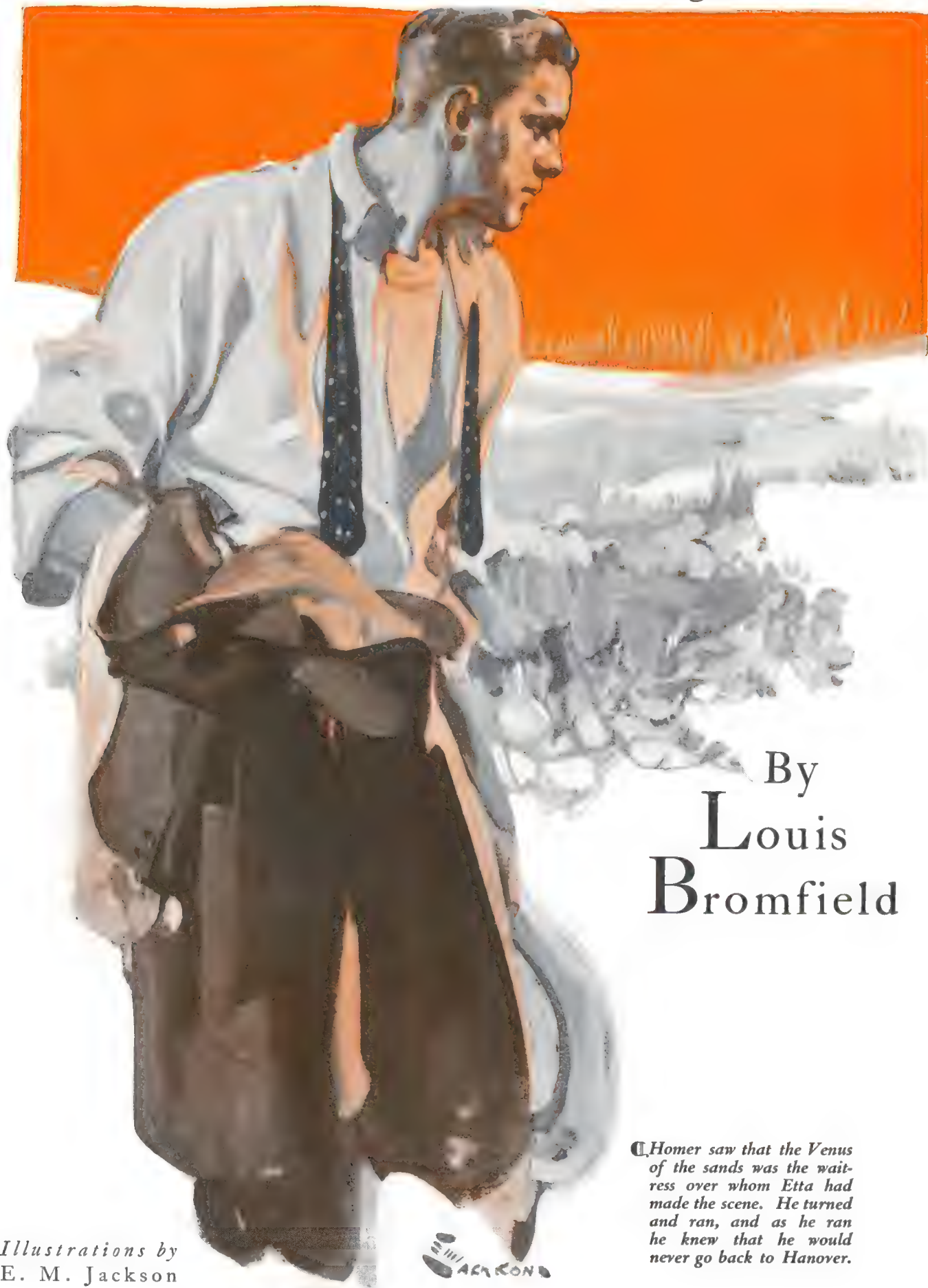
A new world—a new America—dreamed out here in this study that was Lincoln's. Not a world of steel and electricity and speed, of science and invention—an engineer's world; but a humanitarian's world of normal, healthy, happy children who will solve the thousand and one problems of government and life.

A New Generation. A dream that will make history. At eleven o'clock I said good night to the President and, declining a motor car, walked back to my hotel.

I wanted to bump the stars with my head.



# The FATE of a Man who waited too long for LOVE



By  
Louis  
Bromfield

**C**Homer saw that the Venus of the sands was the waitress over whom Etta had made the scene. He turned and ran, and as he ran he knew that he would never go back to Hanover.

*Illustrations by*  
E. M. Jackson



A new Story by the Author of "Shattered Glass"



# T ABLOID News

**H**omer Dilworth was born in 1881 and they hanged him by the neck until dead only last Tuesday, so he was only fifty when he died and in the prime of life. He was younger than most men of fifty. He was solidier, rosier, clearer-eyed. His voice was alive, and his skin was soft and young. And the funny thing is that he was younger at fifty than he was at forty.

He was even younger when he died than he was at thirty. He'd always been rather sour-faced and dry and bony, like a handsome tree withered by blight. And then, all at once, when he was forty-eight he suddenly turned young.

In a way, to have hanged him was worse than killing most young fellows, because Homer had his youth so late in life. He turned young all of a sudden, like an old apple tree blossoming carelessly in October.

His parents were respectable folk and very religious. The old woman was a little queer, and they lived in a little town called Hanover, and Homer was an only child. 'Way back when he was a boy, little towns like that didn't have theaters or movies or automobiles or radios, and everything centered about the church. There was going to church on Sunday, and church sociables and strawberry festivals, and then, about once a year, a big revival meeting, when everything broke loose.

It was like that in Hanover. They were awful strict

but there was just as much love-making went on there as anywhere else, only they made it nasty in Hanover.

His mother and father wanted Homer, their only son, to be a preacher, and Homer thought he wanted to be one. He took it all seriously and talked a lot about purity and the devil. He used to harangue me a good deal. We had a kind of Damon and Pythias friendship.

The other night I was thinking back over all his story and I remembered a few things, mostly in pictures, the way you remember things when you're beginning to grow old. There was a swimming hole about three miles from town where we used to go swimming together. It was a clear stream and in the middle of a wide pasture it spread out into a kind of pond.

A couple of hundred feet away there was a low hill with a house on it, but nobody lived in the house and it was falling into ruin. It was partly log cabin and partly clapboard and all the windows were broken and the bushes had grown up high around it.

There was a story about the house which happened before my time. They said that a certain old man known as Elder Sammis had lived there once and that he'd beaten his daughter to death when he found that she'd got into trouble.

He didn't mean to beat her as bad as that, but when he found she was dead he put her body in a box under





*Homer began to shake all over. It was as if all that he'd missed all these years had burst out of him at last. All he could do was look at Frieda. While he was looking he suddenly remembered Etta sitting in the tabernacle waiting for him to return.*



the bed and ran away, and they found the dead girl there two weeks later. They tried to catch him but they never did, because about a month later he jumped off a river boat and was drowned.

So nobody lived in the house and everybody was scared of it, so there wasn't any reason why we couldn't swim there in peace.

After Homer was hanged, one of the pictures I remembered was that swimming hole on an afternoon in early June when he'd come over from the Theological Seminary to spend Sunday with his folks. The water was clear and the sunlight was hot, and after we'd swum about a bit and splashed at each other like a couple of kids, we got out of the water and lay on the grass and talked.

**W**e lay there almost in the shadow of the empty old home and for a long time we didn't say anything. It was beautiful, with the sun on our bodies and the soft grass under us and a warm breeze blowing over us.

A calf came up and sniffed at me and went away again, and it struck me all of a sudden how beautiful Homer was lying there in the sun. He was like the ideas some people have about the Greeks, which aren't true probably but are kind of idealized.

That afternoon, he was preachier than ever. He went after me for going on buggy rides at night with old man Fisher's girl, and for not believing in God. And he began to hash over a lot of ideas about purity that didn't make any sense, and all the time I wanted to get up and laugh and dance, because it seemed so funny to hear all that claptrap coming out of the mouth of a young fellow, sitting on the grass beside that clear stream.

I wanted to laugh but I kept my mouth shut, and then he said something that made me want to cry. I'm not emotional or sentimental, but I guess it must have been the feel of the grass and the sun and the warm breeze that made me feel that way. He said, "I don't care for myself, Buck. It's because when I go to heaven I want to find you there, too."

And then the sun disappeared. It had slipped down behind the desolate Sammis house and was shining through the empty holes where the windows used to be, and the breeze wasn't so warm any more and I began to pull on my clothes; and then Homer, seeing that all his talk wasn't having any effect, began to dress, too.

After we dressed we sat around for a while and Homer said presently, "Let's go up and look through old Sammis' house."

We'd never done it as kids on account of the story that Hester Sammis' ghost was always in the house. I don't believe in ghosts, and that afternoon I knew for the first time that it wasn't really the thought of ghosts which had scared me but something else. I knew that it was because of the sadness that clung to the old house itself.

We didn't go into the house, but all the way home he kept kidding me about being afraid of ghosts and I didn't try to explain to him. Lately, I've been thinking I was wrong not to have talked about it and that if I'd tried as hard to convert him as he tried to convert me, they mightn't have hanged him last Tuesday.

The trouble was that I was finding my heaven right here on earth and not worrying much about what happened afterward, and he was afraid of this earth and worrying himself about the next and he wanted me to be in heaven with him. I guess he cared a lot more for me than I knew in those days.

It was that afternoon that he told me he was going to get married as soon as he was out of college. I was glad, because I thought it would be good for him.

But I didn't see the girl until after they were married and came back to Hanover to live. He didn't become a preacher, after all, because his uncle died and left his hardware store to Homer's father and Homer's father thought it over and decided the cash drawer of a good-paying hardware store was better than the rewards of saving souls later on.

So Homer came back to Hanover to live and set up

his wife in a house alongside his parents' house and took over the hardware store.

The hardware business flourished because Homer was honest and reliable and sold only the best hardware, and his father kind of looked after the business, because Homer wasn't very good about things like that. He was really romantic and all that squeezing into a hard pious shell couldn't change that in him. It was always bursting out somewhere.

After he got married he took to reading all kinds of romantic novels like "The Three Musketeers." He really wanted to travel to places alone, looking for adventures, but he'd got himself married when he was twenty-one and his wife had twins, and after that there was a baby about every eighteen months until there were five, so he couldn't well do anything but look after the store and take care of the children when his wife Etta was doing church work.

And his wife wasn't much. I'm kind of an idealist, and before he got married, I always pictured him taking up with a woman who was as fine and beautiful as himself. There was something wonderful in the idea of a beautiful girl marrying such a handsome fellow as Homer and in their having a lot of beautiful children.

But when he came back and invited me to supper one night to meet Etta, I felt kind of sick when I saw her. I knew right away that Homer had been up to his old tricks. He'd married the kind of woman he'd been brought up to marry and not the kind he'd been meant by Nature to marry.

She didn't take to me and I certainly didn't like her, and after that first meeting, Homer and I began to see less and less of each other. She was the kind of woman who wasn't going to let her husband have any friends.

It wasn't just women. She wouldn't let him have any men friends, either. And I guess she thought I was the devil himself, so she wouldn't even let Homer go on trying to save my soul so I could be in heaven with him.

Once she buttonholed me on the street and called me a sot and harangued me until I got away from her, and after that Homer was ashamed and he'd walk around a block or go into a store if he saw me coming. I guess there's lots of women like her in America.

Of course, with all that going on, she didn't have much time for housework. The children were always sick and the dishes were never washed, and Homer used to have to stay at home to look after the children and take care of the house while she went to meetings and traveled about lecturing and haranguing.

I always thought he had too much character to do things like that, but I guess she just wore him down with abuse and whining and nagging. But he did have enough character to preserve a kind of dignity in spite of everything. He just gave up going out anywhere and lived between his house and the hardware store. He was crazy about his children.

But marriage didn't do him much good. Instead of growing fat on it like most men, he seemed to grow dry. He looked older than he was and there were hard lines in his face that oughtn't to have been there, and I only found out the reason when he sent for me at the Mitchellville jail after he got into trouble.

**W**hen I got word that he wanted to see me, I could have died of surprise, because he hadn't seen me in fifteen years for more than long enough to say "Howdydo" when we passed in the street. I guess his mind must have gone back a long way, beyond Etta and all she'd done to him, to that day when we went swimming together for the last time and lay on the soft grass behind the haunted Sammis house.

Sitting there in the cell of the Mitchellville jail, he told me all about Etta and about everything else, too. After the fifth child was born, she told him the doctor said if she had another child it would kill her, so they couldn't live together as man and wife any more. And that happened before Homer was thirty. So for seventeen years they lived together as if they weren't married.

The summer that Homer was forty-eight Etta said she had to have a rest because she was all worn out. Homer didn't want to go away but she kept nagging him, and



at last he left the hardware store with his clerk and his oldest boy and they went up to La Vallette. He was looking bad himself, all gray and dried-up.

He hardly spoke to anybody any more, and just lived between his home and the store. He'd just given up all his old friends, and somehow he'd got all bitter inside.

La Vallette is a little town up on the lake where all sorts of religious cranks go for a cheap rest. There are some cottages and three or four cheap hotels and a wooden tabernacle.

Homer and Etta were just like all the others. Etta, of course, knew most of the dreary lot. She'd made herself into a kind of celebrity. They all knew the crusader, Mrs. Etta Dallet Dilworth. I guess she enjoyed it a great deal, holding court in a rocking-chair on the hotel porch and speaking now and then at the tabernacle, but Homer got a bit fed up being just *Mister Etta Dallet Dilworth*, and he took to going for long walks along the lake front.

It was a desolate country but beautiful in a wild way. There were miles and miles of dunes with the whitest sand glittering in the sunlight. And here and there were marshes and inlets where wild birds settled.

Homer went walking along the shore in and out among the dunes, skirting the marshes. At first he'd go off for an hour or two, and then he began to go off in the morning and stay until lunch time, and then one day he began taking a box lunch with him.

He'd been unhappy for so long that he liked to get away from people and hide. I guess getting away from Etta and the pack of gabblers who surrounded her was kind of a relief, too. And being away all day like that got him to thinking.

It's dangerous for a man of forty-eight to think too much about his own happiness, especially when he's had a life like Homer's. And the marshes and the lake and the sunlight and the wild birds began to do things to him.

He said it was like slipping backwards. He kept going back and back until he got to feeling a little the way he used to feel when we went swimming together. And one day he found himself taking off all his clothes and lying down on the clean white sand among the dunes to eat his lunch. And all at once he was kind of frightened.

**I**t was the first time the sun had touched his body since that day he lay on the grass by the haunted house, and the feel of it began to do funny things to him. He sat up and looked at his body and saw suddenly that it wasn't old and soft and fat. It was dry and the muscles were sharp and hard but not rounded the way they'd been when he was young. But it struck him suddenly that he wasn't old. He was forty-eight, though, and wouldn't have many more years of health and vigor. And the feel of the sun and the soft warm breeze made him kind of dizzy.

He said he felt as if he was beginning to grow all over again inside himself. Suddenly he saw that he was happy for the first time in twenty years; but that frightened him and he began to be afraid of sin again, and he got up quickly and put on his clothes.

He tried to give up his long walks but when he stayed at the hotel all he saw were gabbling old women and skinny men, and soon he began going off again for the day among the dunes, and after a day or two he began taking off his clothes again and lying in the sun.

He began to grow tanned all over. His muscles began to grow round and plump and solid again.

He felt happier, and once or twice he got up at four in the morning to go out to the lake and see the sun rise. The sun became the center of all his existence. It was kind of as if he had a rendezvous every day with the sun out there among the white dunes.

Sometimes on cloudy days he thought he was going crazy, but as soon as the sun came out he felt all right again, and sure of himself. After a time, he began to be troubled because the more he thought of it, the more it seemed impossible ever to go back to live at Hanover in that untidy house that Etta kept so badly.

Etta noticed that he went off alone a good deal and

she began to nag him about leaving her alone so much and not going to the tabernacle. But he didn't seem to mind even that. He just didn't hear her and managed to endure it until he could escape to the dunes.

One day she made a terrible scene in the dining room because she said he was being too kind to the waitress and looked at her too often.

**A**fter it was over she went to the management and demanded that the girl be discharged, but the management wouldn't do it because Etta couldn't prove the girl had done anything at all. They couldn't discharge a girl just because she "looked" at a man. They just transferred her to another table and put an ugly old woman to wait on him and Etta.

After that he really took to noticing the girl for the first time, and he saw that she was big and blond and voluptuous, and in spite of himself, he began stealing glances at her across the room. Once or twice she saw him and smiled. He knew that what he was doing was sinful and tried to put her out of his mind.

Etta grew more and more difficult. He said he thought it was because she couldn't bear to see him looking well and happy. And one day she said she'd told the hotel she was going to leave at the end of the week.

The idea terrified him because it meant the end of the only happiness he'd known since he married her and it meant a return to the awful house in Hanover. He'd been so used to doing what she wanted that he didn't say anything, but that afternoon, while he was lying in the sun, he made up his mind that he wasn't going to leave and go back to Hanover. As he dressed himself, he made up the speeches he was going to say to her, repeating them over and over to himself in the silence of the dunes to give himself courage.

He was walking home through the dunes, kicking the

**A**ll at once Homer knew what had happened. In his brain the thought was born that the only thing to do was to finish it then and there.





white sand and thinking how he meant to defy Etta, when he heard a curlew crying, and looking up to see it, he saw something else. Just ahead of him, lying in a hollow between two dunes, he saw the figures of a man and woman. They were asleep in the sun.

At first he wanted to run, and then he was overcome suddenly by a return of his old bitterness. He was outraged and indignant. And then he saw that, like himself, they had thought themselves alone among the dunes because it was a spot never visited by the people who came to La Vallette.

He tried to run away and could not. He was only able to stand there, his feet fixed in the white sand, staring.

Suddenly he was no longer shocked. These two people were like himself. They weren't like Etta. Like him, they worshiped the sun!

He did not know how long he stood there. The sun slipped down toward the blue lake and the girl stirred, and he saw then for the first time that the Venus of the sands with the golden hair was the waitress over whom Etta had made the scene.

He turned and ran, fearful lest they should discover him, and as he ran he knew that he meant to stay on at La Vallette, and that maybe he would never go back to Hanover at all. When he got home he went to Etta and told her he meant to stay, and when she couldn't find



out any reason she tried everything to gain control over him again. She even flung the washbowl on the floor and broke it and dashed her head against the door, but all her hysterics seemed to have no effect upon him.

That night he dared not look for the waitress, because he saw her in a new way and looking at her became intolerable to him.

I imagine she was good-hearted and easy-going and meant well to everybody, and was just born to be good to men and make them happy. She felt sorry for Homer, I guess, being married to a dried-up whiner like Etta.

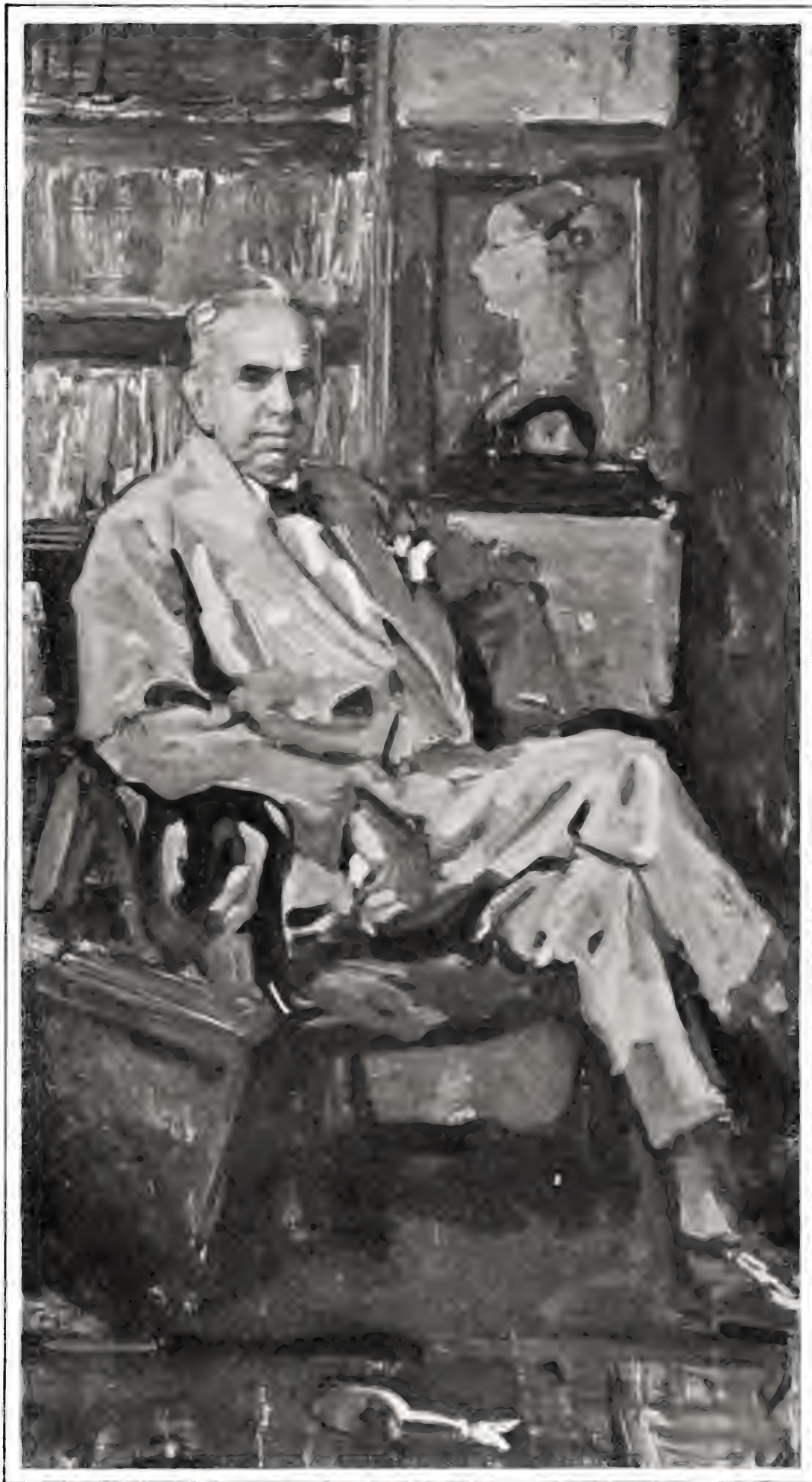
**A**nway whenever he did look at her, she looked back and smiled, and that set Homer to thinking of everything he'd missed and that he was forty-eight and pretty soon he'd be dead without ever having lived at all.

After that day when he went to walk he tried not to go past the place where he'd seen them lying in the sun among the white dunes, but always, in spite of anything he could do, he'd find himself moving toward the spot. Sometimes he found them there and sometimes he didn't. And they never knew that all the time there was someone watching their rendezvous.

And then one day on the street he saw the boy dressed in a shirt and an old pair of trousers and looking for all the world like himself thirty years ago, and when he asked who he was, they told him that the boy's name was Henry Landis and that he came to La Vallette in summer to take the baggage of the summer people to and from the train.

Then one day the boy (Continued on page 149)





3  
*Graces*  
*danced*  
*at His*  
*Birth—*  
A  
*Witch*  
*with a*  
*piece of*  
String  
*predicted*  
*he would*  
Live

*A new portrait study by Wayman Adams of the author of  
"This Madness," "Sister Carrie" and "An American Tragedy."*



# *The* **S** *uperstition* *of my* **B** *irth*

By Theodore Dreiser

**A** deeply rooted vein of superstition was one of the few traits of temperament my father and mother possessed in common.

In connection with my own birth, for example, I have heard both of my parents and my eldest sister tell of having seen three maidens (Graces, shall we say?) garbed in brightly colored costumes, coming up the brick walk that led from the street gate to the front door of our house into the room in which my mother lay, passing about the foot of the bed and finally through a rear door into a small back yard, whence they could have escaped only by vanishing into thin air!

According to my sister—who still maintains that she saw them—they gave no sign nor made observation of anything, but entered and left most gayly, dancing and laughing, their arms about each other's waists, flowers in their hair!

In like vein I have heard my mother relate that just before her meeting with my father, she stood one evening near her father's house looking down into a boggy depression, a hollow filled with small trees and dank with pooled water. Of a sudden she saw a number of will-o'-the-wisps or bog fires dancing over the water and among the small trees, seemingly blown here and there by feeble breaths of air. Aroused by the spectacle, she counted them and found there were thirteen. By one of those vagaries which afflict the imaginative mind, she was moved to identify these lights with the thirteen children to which she subsequently gave birth!

Later, having given birth to three children at the rate of one every fifteen to eighteen months during the first four or five years of her marriage, she was one day filled with an angry rebellion or rage at the cumulative difficulties of wifehood and motherhood. She desired to remain young and free, at least for a time. In this mood, she said, she wished most vehemently that she were dead, or that the children were.

Almost instantly—it was evening and she was visiting a brother's farm in northern Indiana—she went to the door and stood looking out at a clearing which surrounded the farmhouse. Out of the woods to the left as she stood there, and out of the gloom of night already gathering, came three lights, bobbing lightly to and fro, processional. They approached very near her, almost intentionally so, as it seemed to her, then fluttered on, thistledown-wise, over a rail fence and into a wood beyond.

"Right away," (I am quoting her), "I knew that those were my three children and that they were going to die!" And in the space of three years all were dead.

Then this sequel. As the body of the last of these children was about to be taken from the house, my mother threw herself on her knees beside it and made a solemn promise that if God would have mercy on her and grant her forgiveness for her rebellious complaint, she would henceforth bear herself as a humble servitor to His will; even though she were given as many as ten children, never again would she complain! Although subsequently, and as if in fulfillment of the

mystic bargain, she was given ten children, never did I hear her complain greatly.

I was born on August 27, 1871, at eight-thirty o'clock in the morning—at which time the three Maytime Graces are said to have walked. Our house in Terre Haute, Indiana, seems to have been associated in family annals with supernatural occurrences and visitations.

There were tales of spirits of men and women striding through the rooms previous to my birth and shortly after the moving in, so that my father felt obliged to have the local priest sprinkle the house with holy water. Although the spirits did not vanish completely, so great was my father's faith that he was less troubled after that. This he personally told me.

Once safely introduced into the world, I proved a sickly infant; it was thought I could not live. My eldest sister, who was my mother's chief assistant at the time, describes me as puny beyond belief, all ribs and hollow eyes, and ailing and whimpering. Perhaps because of this, I appear to have seized upon my mother's fancy or affection. But indeed, which of her children did not, poor victim of maternal love that she was! She grieved and grieved over my impending fate and, as she herself later told me, finally resorted to what can only be looked upon as magic or witchcraft.

**O**pposite us, in an old vine-covered, tree-shaded house falling rapidly into decay, lived an old German woman, a feeble and mysterious recluse, who was looked upon by the simpler residents of the region if not as a witch at least as the possessor of minor supernatural and unhallowed powers.

She may have practiced illegal medicinal arts, for all I know. At any rate, in cases of illness or great misfortune, she was not infrequently consulted by her neighbors. One night, when the family doctor had pronounced my death imminent, my mother, weeping, ordered my eldest sister to run across the street and ask this old woman to come over.

This, knowing of my father's strict religious views, the old woman refused to do. She did say, however: "If your mother wants my help, tell her to take a string and measure your brother from head to toe and from finger tip to finger tip. If the arms are as long as the body, bring the string to me."

This was done, and the measurements proving satisfactory, the string was taken to her, whereupon she smiled and sent for my mother, to whom she said: "Your child will not die. But for three nights in succession you must take him out in the full of the moon. Leave his head and face uncovered, and stand so that the light will fall slantwise over his forehead and eyes. Then say three times: '*Was ich hab, nehm ab; was ich tue, nehm zu.*'"

As a result of this remarkable therapy, I improved. In three months I was well.

I report this naïve and peculiar happening precisely as it was told me by my elders.



# UKRIDGE & the Home from Home



Illustrations by  
James Montgomery Flagg

**S**omebody rapped on my door. I sat up in bed, electrified. Except for Macbeth, I should imagine that few people have ever been quite so startled by a nightly knocking. The hour was three in the morning, and in London lodgings the sleeper is rarely awakened at such a time in such a manner.

The door was now open, and I perceived, illuminated by a candle, the Roman-emperor features of Bowles, my landlord. Bowles, like all proprietors of furnished rooms in the Sloane Square neighborhood, is an ex-butler: and even in a plaid dressing gown he retained much of the cold majesty which so intimidated me by day.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, in the reserved voice in which he always addresses me. "Do you happen to have the sum of eight shillings and sixpence?"

"Eight shillings?"

"And sixpence, sir. It is for Mr. Ukridge."

As he mentioned the name, his tone seemed to take on a sort of respectful affection. One of the mysteries of my life is why this godlike man, while treating me, who pay my rent regularly, with a distant hauteur, as if I were something very young and callow in baggy trousers whom he had just caught eating the entrée with a fish knife, should positively fawn on Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge, who is—and has been for years—a recognized blot on Society.

"For Mr. Ukridge?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does Mr. Ukridge want eight-and-six for?"

"To pay his cab, sir."

"You mean he's here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In a cab?"

"Yes, sir."

"At three in the morning?"

"Yes, sir."

I could make nothing of this. As a matter of fact, mystery had enveloped all Ukridge's movements of late. I had not seen him for months, though I knew that in the absence of his aunt Julia, the well-known novelist, he was residing at her house on Wimbledon Common as a sort of caretaker.

The most mysterious thing of all was that I had received a letter from him one morning, enclosing ten pounds in bank notes—part payment, he explained, of loans floated by me in the past, for which, he said, he

could never be sufficiently grateful. Of this miracle he had given no other explanation than that his genius and opportunism had at last found the road to wealth.

"There's some money on the dressing table."

"Thank you, sir."

"Did Mr. Ukridge mention what he thought he was doing, dashing about in cabs at this time of night?"

"No, sir. He merely inquired if I had a spare room, and desired me to set out the whisky and soda. I have done this."

"He's come to stay, then?"

"Yes, sir," said Bowles, with marked gratification. He looked like the father of the Prodigal Son.

I put on a dressing gown and went into the sitting room. There, as Bowles had foreshadowed, was the whisky and soda. I am not a great drinker in the small hours, but I felt it prudent to mix myself a glassful. I have found that on the occasions when S. F. Ukridge descends on me out of the void it is best to be ready.

**T**he next moment, the stairs shook beneath heavy feet, and the man of wrath entered in person. "What on earth!" I exclaimed.

My emotion was not unjustified. For the appearance of Ukridge I had been prepared, but not for his appearance in his present costume. Never a natty dresser, he had sunk now to hitherto unimagined depths. Above a suit of striped pajamas he was wearing the yellow mackintosh which had been his companion through so many discreditable adventures. On his feet were bedroom slippers. He had no socks. His whole appearance was that of one who has recently been caught in a fire.

In answer to my exclamation, he waved a hand in silent greeting. Then, having adjusted the pince-nez which were attached to his outstanding ears by ginger-beer wire, he plunged forcefully at the decanter.

"Ah!" he said, putting down his glass.

"What on earth are you doing," I asked, "roaming about London in that costume?"

He shook his head. "No roaming, Corky, old horse. I came straight as the taxi flies from Wimbledon Common. And why, laddie? Because I knew that a true friend like you would be sure to have the latchstring



# Take it from P. G. Wodehouse

## This is No *Laughing* Matter

hanging out and the lighted candle in the window. How are you off for socks these days?"

"I have a sock," I replied guardedly.

"I shall need some tomorrow. Also shirts, underlinen, cravats, a suit, a hat, boots and a pair of braces. You see before you, Corky, a destitute man. Starting life all over again, you might say."

"What are you wearing those pajamas for?"

"The ordinary slumber-wear of an English gentleman."

"But you're not slumbering."

"I was," said Ukridge, and it seemed to me that a look of pain flitted across his face. "An hour ago, Corky—or perhaps nearer an hour and a half—I was slumbering like the dickens. And then—" He reached for the cigar box, and smoked in a rather brooding manner.

"Ah, well!" he said. He emitted what I suppose was intended to be a mirthless laugh. "Life! Life! That's what it is—just Life. Did you get that tenner I sent you?"

"Yes."

"I dare say it came as a bit of a surprise?"

"It did."

"When I coughed up that tenner, do you know what it was to me? A nothing. A mere nothing. A bagatelle. An inconsiderable trifle out of my income."

"Your what?"

"My income, old horse. A mere segment of my steady income."

"Where did you get a steady income?"

"In the hotel business."

"What business?"

"Hotel business. From my share of the proceeds of

Ukridge's Home from Home. I didn't actually call it that, but that was how I thought of it. The Home from Home." Once more, a cloud passed over his expressive face. "What a bonanza it was, while it lasted! While," he repeated sadly, "it lasted. That's the trouble with these good things—they do not last. They come to an end."

"How did this one come to a beginning?"

"My aunt suggested it. At least, when I say suggested it . . . It was like this, Corky. You know that, now these talking pictures have come in, the studio people are scouring the world for blokes of either sex capable of writing dialogue. It was but a question of time before my aunt was approached. She signed a contract to go to Hollywood for a year. And her last words, as she poked her head out of the boat-train at Waterloo, consisted of instructions to me on no account to let the house in her absence. I dare say you know she has a horror of strangers in the home?"

"I noticed it that time I was dining with you there and she came in."

**"Well, I give** you my honest word, Corky, that up to that moment I had had not the slightest idea of doing anything but stay in the house and bark at burglars. I anticipated a quiet and reposeful year, during which I could look about me and try to find my niche. The butler and the rest of the servants were on board wages. I was assured of three square meals a day. The future, if placid, looked rosy. I was content. And then my aunt spoke those ill-judged words.



**C**"You see before you, Corky, a destitute man," said Ukridge. "Be very wary, old horse, of these opportunities of making easy money."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



"I don't know if you are a student of History, Corky. But if you are, you'll agree with me that half the trouble in this world has come from women speaking ill-judged words. Everything is set and looks nice and smooth, and then along comes some woman with a few ill-judged words, and there you are. Upon my solemn Sam, until my aunt Julia delivered that parting speech, with one elbow in the eye of a fellow passenger and the other arm waving authoritatively in my direction, the idea of turning the Cedars, Wimbledon Common, into a residential hotel had never so much as crossed my mind."

This seemed to me to be on a major scale. "You turned your aunt's house into a hotel?" I gasped.

**"It** would have been flouting Providence not to. There was big money in the scheme. If you are acquainted with the suburbs, you are aware that these residential hotels are springing up on every side. There is an ever-increasing demand for them. Owners of large private houses find it's too much of a sweat to keep them up, so they hire a couple of Swiss waiters with colds in their heads and advertise in the papers that here is the ideal home for the City man.

"But mark the difference between joints like those and the Maison Ukridge. On the one hand, comparative squalor. On the other, luxury. You may not look on my aunt Julia as a personal friend, Corky, but even you can't deny that she knows how to furnish a house. Taste. Elegance. The *dernier cri* in refinement.

"And then the staff! No Swiss waiters here, but a butler, alone worth price of admission. Parlor maids trained to the last ounce. A cook in a million. Outstanding housemaids. A scullery maid renowned through Wimbledon. I tell you that as I tottered out of Waterloo Station to go to the nearest newspaper office and insert my advertisement, I sang.

"You would have been surprised, Corky—I will go further, you would have been astounded at the number of replies I got. I had planned the terms on a liberal scale, for of course before floating an enterprise of this kind it had been necessary to square a butler, two parlor maids, two housemaids, a cook, a scullery maid and the boy who cleaned the boots—bloodsuckers to a man and woman: but in spite of that, half the population of London seemed anxious to chip in.

"The fact is, you see, Wimbledon Common is a good address. It means something, lends a luster. The cognoscenti, hearing it, are impressed. You are one of these City blokes and you meet another City bloke and say to him casually, 'Drop in to see me, old man. I am always to be found at the Cedars, Wimbledon Common,' and he fawns on you and probably stands you lunch.

"So, as I say, I was flooded, positively inundated, with requests to be allowed to sit in. All that remained to do was to throw the handkerchief. I bunged it eventually to a well-chosen six, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel B. B. Agnew, late of the Fourth Loyal Lincolnshires, and Lady Bastable, widow of one of those birds who get knighted up North. The rest were good, solid fellows who were busy being the backbone of England, but not so busy as to forget to settle up every Friday night.

"They came trooping in, one by one, and presently the nest was full and the venture a going concern. Well, it couldn't have been a bigger success. Everything from the start was one grand, sweet song. It was idyllic, Corky, that's what it was. I am not a man who speaks hastily. I weigh my words. And I tell you it was idyllic. We were just a great, big, happy family.

"Too often in the past it has happened that circumstances have compelled me to appear in the rôle of guest, but you can take it from me that Nature really intended me for a host. I have the manner, the air. I wish you could have seen me presiding over the dinner table of a night. Suave, genial, beloved by all. A kind word here, a quick smile there. The aristocrat of the old school, nothing less.

"Talk about feasts of Reason and flows of Soul. A pretty high level the conversation round the board invariably touched. The colonel and his anecdotes of India, where he had served his country faithfully and well. Lady Bastable could tell you some good things about Blackpool in August, though sometimes—in a graver vein—she spoke of the cliquiness of Huddersfield. And the others were all intelligent, active-minded men who read their evening papers in the train and were never without something sparkling to say about Brighton A's and the weather.

"And after dinner. The quiet rubber. The radio. The murmur of pleasant talk. The occasional spot of music. Did I say it was idyllic? Well, it was."

Here, Ukridge helped himself to another whisky and soda, and sat for a space, brooding.

My aunt Julia (he resumed), on these occasional absences of hers from the fireside, is never a great correspondent. At least, she very seldom writes to me. The fact that I did not hear from her, therefore, occasioned me no concern. I assumed that she was doing her bit in Hollywood, basking in the pleasant sunshine and being the curse of such parties as she might attend: and, apart from wishing that she had had the vision and enterprise to sign up for three years instead of one, I scarcely gave her a thought.

And then, one afternoon, when I had run into London to lay in a fresh supply of cigars, I happened to meet her friend, Angelica Vining, the poetess, in Bond Street. You may remember this bird, Corky? She was the one who wanted to borrow my aunt's brooch on a certain memorable occasion, but I was firm and wouldn't let her have it—partly on principle and partly because I had pawned it the day before.

Since that episode a certain coldness had existed, but she seemed to have got over it. She now beamed upon me not without a toothy geniality.

"I suppose you were delighted to hear the news?" she said, after we had exchanged the customary civilities.

"News?" I said, for she had me fogged.

"About your aunt coming home," said the Vining.

Have you ever, Corky, during a friendly political discussion in a pub, been punched squarely on the nose?



**The colonel must have missed. When the lights were switched on there was no corpse.**





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

**Aunt Julia's clutching fingers were within half an inch of the door knob. "You don't want a suitcase, Aunt Julia," I said. "You don't need a suitcase."**

Well, that's how I felt when I heard those words, so casually uttered in the heart of Bond Street. We were standing outside the dog shop at the moment, and I give you my word that the two Scotties and the bulldog pup in the window suddenly seemed to become four Scotties and two bulldog pups, all shimmering. The ground rocked beneath my feet.

"Coming home?" I gurgled.

"Hasn't she written and told you? Yes, she's sailing home almost immediately."

**A**nd as in a trance, Corky, I heard the woman relating the events which had led up to the tragedy. And the longer I listened, the more solid did my conviction become that my aunt Julia ought to have been chloroformed at birth.

In the particular studio which had engaged her services, it seems a good deal of latitude is granted to the distinguished authors on the pay roll. The kindly powers—that be recognize the existence of the artist temperament and make allowances for it.

If, therefore, my aunt had confined herself to snootering directions, harrying cameramen and chasing supervisors up trees, nothing would have been said. But there is one thing the artist soul must not do at the Colossal-Superfine, and that is swat Sol Blatters, the Main Boss, with a jeweled hand over the earhole.

And this, in a moment of emotion due to the fact that he had described some dialogue submitted by her as a lot of boloney that didn't mean a thing, my aunt Julia had done. And as a consequence, she was now headed eastward and, according to the Vining, expected home at any moment.

Well, Corky, you have seen me in some tight places. You have observed your old friend—not once but many times—with his back to the wall and the grim, set smile on his face, and you have come, no doubt, to the conclusion that he is a hard man to beat. And so I am. But here was one occasion when, I frankly confess, I could not discern the happy ending.

My course, you may say, was obvious. Frightful though the thought might be of closing down what was nothing less than a gold mine, there was nothing for it but to sling my guests out of the Cedars without delay, so that my aunt, returning to the old home, should find it swept and garnished and with no signs of alien occupation.

I saw that, of course, myself. I saw it in a flash. But how the dickens was it to be done! You see, all my little group of squatters had water-tight agreements and were legally entitled to stick on for six months, of which only three had expired. It wasn't a case of just walking in and saying, "Out you get, all of you!"

A problem of the trickiest. I didn't shine at the dinner table that night. Many were the comments on my preoccupation. For the first time, the genial Squire of the Cedars was to be observed sitting distraught and silent and contributing nothing to the quips and cranks that flashed like lightning to and fro across the board.

After dinner, I withdrew into my aunt's study to do some more thinking. And then it occurred to me if two heads were better than one, nine would be better still. I was not alone in this enterprise, you will remember. The proceeds of the venture had been split up—in proportions decided upon at a preliminary conference—between myself, the butler, the two parlor maids, the two housemaids, the cook, the scullery maid and the boy who cleaned the boots. I instructed the butler to summon the shareholders for an extraordinary meeting.

And presently in they filed—the boy who cleaned the boots, the scullery maid, the cook, the two housemaids, the two parlor maids and the butler. The females got chairs, the males stood against the wall, and I sat on the desk, and after a few formalities, rose and explained the situation which had arisen.

Considering what a bolt from the blue it was, I must admit that they all took it very well. True, the cook burst into tears and said something about the Wrath of the Lord and the Cities of the Plain—she being a bit on the Biblical side: and one of the housemaids had hysterics. But you have to expect that sort of thing at a critical meeting (*Continued on page 153*)



# How Much *should* *a* WOMAN *Stand from a Man?*

by George

*Illustrations by*

**I**f you hold, as many still do, that marriages are made in heaven, you will probably stand for more from your mate than is good for your health or your happiness. By the same token there are—or were recently—those who would withhold all pain-killers from women in labor because it was nature's decree that childbearing should be painful.

Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder! And so they vowed they would stand for anything and everything till death did them part. And stand for it they did; and to many a wife—and not a few husbands—death was a real relief; and heaven itself took on new attraction with the thought that *there* there would be no marrying or giving in marriage.

I can stand for a toothache tonight if I am certain the dentist will be in his office in the morning; but if I am alone on a desolate island with no dentist within a thousand miles, I won't stand for toothache very long—I'll pull the tooth myself or knock it out with a stone. I know that toothache does not "cure" itself.

Do you get the idea? We are not so certain today that a bad marriage can be cured only by death. We stand for less than we used to because we seriously question heaven's hand in joining us together.

Nature's decrees have lost their strangle hold on human affairs; heaven itself is not what it used to be; the divorce court is open at nine o'clock in the morning; we don't have to wait for death to free us from a bad bargain, from a stupid, blind, ignorant, mad, impulsive deed. In short, this is a saner world than it used to be; it becomes more reasonable all the time; hard-headed, man-made common sense buys more worth-while things than ever before.

And yet there are some queer people among us. What shall we say of the man who swears he would rather jump in the lake than live with his wife another week—and doesn't jump? What does he do? Let my friend Clarence Darrow tell you—it is his story; it was his friend.

"Well, you don't have to jump in Lake Michigan to end your trouble. If you *can't* live with her, why don't you just leave her?"

"But where can I live?" asked the poor "sap."

"Come and live with me," said Clarence.

The friend packed his bag and moved to Darrow's home. He seemed to enjoy his freedom, to thrive on it. A week or so passed without the husband's making any allusion to his abandoned wife; then one night he showed signs of restlessness, and





A. Dorsey

Hans Flato

# How Much *should* *a MAN stand* *from a Woman?*

wondered how "she" was getting along.

"Fine; probably better than you are," was Darrow's reply.

Nothing more was said that night. At the breakfast table next morning the husband again said: "I wonder how Maud is getting along"; to which Darrow, knowing his friend better than he knew himself, replied:

"When are you going back?"

"Tonight!"

He could not stand her; but he could not live without her. He never had had any intention of jumping in the lake—that was only a silly attempt to solve a physical problem with half a dozen words.

It is worth noting here that we can, and often do, resolve problems with mere words; but it is even more important to realize that words alone have their limitations. Thus I can—sometimes, not always—get over being downhearted because my bank account is near bottom, by merely talking to myself; but I can't raise it up by mere talking to myself—I've got to produce something that a teller can get his hands on.

**W**hy can't I always jolly myself out of a difficult problem? That reminds me of my original question: How much shall we stand for from wife, from husband, before we jump in the lake or move out?

Now, how much a wife should stand from her husband is more than any mere man should undertake to say—for as no man can put himself in a wife's place, so no man should presume to set himself up as judge of what she should or should not do, except, of course, in so far as her behavior concerns society at large.

Oh, I know the retort most male readers will make; and I agree that marriage is a concern of society, and must be as long as marriage is the only legally recognized institution for the propagation of the race. But for me, or for any man, to say that this or that wife, or any wife, is morally obligated to stand for a marital relation which for her is odious, repulsive, unattractive or distasteful, is to assume a rôle that is not inherent in the male sex. That the male assumes that rôle is less proof of his right than of his might; and we may be certain he will assume that rôle as long as the wife is economically dependent on him.

Husband, think that over; and before you ask your wife to stand for any more of your ill temper or tight-fistedness, ask yourself how far you want to sink her in servitude.

Just how much a man should stand from (Continued on page 92)





By *W. Somerset  
Maugham*



*Charlie was unwise enough to tell Margery what he thought of Gerry. It started the first violent scene they had ever had.*

**T**here are few things better than a good Havana. When I was young and very poor and smoked a cigar only when somebody gave me one I determined that if ever I had money I would smoke a cigar every day after luncheon and after dinner. This is the only resolution of my youth that I have kept. It is the only ambition I have achieved that has never been embittered by disillusion.

But when you have taken the last pull and put down the shapeless stump and watched the final cloud of smoke dwindle blue in the surrounding air it is impossible, if you have a sensitive nature, not to feel a certain melancholy at the thought of all the labor, the care and pains that have gone, the thought, the trouble, the complicated organization that have been required, to provide you with half an hour's delight. For this men have sweated long years under tropical suns and ships have scoured the seven seas.

These reflections become more poignant still when you are eating a dozen oysters (with half a bottle of dry

white wine) and they become almost unbearable when it comes to a lamb cutlet. For these are animals and there is something that inspires awe in the thought that for millions upon millions of years creatures have come into existence to end at last upon a plate of crushed ice or on a silver grill.

And sometimes even the fate of human beings seems curious to consider. It is strange to look upon this man or that, the quiet, ordinary persons of every day—the bank clerk, the dustman, the middle-aged girl in the second row of the chorus—and think of the interminable history behind them and of the long, long series of hazards by which the course of events has brought them at this moment to such and such a place. When such tremendous vicissitudes have been needed to get them here at all, one would have thought that some huge



# VIRTUE



*Illustrations by*  
George Howe

significance must be attached to them; one would have thought that what befell them must matter a little to the Life Spirit or whatever it is that has produced them.

An accident befalls them. The thread is broken. The story that began when the world began is finished abruptly and it looks as though it meant nothing at all. A tale told by an idiot. And is it not odd that this event, of an importance so dramatic, may be brought about by a cause so trivial?

An incident of no importance, that might easily not have happened, has consequences that are incalculable. It looks as though blind chance ruled all things. Our smallest actions may affect profoundly the whole lives of people who have nothing to do with us.

The story I have to tell would never have happened if one day I had not walked across the street. Life is really very fantastic.

I was strolling down Bond Street one spring morning and having nothing much to do till luncheon time thought I would look in at Sotheby's,

the auction rooms. There was a block in the traffic and I threaded my way through the cars. When I reached the other side I ran into a man I had known in Borneo coming out of a hatter's.

"Hullo, Morton," I said. "When did you come home?"  
"I've been back about a week."

He was district officer at a place I had visited. The governor had given me a letter of introduction to him and I wrote and told him I meant to spend a week at the



place where he lived and should like to put up at the government resthouse.

He met me on the ship when I arrived and asked me to stay with him. I demurred. I did not see how I could spend a week with a total stranger, I did not want to put him to the expense of my board, and besides, I thought I should have more freedom if I were on my own. He would not listen to me.

"I've got plenty of room," he said, "and the resthouse is beastly. I haven't spoken to a white man for six months and I'm fed to the teeth with my own company."

But when Morton had got me and his launch had landed us at the bungalow and he had offered me a drink, he did not in the least know what to do with me. He was seized on a sudden with shyness and his conversation, which had been fluent and ready, ran dry.

I did my best to make him feel at home (it was the least I could do considering that it was his own home) and asked him if he had any new records. He turned on the phonograph and the sound of ragtime gave him confidence.

**H**is bungalow overlooked the river and his living room was a large veranda. It was furnished in the impersonal fashion that characterized the dwellings of government officials who were moved here and there at little notice according to the exigencies of the service. It was untidy but not uncomfortable.

Unfortunately, I cannot very well remember what he looked like. He was young—twenty-eight, I learned later—and he had a boyish and attractive smile. I spent an agreeable week with him.

Morton had little office work and one would have thought the time hung heavy on his hands, but he had energy and high spirits; it was his first post of the sort and he was happy to be independent. His only anxiety was that he would be transferred before he had finished a road he was building.

This was the joy of his heart. It was his own idea and he had wheedled the government into giving him the money to make it; he had surveyed the country himself and traced the path. He had solved unaided the technical problems that presented themselves.

Every morning, before he went to his office, he drove out in a rickety old car to the place where the coolies were working and watched the progress that had been made since the day before.

He thought of nothing else. He dreamed of it at night. He reckoned that it would be finished in a year and he did not want to take his leave till it was.

He could not have worked with more zest if he had been a painter or a sculptor creating a work of art. I think it was this eagerness that made me take a fancy to him. I liked his zeal. I liked his ingenuousness. And I was impressed by the passion for achievement that made him indifferent to the solitariness of his life, to promotion, and even to the thought of going home.

I forget how long the road was, fifteen or twenty miles, I think, and I forget what purpose it was to serve. I don't believe Morton cared very much. His passion was the artist's and his triumph was the triumph of man over nature. He learned as he went along.

He had the jungle to contend against, torrential rains that destroyed the toil of weeks, accidents of topography; he had to collect his labor and hold it together; he had inadequate funds. His imagination sustained him. His exertions gained a sort of epic quality and the vicissitudes of the work were a great saga that unrolled itself with an infinity of episodes.

His only complaint was that the day was too short. He had office duties; he was judge and tax collector.



father and mother (at twenty-eight) of the people in his district; he had to make tours that took him away from home. Unless he was on the spot nothing was done. He would have liked to be there twenty-four hours a day, driving the coolies to further effort.

**I**t so happened that shortly before I arrived an incident had occurred that filled him with jubilation. He had offered a contract to a Chinese to make a certain section of the road and the Chinese had asked more than Morton could afford to pay. Notwithstanding interminable discussions, they had been unable to arrive at an agreement, and Morton, with rage in his heart, saw his work held up. He was at his wit's end.



**C**“Gerry is your friend,” said Janet. “You introduced him to Margery. You are the cause of the whole trouble. It’s your duty to tell him to do the right thing by her.”



Then, going to his office one morning, he heard that there had been a row in one of the Chinese gambling houses the night before. A coolie had been badly wounded and his assailant was under arrest. This assailant was the contractor. He was brought into court, the evidence was clear and Morton sentenced him to eighteen months hard labor.

“Now he’ll have to build the blasted road for nothing,” said Morton, his eyes glistening when he told me the story.

We saw the fellow at work one morning, in the prison sarong, unconcerned. He was taking his misfortunes in good part.

“I’ve told him I’ll remit the rest of his sentence when the road’s finished,” said Morton, “and he’s as pleased as Punch. Bit of a snip for me, eh, what?”

When I left Morton I asked him to let me know when he came to England and he promised to write to me as soon as he arrived. On the spur of the moment you give these invitations and you are perfectly sincere about them. But when you are taken at your word a slight dismay seizes you.

People are so different abroad, in their own homes, from what they are elsewhere. There they are easy, cordial and natural. They have interesting things to say. They are immensely kind. You are anxious to do something in return for the hospitality you have received. But it is difficult. These people who were so entertaining in their own surroundings are dull in yours. They are constrained and shy.

You introduce them to your friends and your friends find them crashing bores. They do their best to be civil, but sigh with relief when the strangers go and the conversation once more can run easily in its accustomed channels.

I think the residents in far places early in their careers understand the situation, for I have found that they seldom take advantage of these invitations. But Morton was different. He was a young man and single. It is generally the wives that are the difficulty: other women look at their drab clothes, in a glance take in their provincial air, and freeze them with their indifference. But a man can dance and play bridge and tennis. Morton had charm. I had had no doubt that in a day or two he would find his feet.

“Why didn’t you let me know you were back?” I asked him.

“I thought you wouldn’t want to be bothered with me,” he smiled.

“What nonsense!”

**O**f course, as now we stood in Bond Street on the curb and chatted for a minute he looked strange to me. I had never seen him in anything but khaki shorts and a tennis shirt. He looked a bit awkward in his blue serge suit. His face against a white collar was very brown.

“How about the road?” I asked.

“Finished. I was afraid I’d have to postpone my leave—we struck one or two snags towards the end—but I made ’em hustle and the day before I left I drove the car to the end and back without stopping.”

I laughed. His pleasure was charming. “What have you been doing with yourself in London?”

“Buying clothes.”

“Been having a good time?”

“Marvelous. A bit lonely, you know, but I don’t mind that. I’ve been to a show every night. The Palmers—I think you met them in Sarawak—were going to be in town and we were going to do the plays together, but they had to go to Scotland because her mother’s ill.”

His words, said so breezily, cut me to the quick. His was the common experience. It was heartbreaking. For three years, for four years, these people looked forward to their leave and when they got off the ship they were in such spirits they could hardly contain themselves. London. Shops and clubs and (Continued on page 123)



# The Gay Bandit

## A Romance of the Southwest

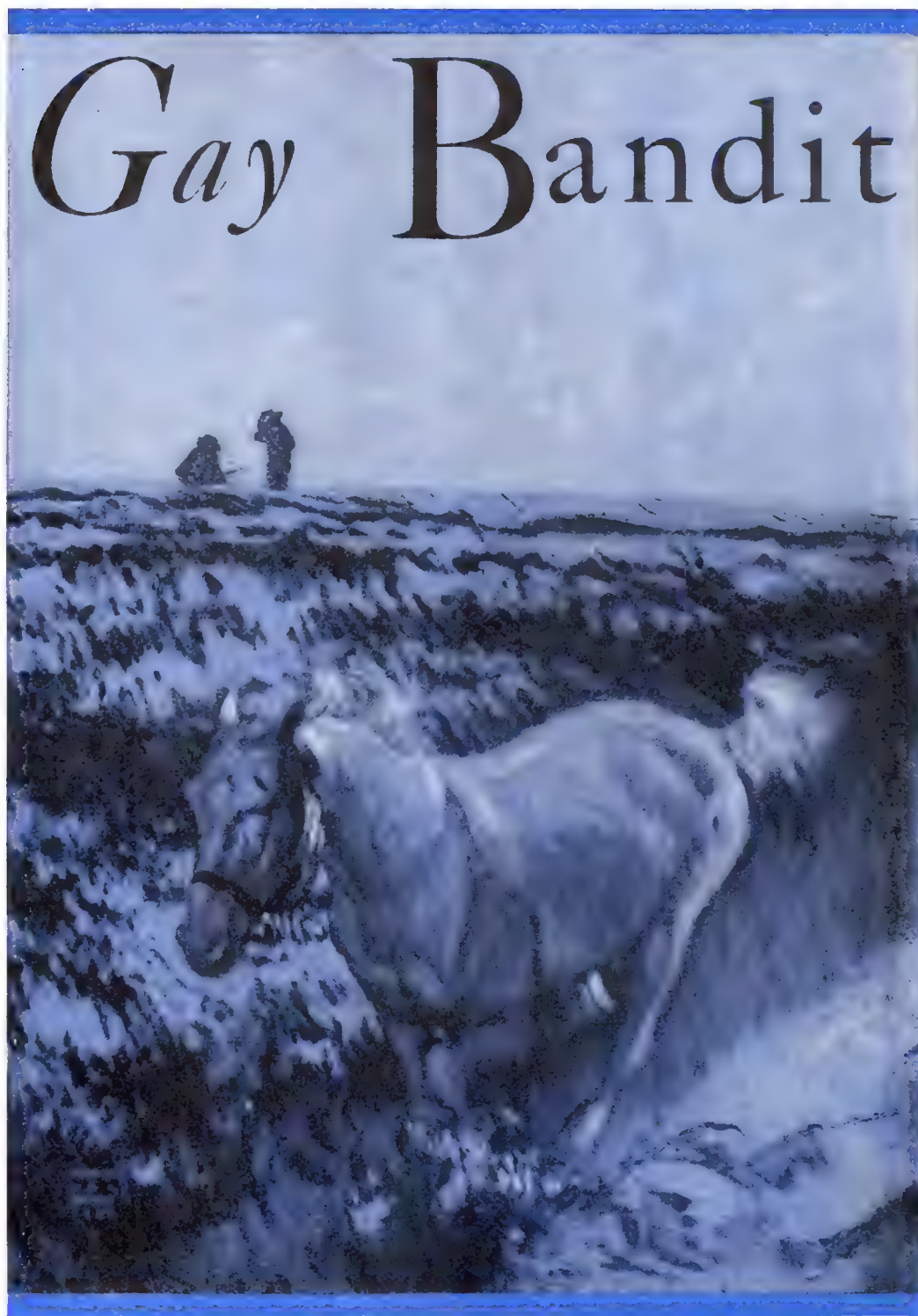
### The Story So Far:

**T**he all-powerful Don Paco Morales believed that he ruled northern Mexico by the terror of his brutal *vaqueros*. Don Bob Harkness, the idol of both sides of the border, knew that it was not fear but love that kept peace in the country. Oppressed and unhappy as were the poor peons of Morales' domain, their worship of his beautiful niece Adela made them willing to endure his tyranny.

Still, unrest was spreading like a formless cloud throughout the border, fanned by a mysterious liberator—the spectacular outlaw known as El Coyote. For two years El Coyote had swooped down from the foothills to harry Morales' herds and herdsmen, and under this cloak of audacious action, to gather men and lay plans. On the morning when young Ted Radcliffe stepped from the train at Verdi, to fall head over heels in love with his violet-eyed goddess of the desert, Adela Morales, the time was near for great deeds in the border country.

So much the tenderfoot giant learned at Major Blount's dinner party at the cavalry post that evening. It was from Don Bob Harkness, however, that he heard the inside story of cruelty and oppression that had made El Coyote possible. From Don Bob, too, Ted learned why he had been summoned to Verdi, for his late father's friend and partner had to tell him that he had inherited, not the fortune he had believed in for years, but a fight against the power of Paco Morales.

On the colorful occasion of the Fiesta of the Rains at



Illustrations by  
Harold von Schmidt

Two sergeants of  
and in the night

Morales' hacienda, Don Bob's new foreman intended to draw out the elderly Spaniard who had ruined his father. Instead, he was himself drawn into a clash with Morales' right-hand man and *vaquero* chieftain, Jito, a tempestuous child of the desert with the sleek, great strength of a giant. Their impromptu wrestling bout, which Ted won by a trick he had learned at college, was friendly enough on the surface; but Adela sensed the danger in the anger of the Mexican, already jealous of the big *Americano* for the favor he found in her eyes.

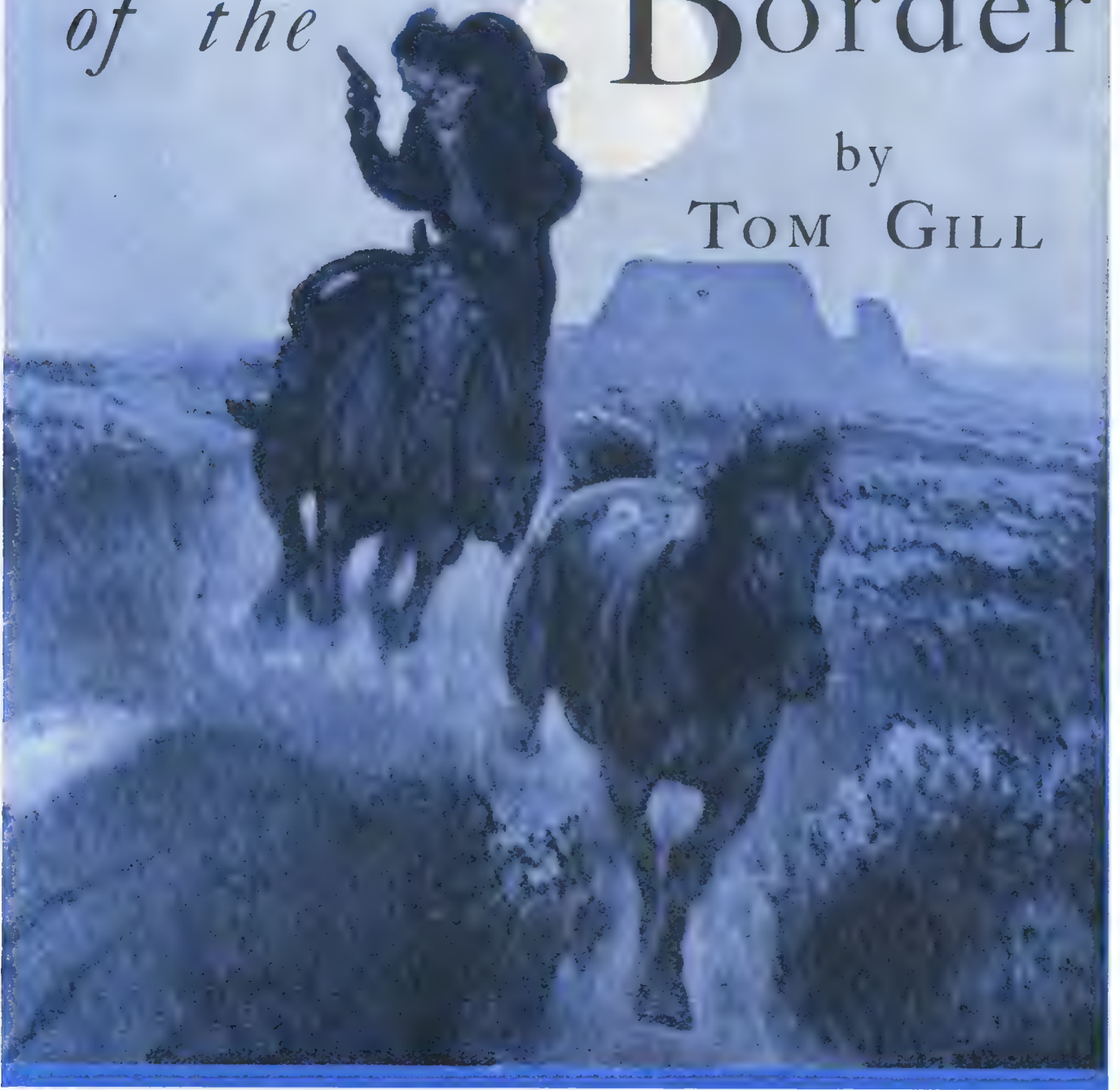
"When you and Jito stood there face to face," she said, "it came over me that you two were destined enemies. Promise me that you will avoid any quarrel."

Ted promised and was so far forgiven that later, as they stood outside the patio, the penniless young man dared to talk of love to the calm-eyed girl who had suffered for her people in this enchanted valley. That night for Radcliffe, in fact, was like a page torn from



# of the Border

by  
TOM GILL



*Major Blount's cavalry had camped at a small water hole  
a lone rider stole both horses from under their noses.*

romance, but it ended in a burst of border melodrama.

In the midst of the fiesta in the garden, a hatless rider dashed up to the great gate of the hacienda, to throw himself at Adela's feet with the news that Jito's *vaqueros*, wild with drink, were raiding the village beyond. Ted and Adela's uncle barely had time to jump to her car as the frantic girl sped to the rescue.

In the village the street was filled with swarthy riding men, pushing on to the little ranch of a poor peon who had dared to defy their master. Already a crowd of shouting horsemen hemmed in the bent old man, while beside him a young *vaquero* held his daughter helpless. Straight into their midst Adela drove her car, and before her white fury the *vaqueros* fell back, but even as they did so Jito, their leader, arrived. Who now would come between them and their just loot?

The answer came, not from Jito himself, nor from Morales, impassive under the pleadings of his niece,

but from somewhere out of the darkness in a burst of flame. As a stalwart *vaquero* whirled and fell, a clear voice called: "Let no man move," and a shiver of fear went through Jito's band, for out there were the masked horsemen of the unknown killer, El Coyote!

Only Jito dared a gesture of defiance; but even as he raised his heavy knife aloft, another blue blaze of light burst from the darkness. The blade of Jito's knife leaped upward, then fell at his feet.

"Now, by the blood of all the saints," Jito marveled. "El Coyote shoots straight."

**I**t was a silent group that returned to the hacienda. Music still played within the patio, but the people had fled. Don Bob sat smoking beside the fountain and to him Morales told the brief tale of their past hour. Then again silence fell.



The little lanterns were swinging in the night wind that blew fitfully from the desert, and a few stars hung low over the hills. For a time Adela stood watching them, until at last Morales touched her arm.

"Go, my dear. You are tired."

She turned and smiled a weary smile. "Until tomorrow," she said, and left them.

Morales watched her pass up the stairs. "Only the very young know how to suffer," he sighed, and turned toward his guests. "It is yet too early for bed. Let us join Jito in the smoking room. We will be all the better for a little brandy and a cigar." He, too, seemed worn, and his eyes weary, but he smiled and walked toward the outer room.

Jito, enveloped in cigar smoke, sulked in a corner. As the three sank into the deep leather chairs, Morales said:

"Gentlemen, there is no adequate way of apologizing for this so-painful episode of tonight. Tomorrow I shall want to know from you, Jito, why it was allowed. No, not tonight; tomorrow. Tonight I am *cansado*—tired of the stupidity of your herdsmen. Personally, I have not the slightest care what they do, but they must not molest Adela or my guests.

**A**nd now let us talk of more pleasant things." He waved a hand toward Radcliffe. "I am told that tomorrow Adela will take you out to the Spring of the Saints. It is a beautiful spot. A good fifteen miles from here, but you are a natural horseman. It will be child's play."

"Who attends them?" asked Jito suddenly.

Morales looked up sharply. "No one. You know Adela will not have servants on her rides."

But Jito had risen. "I will not have her going unattended. It is—"

"It is what?" Ted asked quietly, but a flush had crept into his face. For a moment the two men stood at gaze while Jito seemed to consider his reply.

"For one thing, it is not safe. My uncle knows that. None of the foothill country is safe."

Again Morales raised his hand. "With ten servants or with twenty, would it be any safer? You know it would not."

But Jito only answered stubbornly, "You should not let her go. You should forbid it."

With a faintly amused air the old Spaniard answered, "I should forbid it! Who forbids Adela to do as she likes? Suppose you forbid it, Jito, my child."

"I shall, tomorrow. You shall see."

"I shall see once more your great capacity for making a fool of yourself." With the same look of amusement Morales turned to the others. "This thing called love, Señores, it does not make for rational action. It is to some men as strong drink. It makes my good Jito here act even like a smaller child than God Himself made him."

A sudden noise in the door drew his attention. A tall *vaquero* stood in the entrance, dusty sombrero in hand.

"What now?" barked Morales.

"I would speak with Jito. It is important."

Jito rose. "What the devil is it, Pedro?"

"They have killed Arturo, Señor."

"Who has killed him?"

"Anton, the Yaqui."

"Anton! That Indian killed one of my *vaqueros*?" Jito buckled on his spurs.

"I go to find Anton."

"We have him outside, Señor. We thought it should be for you to say whether to kill or put him in the cell."

Jito turned toward

Morales. "Could I have this Indian brought in?"

As Morales nodded, Don Bob rose.

"Perhaps we had better go," he suggested, but Morales waved his hand.

"Please stay." Then he added, with a grim smile. "This may be interesting. Not often do Jito's boys get themselves killed." He nodded to his ward. "Bring him in, Jito *mio*. You would seem to have your hands well filled with *vaqueros* and their jubilant ways this night."

In a moment two *vaqueros* had led in the Yaqui chieftain, his hands bound behind him, his chest bare. He stood before his captors and his gaze passed rapidly over the faces of all the men, then came to rest on Jito.

The Indian waited for no questioning, but spoke in rapid Spanish.

"Since what time have you mistaken the Yaqui people for peon dogs, big one? Since when is it permitted that your horsemen ride through my village and stampe my horses and frighten my women? It is not wise for the few to make enemies of the many."

"Jito, the Mexican, is big and broad of shoulders, and as I stand here he could kill me with those great hands of his, or could call his horsemen to shoot me down. But that, too, would not be wise. My people back in the hills are not so easily killed. Within two days they would sweep over your land like a sea, and the hacienda of Don Paco Morales would be as yesterday."

He turned contemptuously from the Mexican and spoke now to Morales. "We are a free people, and tonight there came among us many horsemen, mad with drink. They came with anger in their eyes when they should have brought friendship. They battered down my lodges, they stampered my horses, they threatened my young men, and one of them I had to kill."

"I take no sorrow for that, but unless these bonds are taken from my hands, you, Paco Morales, will take great sorrow, for we Yaqui are many, and our young men

**C**Ted and Adela might have made that hazardous descent safely had not disaster chosen to place a loose rock in the horse's path.



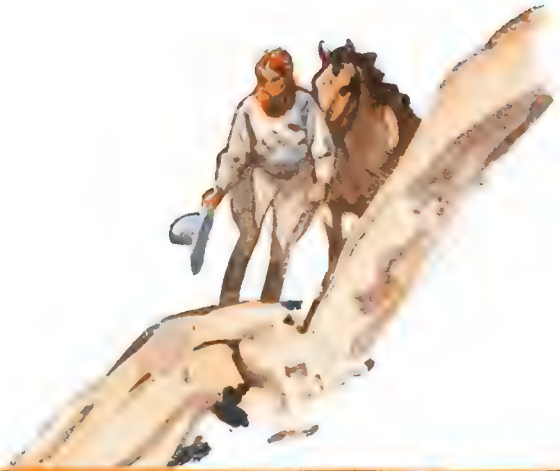


have not forgotten other days. It might be easier to urge them to battle than to hold them back."

Morales, without a word, walked up to the man and cut the bonds at his wrists. "My men will trouble you no more," he said slowly. "Go in peace."

Not until the moccasins of the Yaqui had shuffled out through the patio did anyone speak; then Morales glanced at Jito. "One more loyal follower like you, Jito mio, and I shall be a ruined man. Let the Yaquis join with this Coyote bandit and your *vaqueros* will have little time for merriment." A sudden tremor of anger seized him. "For the love of God, take your band forever out of my sight!" He rose and bowed to Don Bob.

"Never," said the old Spaniard, "have guests of mine suffered such disturbance. You must forgive one who



**With Adela, Ted found the Spring of the Saints a place of dreamy silences, shaded from the desert by the sacred trees of the Aztec people.**

grows too old to remember the demands of hospitality and you must forgive Jito, who will never grow up enough to realize those demands. Now, I am very tired. Good night, Señores. As for you, Jito, come to my room a moment. There are a few things that must be said."

His gaunt shoulders seemed more bowed as he left the room. Jito followed after a surly nod at the two Americans. For a time Don Bob smoked in silence while Ted paced the room.

"It's hideous!" Ted exclaimed. "The cool contempt for life these *vaqueros* have. Morales himself cares nothing. I'm wondering why we continue to take his hand and eat his food."

"My dear fellow, what earthly good would it do to insult him now? Take my word, there are better and more subtle ways. That Yaqui, for instance. He gave me something to think about. Morales must be worried. It is as if he, too, felt the breaking-up of things. This kingdom of fear that he has built can't go on always.

"That Yaqui bluffed his way to freedom. Morales

didn't dare hold him. The peons themselves aren't taking things lying down as they once did. And behind all this is the shadow of El Coyote. No, I think Señor Morales has many things to think of this night. Thoughts that will be unwelcome bedfellows."

But Ted was gazing out toward the desert and a smile was playing about his mouth. When he looked up it was obvious he hadn't heard a word of Don Bob's discourse, for he murmured, "You should have seen her. She was magnificent."

"My son," answered Don Bob sorrowfully, "when they reach your stage, hope, if any, lies in a good night's rest." And slipping his arm through the boy's, he led him up the stairs.

Twice in the night Ted awoke to hear rain pattering on the tile roof, but the sunrise was cloudless. Adela waited for him in the patio. In her face lay no sign of the night's happening, but as they passed down the walk to the horses, Adela looked (Continued on page 178)



# Just *a* habit

“Why did you have to get your clothes mixed!” Daisy exclaimed. “I might buy a brown sock,” suggested Tommy, “and put it on in an alley.”

to the davenport in the living room.

“Yes,” replied Daisy, as she dropped into an armchair; “it’s only seven-thirty. You always get here at seven-thirty, don’t you, Tommy? Why?”

“I suppose so. By the time I finish dinner, get dressed and drive over here it’s always seven-thirty. Nothing mysterious about—”

“Tommy Barns, look at your socks! You’ve gone and put a brown one on one foot and a gray one on the other. Oh, *why* don’t you keep your mind on what you’re doing? We can’t go to the dance now.” Daisy’s big eyes regarded him with hurt wonder.

“By golly, so I did!” Tommy pulled up his trousers and gazed below as though for the first time conscious that people wore socks. “Well, that’s too bad, Daisy. But I guess it’s pretty late to do anything about it now.”

“You can’t go that way. I don’t see how in the world you keep a good job; you’re so absent-minded I should think you’d forget who you’re working for.”

“Well, I did, when I first got this job. I kept going back to the old place. But I’m past that now; the new job’s a habit. It’s the unexpected things that make me

Illustration by  
H. R. Ballinger

**“Hello!”** Tommy Barns gave the small hand on the door knob a squeeze as he entered and tossed his cap at the old-fashioned hatrack.

“Hello, Tommy.” Daisy closed the door and her blue eyes played over him happily. “I like your new suit awfully well; it’s almost as though you were someone else.”

“Uh-oh. Want someone else?”

“No, but—you know what I mean—your suit makes you look sort of novel.”

“You’re always that way to me, Daisy,” he said slowly. “Well, what’ll we do tonight?”

“Tommy, you haven’t forgotten the dance!”

“Dance? Oh, yes; sure I remember. Well, then, I’m early. We might as well sit and talk awhile.” He moved



# A Love Story told in 2 pages by JOHN LEBAR

forget; once I get used to a thing I'm all right. It's only the switching around that mixes me. With my old suit I always wore gray socks—you know that. When I got this suit yesterday I bought brown socks to go with it. Tonight I put on a gray sock; then I got to thinking of my new suit and put a brown one on the other foot. That's the way it is with me, Daisy; just absent-minded—nothing vicious."

"I wish I was sure of that; you really don't like to dance, and you know it!"

"Well, after all, dancing's a fine way to get acquainted with people," replied Tommy thoughtfully, "but you and I have been going together for more than a year. Say"—he rose—"if we're not going to the dance we ought to be going some place. What'll we do? Take in a show?"

"The shows are all terrible, Tommy. Oh, darn it! Why did you have to get your clothes mixed!"

"I might buy a brown sock," suggested Tommy, "and put it on in an alley."

"But this isn't Saturday; it's Thursday and the stores all close at six."

"That's right," he admitted. "And I don't suppose drug stores handle them. I'll tell you what—let's go canoeing. We haven't been for a long time and it's a warm night. There's liable to be a moon, too."

"We just had a full moon," said Daisy, "and it's been gone all week. Don't you remember looking for it last night on the drive?"

"That's right. But the street lights look keen from the water."

**"Now,"** said Tommy, later, as he sent the canoe skimming from the lighted dock, "isn't this better than dancing in a hot old ballroom?"

"We were going to the open-air roof," sighed Daisy, "but it is nice. How far across is this lake, Tommy?"

"'Bout a quarter of a mile. But it seems a lot bigger at night."

"I was just thinking that; it looks as though we could go for miles and miles before we came to those lights. Let's start on a long, long voyage, Tommy."

"A long, long—" Tommy paused and swallowed hard. He could feel his heart swelling dangerously. Then he decided that the moment which had been coming closer during the last few months had arrived. "Daisy!"

"Yes?"

"I'm making pretty good money now and I—" He broke off and paddled vigorously for fifty feet.

"I always knew you'd be a success, Tommy." The girl was looking dreamily at the clustering jewels of light on the arch over the boathouse.

"Well, I've got a long way to go yet," said Tommy, with renewed determination. "But the point is, I'm pretty well started. Nice little salary; chance to keep climbing; steady job. The point is, Daisy—well, it seems to me we've been going around a mighty long time; 'most every night, I guess. I guess we know each other pretty well by now, don't we? And I guess—Oh, hang it! Let's get married, Daisy. You know I—well, I love you, that's all!"

"Oh, Tommy!" The girl bent forward and put her hand on his shoulder. "Tommy, it—makes me almost want to cry. I hate to hurt you so. We've been going together for so long and we've had so much fun. I knew you'd be asking me some day, and if I'd been fair I'd have stopped going places with you before now. But you're so nice, Tommy, I just couldn't break off, even though I knew I couldn't ever marry you."

It was a long moment before he spoke. "I suppose—maybe there's someone else?" he asked chokily.

"No; that is—not yet. Oh, it's all such a mess, Tommy! But don't you see, I—I'm just not that way about you! And a girl ought not to keep going with a boy forever if she knows in her heart he's not the one. She ought to break off and go with others until she finds the right one. And I'm getting older all the time, Tommy: I'll be twenty in May . . . Oh, darn! Why couldn't you be the one? You're so nice and good-natured and agreeable, and you always come at seven-thirty—" She paused a little tearfully. After a moment she said with the graveness of death, "Tommy, I—I guess it would be best if you didn't—if we didn't see each other any more."

With slow strokes Tommy turned the canoe toward the boat landing. "All right, Daisy; I guess you know."

**T**hroughout most of the night and all the following day, Daisy thought of Tommy. She had been cruel to him. Several times she was on the point of going to the telephone to tell him—to tell him what? If she could only make him feel a little better; if she could only make things less cruel and raw! But she knew she could not. Tommy would just have to suffer; anything she tried to do would only make matters worse.

A thousand times she thought of his eyes when he had said good night and turned away—they were so full of dumb longing; not a hint of reproach, just longing. Why couldn't she love Tommy? He was the finest boy she had ever known; he worked hard, he was getting somewhere, and he thought the world of her.

But that didn't seem to be enough. Somehow, you had to have romance, excitement, fresh new words and appearances. Not that there was anything wrong with Tommy's looks; Daisy felt she could never love anyone who didn't look just a little bit like him . . .

As Daisy helped her mother with dinner she thought the trouble might be that she knew Tommy too well; they had been together so much. And during the meal she came to the conclusion that if she didn't see Tommy for a whole year she might love him the instant she saw him again. But a whole year! Tommy would forget her by that time. His funny, tricky memory . . .

But during the dish-wiping Daisy felt sure that Tommy would never forget her. A choke came into her throat; he had looked so forlorn as he left. What was he doing now? Was that look still in his eyes as he sat in his little room on the other side of town?

Daisy wandered listlessly into the living room and slumped into the armchair. She had sat here last night and he had sat right over there on the davenport. Funny old Tommy, mixing his socks . . .

A familiar step sounded on the porch. Automatically Daisy rose and went to the door. The clock in the hall marked seven-thirty.

"Hello!" Tommy touched her hand as it rested on the knob, and sent his cap to the hatrack with the dexterity of long practice.

"Hello, Tommy." Her heart was thumping wildly. Strange that he should seem so cheerful and happy. "Tommy—"

"Why, Daisy"—his eyes showed concern—"you look kind of sad. What's wrong?"

"Tommy!" She suddenly threw her arms about him. "Tommy, I do love you! I'm so glad you came. All day I've hated myself for telling you never to come again, and for saying I—wouldn't marry you." She nestled closer.

Tommy held Daisy tightly and stared past her with a bewildered expression, his brows puckered in thought. His face lighted suddenly. "By golly, so you did!"





LOVE &  
Music—  
These they  
Lived for



# The Sad T troubadour

**T**he two brothers stopped at the edge of the fair. Each had a piano accordion slung over his shoulder and a folding camp stool in his hand—the tools of their craft. The yellow, spitting flare of an acetylene lamp painted their faces the color of old ivory.

The older one, Pietro, was a great broad-chested Italian, floridly handsome. A cigaret stub dangled from his full, smiling lips; and there was a gleam of excitement in the inky eyes that swept the gaudy swings and roundabouts, the screaming roller coasters, all dotted over with many-colored electric bulbs, all in full blast to the hideous dissonance of a steam organ.

Earlier in the evening the carnival parade had taken place at the other end of the town of Nice. Here, in the borderland made by the covering-over of the stony bed of the River Paillon, which separates the old town from the new—separates, indeed, one civilization from another—many of the crowd were in costume; the girls mostly dressed as sailors, toreadors, pierrots, anything male that would give them escape from the humdrum of skirts.

But if the rolling hips and knees that brushed with every step were not enough to betray them, no girl was without her man. They formed bands, screaming with loud laughter, arms round waists, kissing promiscuously and violently.

The gleam in Pietro's eyes deepened as he watched.

With immense satisfaction he breathed it all in, the familiar sight of it and the smell of it—stale acetylene, women, garlic, alcohol. It was life. Presently he gave a laugh, spat in the direction of the steam organ and turned to his brother.

"*Santa Maria*, what filthy music!" The dialect was of Genoa, thick and guttural. "We must go to the other end, Vanni."

Giovanni shrugged his shoulders. He was small and wiry. From under his wide black hat curled a dark mass of hair, a frame for the thin, white, ascetic face. He looked as though he might have stepped out of Florence in the days of Benvenuto Cellini. He, too, spat, but it was at the crowd comprehensively.

"*Basta!*" he muttered. "Why play to these pigs? A steam organ is good enough for them."

**A**s he moved on, the weight of his instrument made him lean forward as soldiers do, to ease the cutting pack straps.

Pietro marched bolt upright as though his accordion were a toy, forging a way between the lines of pushcarts. Once his great arm went out like a gorilla's and he grabbed a fat carnival girl to him, kissed her white neck and let her go again with laughing exclamations. That was life!

Unmindful, Giovanni trudged behind in the wake of his big brother. In half a mile or so they came to an



*By A. Hamilton Gibbs*



*Illustrations by*  
Mario Borgoni

**T**here was a gleam of excitement in Pietro's eyes as he watched the street fair. It was life! But there burned in his younger brother a fierce flame of music that filled his mind with dreams.



open space at the other end of the fair, walled on one side by a warehouse. The steam organ had become only a blur of raw sound, a mere element in the clang of street cars, the cries of barkers and the bourdon of the crowd.

Pietro set down his camp stool against the wall of the building and, not without difficulty, adjusted the straps of his instrument over each heavy shoulder. Then he struck a loud chord, beamed professionally and cried, "*Messieurs et mesdames!*"

**G**iovanni had seated himself, also back to the wall as a sounding board, his accordion ready between chin and knees. The imitation diamonds inserted in the painted woodwork snapped and sparkled in the light of the flares. He paid no attention to the crowd, but waited for his brother to announce the opening piece.

"We shall give ourselves the pleasure of playing for you," bellowed Pietro, "the justly celebrated song, '*Gitana*,' otherwise called '*La Jolie Fille de Bohème*' . . . *Uno . . . due . . .*"

Together they crashed into the introductory chords with the volume of an organ. Like a heavy stone dropped into a pond it made a widening ring of melody in the encompassing noise.

Then, while Pietro, smiling at the audience, held the air of the popular ballad, Giovanni interwove swift variations and syncopations, his eyes a thousand miles away.

They were well-known figures, these two. In the early morning they played in the courtyards of the hotels de luxe, hawk-eyed for the francs that rang and circled on the pavement when dropped from the balconies of upper windows.

They had their pitch on the Promenade des Anglais at the crowded *apéritif* hour, when every nationality in the world adds its mite to the scraps of polyglot dialogue that fall from the lips of middle-aged *ricchissime* who have fled from every barbaric climate in Europe to stir their aging and sluggish blood at the edge of the poster-blue Mediterranean.

There they stroll up and down, or sit sipping a million different drinks, with fat little dogs clasped to fatter breasts or yapping at the ends of strings. There, too it was the flashing eyes and teeth of Pietro that drew francs and even paper money from ladies whose day for that kind of titillation should have been far behind. But, even though they didn't know it, it was Giovanni's music that touched the still - quivering something inside and made them achingly remember what black eyes once meant; for while the older brother played well and with a touch of careless insolence that caught the eye, the younger one not only was a master of his instrument but there burned in him a fierce flame of music that filled his mind with dreams of stupendous organs in vast halls where, at the touch of his fingers, all the choirs of heaven would come soaring down to listen, rapt, with folded wings.

Even in the confusion of the street fair, and with such wishy-washy stuff as the "justly celebrated '*Gitana*,'" there was magic in his touch. He couldn't help filling out the thin ballad, almost recomposing it as he played,

giving it depth and meaning. And so, when, having finished three popular numbers, his brother divested himself of his instrument to go round with the hat, Giovanni, whose duty it was to keep the ball rolling, gave a little sneer of contempt for "the pigs," and swung into a number for himself, the "Humoresque." At the end cries of "*Bravo!*" and "*Bis!*" made him look up with a shock of surprise that instantly changed to a smile of warm delight. He played it again, this time to friends.

By the time their concert was over and the capfuls of small money bulged in Pietro's pocket, it was late. In twos and threes tired Carmens and Toreadors could be seen dragging their way home down the steep narrow streets of the old town, where stray dogs snuffed and growled around overflowing garbage cans. The odor of cheese and queer nameless meats hung thickly in the ill-lighted alleys.

The two brothers lived there at the top of a tenement house whose dirty stairways and grimy balustrades were of carved marble; whose groined ceilings were still covered with faded but beautiful paintings. Less than a century ago it had been the private palace of an Italian noble. Slashed doublets had given place to the draggled skirts of market women, and palanquins to rattling handbarrows: but through all the phases of its come-down the Italian language prevailed.

**A**s the two came into the Place Rossetti, empty but for three scrawny cats, the sound of loud voices came from the drinking saloon that faced the church across the square.

"*Per Dio!*" growled Pietro. "It looks as if there won't be any room for us tonight."

Giovanni smiled. "There is always room when one has ready money."

They wheeled together, crossing over and turning at precisely the same tree at which they always turned from subconscious habit.

The drinking saloon was a broad low-ceilinged room lighted by a hanging oil lamp. Down one side ran a zinc bar, worked by the *patron* and his assistant in shirt sleeves.

Behind it a row of wine barrels lay in racks on the wall. Beneath them was a wooden shelf on which gleamed bottles of drink, green, amber, red, yellow, guarded by the *patron's* wife, a woman with the face and voice of a parrot and the body of an elephant.

There were not more than ten or twelve men and women in there, but they filled the place.

The air was thick with tobacco smoke and the smell of liquor. Some had their elbows on the zinc; others waved expressive arms. All were talking at the tops of their voices either in Italian or Niçois, that odd dialect which is neither French nor Italian but resembles what might have been the common tongue achieved by an Italian and a Provençal living together for years. As ever, it would have been difficult for a foreigner to decide whether the prevailing humor were good or bad.

To Pietro and Giovanni the clamor was perfectly normal, so normal that they hardly wasted a glance on a tall man flushed with drink who was verbally bullying a girl at the other end of the room.

Both the man and the girl were in carnival costume and both had their faces made up. As the two brothers walked in, the man seemed to reach the end of his tether. He stepped back with a guttural oath and smashed the girl across the face with his hand. She spilled across the floor.

Pietro laughed. "*Madonna!*" he exclaimed. "That was a good one!"

The girl lay there (Continued on page 117)



**¶** The meeting of Giovanni and Maria, which had surprising consequences for Pietro.





*Over and over again Maria assured Giovanni that but for the beast with the knife she would have got through her song. If only 'Vanni would take her away to another town where there wouldn't be any danger. After all, if Pietro couldn't be found, there wasn't anything to keep them. "It's just you and I now, 'Vanni!" she said. "I'll sing my throat out for you."*



# A Sparkling Novel of Boyhood by our

**If the British press wasn't to be roused by Terry's ghastly kidnapping, raged Bessie, what could a lady do?**



# Let's Play KING

## The Story So Far:

**T**erry, the son of Rabbit and Bessie Tait of the Y Wurry Gas & Fixit Station, Mechanicville, New York, was a freak of beauty. Which was why, if we disregard the element of chance and the will of an indomitable mother, Terry Tait at the age of ten was famous throughout the world as the King of Boy Comedians.

However, at the exclusive Hollywood addition of Poppy Peaks, even bigger and better things were being planned for the star of "Kids Is Kids." Terry's next picture, "His Majesty, Junior," was to present him to his Public in an entirely different rôle, and when the newspapers announced that Maximilian III, the boy king of Slovaria (a country between Zenda and Graustark), was about to visit London with Queen Sidonie, the press agent of the Jupiter-Triumph-Tait organization saw a heaven-sent opportunity for publicity.

The upshot was that Terry and his own queen-mother, Mrs. T. Benescoten Tait, embarked for London to "get chummy," as Bessie put it, with Slovarian royalty for the benefit of news photographers.

Behold them, then, in a magnificent suite in the Hotel Picardie, London W. 1, just one floor above His Young Majesty and Queen Sidonie of Slovaria. From the outset, however, Bessie encountered difficulties never dreamed of from the distance of Poppy Peaks; London seemed strangely indifferent to the advent of the King of Boy Comedians (in Person). What with Bessie's heroic efforts to cut red, or rather, royal purple tape, her prodigy was having an even worse time of it than was usually his lot, until Ginger Bundock, a page at the hotel, was summoned to help him play with his new and elaborate toys. Though playing by request, the cockney lad brought enthusiasm to the assignment, supplemented by prodigious tales of his uncle 'Ennery.

Meanwhile Bessie, in a frantic attempt to "get action," dictated a letter inviting Their Majesties to drop in for luncheon "or tea or dinner or a cocktail."

**F**or two days Bessie awaited a reply to her note to Queen Sidonie, but from the royal fastnesses she had no murmur.

London mildly discovered that the King of Boy Comedians was in town. A special writer from a newspaper

which had been Americanized came to interview Terry on the contrasting spiritual values of baseball vs. cricket (while he knew nothing about baseball, he knew nothing about cricket either, so that made it fair), his favorite poem, and the cooking of Brussels sprouts.

He addressed the Lads' Brigade, and that was nothing to write about. And he received six hundred and eighteen letters from people who were willing to let him pay for their mortgages and their surgical operations.

But for most of the two days he sneaked into corners and tried to look inconspicuous while, in the living room of the suite, Bessie stalked and glared, and in his bedroom Humberstone the valet glared and stalked. Ginger was summoned to play, but Bessie so raged at their noise that the two infants made a pirates' den behind Terry's bed, where Ginger chronicled his uncle 'Ennery Bundock's adventures as steward and bartender to a celebrated arctic expedition—"Bring me a whisky-soda, me man," says Sir John Peary, and Uncle 'Ennery brings it, and standing there, Sir John drinks a toast to the North Pole, and 'e says to me uncle, 'Ennery, we'd never 've discovered it but for your splendid service"—and 'Ennery's astonishing experiences during the Great War when, as a British spy, he reached the Imperial Palace in Berlin and talked with the Kaiser, who, such was Uncle 'Ennery's cunning, took him for a Turkish ally.

If anything more than Ginger's freckled grin had been needed to make Terry adore him, it would have been the privilege of meeting the relative of so spirited a hero as Uncle 'Ennery Bundock.

With Terry in Ginger's care, Bessie was able to give herself up whole-heartedly to worrying about failure to receive an answer from Queen Sidonie, to worrying about what Rabbit might be doing by his lone wicked self in Hollywood, and to being manicured, massaged, dress-fitted, hat-fitted, and generally enjoying herself. On the afternoon of the second day, she fretted only a little when Terry, with Ginger, seemed to be missing. But when they had been missing for two hours, she realized with sudden horror that Terry was lost in the wilds.

It was some comfort to think that there would be



own Winner of the  
Nobel Prize—

# Sinclair Lewis

front-page stories even in the London papers, which have their first pages on the third page, but she did hope he wouldn't be late for dinner. With all the devotion of a mother and the efficiency of a true American, she telephoned first to the newspapers and second to Scotland Yard.

Just as the happy reporters and cameramen arrived, she heard a slight squealing back in Terry's room and dashed out to find that Terry had sheepishly sneaked in the back way, accompanied by a yet more sheepish Ginger and by a very sheep of sheeps—a large irregular-shaped dog of a predominating hue of brown, interestingly streaked and striped and spotted with black, white, yellow, and plain dirt. He had a broad back, built for boys to ride upon, a tail that wagged foolishly, and an eye that looked with fond ecstasy upon the two boys, but with alarm upon the ineffable Humberstone.

"Good heavens!" wailed Bessie. "That's that horrible animal I told you you couldn't have!"

"Oh, no, Mother! *That*"—with vast scorn—"was just a collie-police-dog, with terrier blood, but



Q. "Righto, me brave lads!" cried Ginger to his fellow conspirators, Max and Terry. "'Tis off to the boundin' blue."

Illustrations by  
Gordon Grant



this is a pure-bred Margate Wader. The man *said so!* And his name is Josephus. The dog's. And the man wanted to charge me ten shillings, but Ginger got him for me for eighteenpence and that autographed picture of Will Rogers."

"Oh," groaned Bessie, "to think that I should have a son that's common! It's funny, but you're just like your father! But I haven't got time to talk about that now. Listen! The reporters are here! You were lost! You gotta tell 'em—a man tried to kidnap you, but Ginger—he'd happened to see you once in the hotel, and of course he knew who you were, and he was coming along, and he persuaded you not to go with this man—he looked like a Bolshevik. Get that? Snappy now!"

**W**ith maternal pride, she heard Terry admit to the reporters how reckless he had been in wandering through the foggy city. Ginger, called on for further details, loyally brought in his uncle 'Ennery Bundock—it seemed that Uncle 'Ennery Bundock had once served in the Czar's Imperial Guard, and was an authority on Bolsheviks; it was he who had recognized the Soviet spy and rescued Terry.

The reporters raised their eyebrows and went away, most politely. Next morning, Bessie was up at seven, clamoring for all the newspapers. Terry's awful escape was mentioned in only one of them, in the column of Mr. Swannen Haffer:

After, so it is asserted, frequently associating with gunmen and like underworld characters of San Francisco, Bangor and other western cities of the United States, Terence Tate, the American boy cinema actor, discovered that Brighter London is delightfully beginning to realize the perils of his native land.

Strolling from his hotel yesterday,



Master Tate, whose mother has interestingly compared his art to that of Sir Henry Irving, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and Eleonora Duse, contrived so thoroughly to lose himself in the trackless wilds of Pall Mall that it was necessary to send out an expedition of hotel servants, equipped with wireless, ice axes and tinned walrus meat, to discover and rescue him.

Master Tate, with that shrewd perception which has so endeared all Yankee filmaturgy to the naive British heart, discovered a band of red Indians encamped in front of the Carlton Club, and a band of Bolshevik spies, disguised as bishops but concealing bombs under their aprons, lurking on the roof of the Athenæum. Master Tate's horrendous discoveries have been conveyed to Scotland Yard, and it is to be hoped that thanks to the young hero—who is only six years old; in fact, so young that his mother permits him to have only three motor cars—London will presently be made almost as safe as his native Chicago.

Bessie spoke for half an hour without stopping. It did not soothe her particularly to find, in every newspaper, a two-column account of the children's party given by the little Princess Elizabeth, with King Maximilian of Slovaria as honor guest, and the announcement that within a week Sidonie and Maximilian were to accompany the British Royal Family to Sandringham Hall, in Norfolk.

The house party, said the announcement, would be informal, and limited to intimate friends of the Family.

**S**omehow—she could not explain why—that seemed to Bessie Tait, of Poppy Peaks, to shut her out more than any account of a grand public entertainment.

A week! She was desperate.

And if the British press wasn't to be roused by Terry's ghastly kidnaping, what could a lady do?

All day she galloped up and down her suite, raging at her maid, at Humberstone, even at Miss Tingle, the refined lady secretary. The cheerful sounds of Terry, Ginger, and Josephus the Margate Wader, from Terry's room, the sound of yelps and giggles and tremendous chasings after a tennis ball, irritated her the more; made her forget the small voice within her that whispered, "Now be careful, Bess—don't monkey with the buzz saw."

"Oh, shut up!" she said to the alarmed mentor and, sending

**C**"Terry and His Majesty got along just lovely," Bessie told Count Elopatak, "and I thought it was nice to get together like this."



Gordon Grant





“The kind-hearted old-clothes man demanded four quid from the “blinkin’ young tramps.”

Miss Tingle to buy stationery which she didn't need, the maid to buy hair nets which she never used, and Humberstone to go back to his room and continue doing nothing save look impressive, she dashed to the telephone and snarled, “I want to speak to Suite Four-B.”

“I'm sorry, Madame, but I can't connect you with that apartment. It's taken by the Queen of Slovaria.”

“Good Lord, don't you suppose I know that? The Queen and I are great friends.”

“Very sorry, Madame, but I have my orders. I can connect you with the bureau of Count Elopatak, Her Majesty's equerry.”

Bessie was puzzled as to why one should be connected telephonically with a bureau, an object which to her was firmly associated with Mr. Rabbit Tait's collars and pink silk undergarments, and equally puzzled as to what an equerry did for a living. “Sounds like a horse—and at that, I guess a horse is about the only bird connected with Her Maj that I'm going to get to talk to,” she reflected tragically, but she said meekly, “Very well, I'll speak to his countship.”

She then spoke in turn, so far as she could later make out, with an American who was breeches buyer for Eglantine, Katz and Kominsky, of Cleveland, Ohio, and who seemed to have no connection whatever with the Royal House of Slovaria; with an Englishwoman who appeared to be the stenographer to the secretary of the equerry; to the secretary of the equerry; to an indignant Englishman who asserted that he was no Slovarian equerry but, on the contrary, a coffee planter from British Guiana; to Count Elopatak, and at last to a man with a swart and bearded voice who admitted to being the secretary of Queen Sidonie

**B**ut he didn't seem to care for telephoning. He kept making sounds as though he were about to hang up, and Bessie held him only by a string of such ejaculations as, “Now you must get this clear!” and “This is very important!”

Hadn't Her Majesty, Bessie demanded, received the letter from Mrs. T. Benescoten Tait, of California, mother of the celebrated—

Yes, the secretary seemed to remember some such

letter, but of course letters from strangers were never considered.

Well, then, she was willing to take the matter up over the phone.

Take up *what* matter? There were no matters, thank heaven, which had to be taken up!

But had they asked His Young Majesty whether he might not like to meet the celebrated boy—

His Majesty cared to meet no one and really, if Madame would be so kind, there were innumerable affairs of the most pressing necessity and—click!

This time Bessie expressed her opinion in a subdued manner. “But I'm not licked yet. I've got an Idea!”

**W**hen Mrs. T. Benescoten Tait had an Idea, Hollywood sat up and looked nervous, but the gray welter of city beyond the windows of the Hotel Picardie looked strangely indifferent.

“Of course, none of her hired men—equerries or whatever fancy names they want to call themselves—would understand it, but I'll bet Sidonie herself would be tickled pink to get some high-class publicity! It's just a matter of getting to her and explaining it,” considered Bessie. “And we'd have such a nice time talking about our boys. Well, then, on the job—get past all these darn watchdogs.”

She marched into Terry's bedroom. She chased Ginger out of the room, shut Josephus the Margate Wader in Humberstone's room, and remarked to Terry with a maternal sweetness which caused him to look alarmed and suspicious, “Come, my little mannie, put on your Fauntleroy suit; we're going to see Queen Sidonie!”

Now deep and dark and terrible as was Terry's hatred for the polo costume, it was as love and loyalty compared with his detestation of the Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, with its velvet jacket, velvet breeches, buckled slippers and lace collar. He protested. He wailed, while from beyond the door Josephus wailed with him—and furiously started to chew Humberstone's respectable slippers.

With a considerable drop in tenderness, Bessie snarled, “Now, we'll have no more out of you! Good Lord! I work myself to the bone trying (Continued on page 171)”





Desperado—  
1881 *Model*

By O. O.

# BAD

**C**linton County, Missouri, where I was born, adjoins Clay County, the home of Frank and Jesse James. My earliest memories concern whispers of their outlawry. In this atmosphere I developed a whopping admiration for desperadoes which passing years have not erased.

Abandoned barns and brush piles in our neighborhood held a mysterious lure for youth—the James boys might be hiding there! One of the old wives' tales was that Jesse, after a raid, lowered himself in a well on my uncle's farm, while a sheriff's posse rode by in a thud of flying hoofs.

My father knew Frank James, and once Frank came over from the town of Liberty and stopped for the night in my father's hotel in Plattsburg. I gazed at him with the same reverential awe with which I suppose a boy beholds Lindbergh today.

During formative years, abetted by the nickel novels of the era, nothing thrilled me so much as the exploits of western bad men. I worshiped at the shrine of Billy the Kid, turned from him to Cole Younger, and so on through the list.

I looked romantically upon every road bandit as a benevolent Robin Hood, robbing the rich to give to the poor. So great was their attraction that not so very many years ago I loafed for an hour about a Kansas City cigar store just to watch Jesse James' mild-mannered son, who was a clerk there.

I have visited the museum in Santa Fe, New Mexico, which exhibits relics of Billy the Kid, talked with Jesse James' mother and seen the stump of her arm, which she said "was blown off by the Pinkertons," and gone over many of the old stage-coach trails of highwaymen in Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma.

All of which is a prelude to the spell of curiosity that the New York desperado or gangster holds for me. During my first pop-eyed week on a New York newspaper one of the greatest gangster stories broke—a story that spewed up from the underworld depths such picturesque named gunmen as "Gyp the Blood," "Whitey" Lewis, "Dago" Frank and "Lefty" Louie, and sent them and Police Lieutenant Becker to the electric chair.

I followed headline clues from the time the "gray murder car" drew up at the stage entrance of the

George M. Cohan Theater, and left the riddled body of the gambler Herman Rosenthal stretched out under the Hotel Metropole marquee across the way, until the entire quartet was rounded up in an obscure Flatbush flat.

Even in my brief time in New York nearly all the gangsters who used to terrorize the East Side have died as they lived—by the gun. Louis the Lump, Kid Dropper, Monk Eastman, Johnny Spanish, Kid Twist and Big Jack Zelig are no more.

Replacing Billy the Kid and the more modern Big Jack Zelig types has come the 1931 model, a diluted mixture as synthetic as current gin and just as deadly. A bad man in spats with a lisp!

For several years now gorillas have almost completely abandoned their lower East Side cellar haunts and moved up to Broadway, to sit in Tuxedoed elegance at the ring side of the supper clubs. They have as companions those dazzlingly lacquered ladies with ermine coats and row upon row of bracelets. In one instance in an intimate jazz mosque I saw three reputed killers sitting at a table next to Vincent Astor and his party.

The truth is that, with a few exceptions, gangsters are the sub-rosa backers of such nocturnal spots. In this way they supply a profitable outlet for their rum-running and racketeering activities. It is axiomatic in police circles that most White Way *crimes passionels* lead back to night-club contacts.

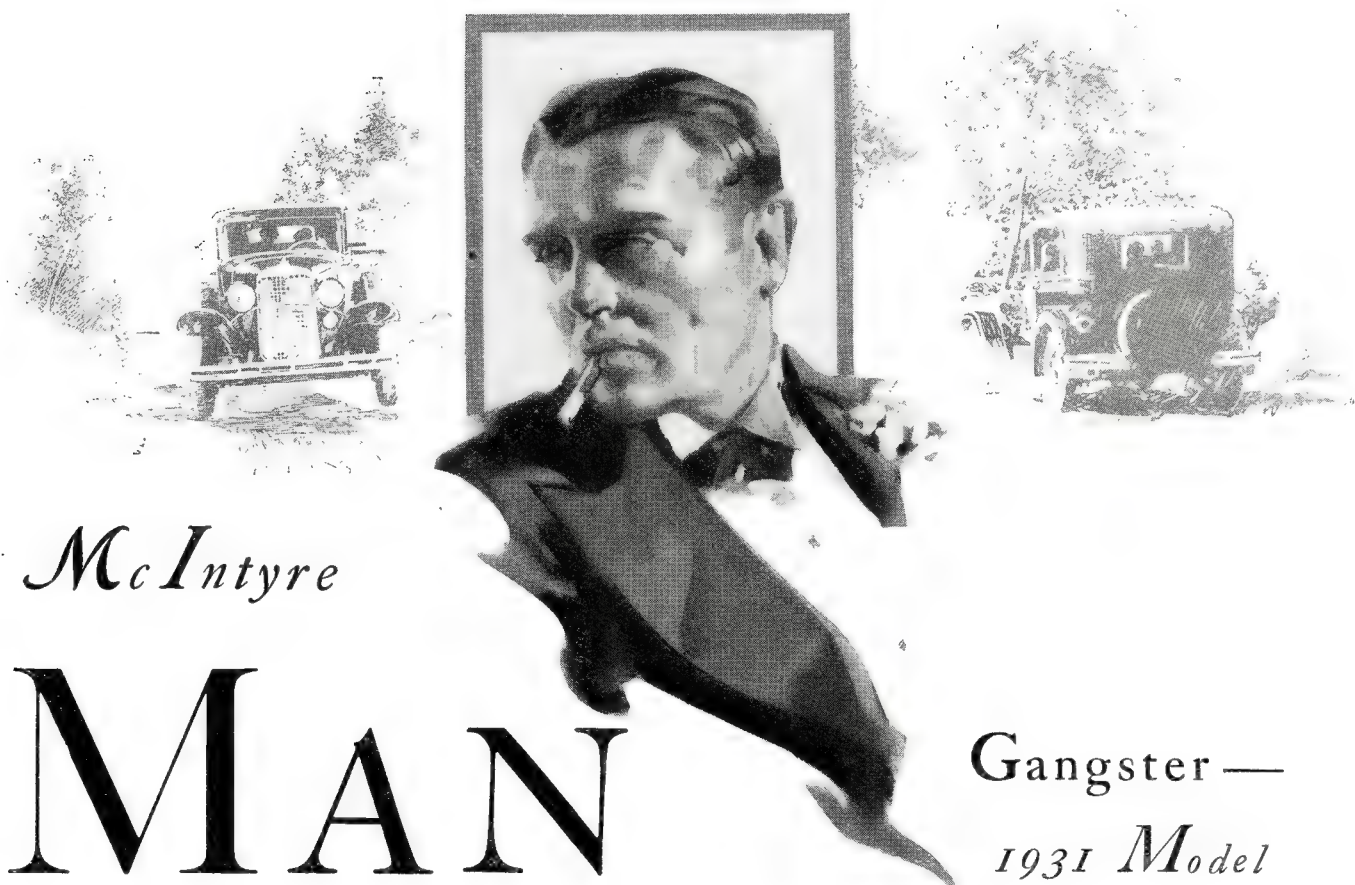
Two restaurants with the most appetizing fares I have found in New York are in the Tenderloin area between Times Square and the Circle. They are heavily patronized by gamblers and men whose very names cause a shiver in the underworld.

**A**s an almost regular weekly diner in one or the other of these places for at least five years, I have been able to observe them closely. With several I have a speaking acquaintance.

Not one suggests the gunman of popular imagination—the potential killer. Yet any number have notches on their guns and the record of a single career, ranging all the way from petty larceny to a half-dozen homicide charges, will fill half a newspaper column.

They might be haberdashery clerks, song writers, song-and-dance men or any one of the slight and





sleekly dandified fauna so peculiar to Broadway. Gaudy tips of kerchiefs flounce out of breast pockets; they swing canes; ankles are bespatted and hats are worn with a Prince of Wales dip.

All are touched by a mawkish sentimentality. They have mama complexes and cry over little-ivy-clad-cottage songs. One of the things that interests me, and I cannot account for it, is their frequent disappearance in telephone booths. Always each seems to be in touch with someone. Otherwise, they are no different from surrounding diners.

To one of the cafés near the Winter Garden—the one from which he was called to his death—came Arnold Rothstein almost every night I ate there. He more than any other man symbolized the fictionist's "Master Mind" of the underworld. His constant companion and body-guard was the dapper Jack ("Legs") Diamond who was pistoled in almost the same fashion two years later.

Rothstein's paleness was chalk-like. He always sat in a corner with his back to the wall, living then, no doubt, in constant fear of the fate he met. Invariably he dressed in dark, sedate clothes. His ties, shoes, hose and hat accentuated these somber attenuations. Indeed, he suggested the undertaker.

He had written me once, pleasantly enough, about something in my newspaper column. His letterhead gave the address of an insurance office and asked me to call when I was in his neighborhood.

I never got around to it but one evening, passing his table, held out my hand and introduced myself. It seemed to me he was relieved when I mentioned my name. He presented me to Diamond and we chatted of inconsequentials a moment or so and I passed along.

Always he bowed in the café, but one night in an extremely distinguished first-night audience his seat adjoined my wife's and mine. He looked me in the eye but with no show of recognition. Many weeks later as I passed his table he recalled seeing me at the theater. It would have made no difference whatever had he spoken to me, but I always thought the fact he did not was rather sporting. His name was at the time being exploited in newspapers as that of the king-pin of gambling fixers.

Rothstein was one of the few underworld characters

who never acquired a nickname. To his intimates he was "Arnold," "Rothstein," or "A. R." The nickname in this stratum is always resented as an opprobrious epithet, but is almost inevitable. Few escape it.

Moving about in these two cafés also was the sartorially elegant "Nigger Nate" Raymond whose natural marcel accentuated his swarthy, Oriental features. His neckties were often a vivid pink or a bright orange. Too, there was the jovial, booming-voiced and back-slapping George McManus, later tried and acquitted as the murderer of Rothstein.

**E**avesdropping from nearby tables, I frequently heard gangster conversation. Save for the mention of such monikers as "Wee Willie," "Dapper Dan" and "Humpty Ed," theirs was the persiflage of the average group of young fellows around a restaurant table.

It is difficult to imagine them bloodthirsty killers, but many were. Yet few have the natural bravado of the outlaws of the western plains—healthy, red-corpuscled men, quick on the draw and usually comparatively "square shooters."

The 1931-model gunman is more often than not a chicken-breasted Broadway gigolo type—tubercular or otherwise diseased. When he goes on a death-dealing expedition he is primed with drink and drugs. He travels with his gang in an armored car and mows down his victim with machine-gun bullets in the back. At heart he is a miserable coward and a "snitch."

The decadence of the up-to-date gangster I think is best illustrated by the night-club haunt that is one of their most popular rendezvous. Owned by a gangster, it features one of those female-impersonating and pathological hybrids we used to know as "sissies" but who in the Broadway patois are "pansies."

Nightly in their smartly fitting dinner coats—and it is no exaggeration that any number wear lapel flowers—the desperadoes listen to falsetto-voiced songs, eat timbales of midnight caviar and often, believe it or not, indulge in a few steps of the tango.

Gazing at them, at times I have thought I could give a few of them a tousling myself in a fair fight—but don't count on me!



# *The Life Story in of a Woman reared in Wealth*



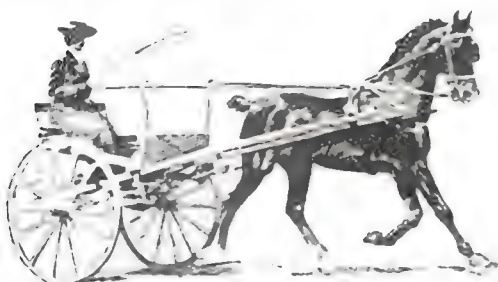
¶ She handed down a heritage of ambition. Eleanor Patterson's grandmother was a typesetter in her father's newspaper shop when she married Joseph Medill, who became the famous journalist.



¶ "Cissy" Patterson, born with a gold printer's rule as well as with a silver spoon. And a determined spark of ambition in her eyes—even in these early childhood days.



¶ And now the Sub-Deb, on a shopping trip to Paris.



¶ About 1906, grown up and with nothing to look forward to but a social career, presented to the staid old Emperor Franz Josef in Vienna.



# Pictures

## BUT *Born to Work*

ONE picture tells as much as a thousand words. Here in few words and pictures is the life story, to date, of an intelligent American woman.

Family ambition is a queer thing: it will not be extinguished; it is like some eternal fire that may smolder into gray ashes, only to flare up bright and warm.

So it is with Eleanor Patterson. Neither wealth nor European titles nor social success could check the momentum of an ancestral ambition that has rolled down through four generations in this one American family of editors and publishers.

Her great-grandfather, Abraham Patrick, edited the New Philadelphia (Ohio) Advocate Tribune almost a century ago. Her grandfather, the illustrious Joseph Medill, friend of Lincoln, founded the great Chicago Tribune. Her father, Robert Patterson, starting as a reporter on the Tribune, married the daughter of Joseph Medill and later became its editor and publisher.

So it is only natural that Eleanor Patterson—whose first husband, the Polish Count Gizycka, she divorced and whose second husband, the brilliant New York attorney, Elmer Schlesinger, died recently—should answer the call of destiny.

She determined to own the Washington Herald, and asked Mr. Hearst to sell her the paper or to rent it to her for a period of years. Mr. Hearst does not sell his newspaper properties but he did offer to make her its editor. She accepted.

Many Americans, especially American girls, will be interested in the fact that Mrs. Patterson, who works hard, is not compelled to work. She pays her private secretary as much as she herself earns as editor.

But she loves her job and in less than six months she has made a success of it. Her paper is talked about, her editorials are quoted the country over. She has built up circulation and increased advertising at a time when most papers are losing both.

What is more, she knows how to handle men. Her staff swears by her and declares that she not only inherits the editorial genius of her forbears but shows an originality and genius all her own.



□ *An international marriage next, with a Polish nobleman for a husband—the Count Gizycka.*

□ *The ex-Countess Gizycka, again a free American woman. What to do now?*



□ *Now in the rôle of mother—which many consider the greatest career of all—with her daughter Felicia.*





Ⓒ A big-game hunter—real animals, this time in the wilds of Wyoming.



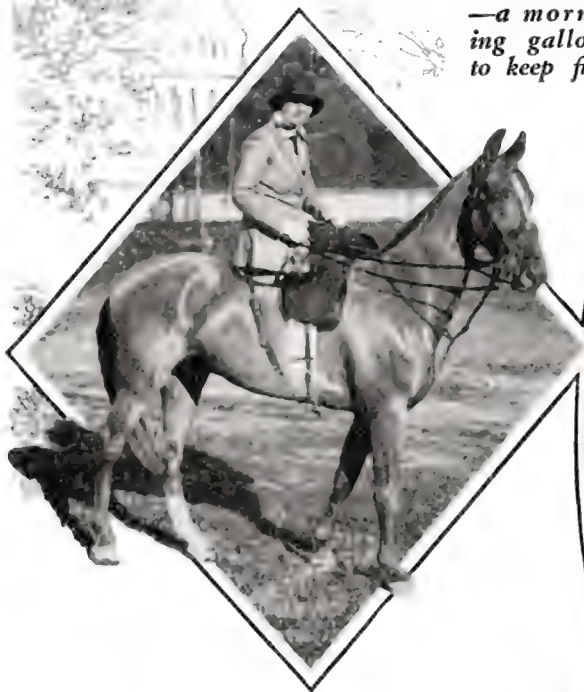
Ⓒ On the back of this photograph appears this notation: "The more I see of men, the more I think of dogs."



Ⓒ Then the whirling social round of Newport, Southampton and Palm Beach—still trying to find a substitute for her real ambition.



And the  
horsewoman  
—a morn-  
ing gallop  
to keep fit.



Next, the serious woman, mature  
and ready, resuming her maiden  
name and ready for her big job.

Harris  
& Emery



And at last fulfilling her des-  
tiny, at her desk in Washing-  
ton, editor of a great newspaper.







Rupert  
Hughes

# No ONE Man~

## *The Story So Far:*

**T**he audacious Penelope Newbold, known to her associates as "Nep," looked upon matrimony as a life sentence with one man—whom she might or might not continue to love after marriage, yet must promise to love, honor and obey until death did them part. In spite of this, however, she was as troubled about men and the catching of them as her great-grandmother Penelope had been. For though marriage was a gamble and most of the men of her acquaintance bored her, not to get married at all was an alternative not to be contemplated.

Bill Hanaway was the only one of Nep's suitors who really thrilled her. But Bill was wild and Nep knew that she shared his kisses with other women—with one woman in particular, Mrs. Sue Folsom.

Joe Sturgis, on the other hand, was a worthy and estimable young man. He treated Nep as if she had a brain, a soul, as well as a body. She thrilled to his words: "You could make a great man of me, and I could make a great woman of you. Together, we could whip the world."

They were in the loggia of the Newbolds' Palm Beach home when Joe uttered these words that aroused Nep's dormant ambition. She put her arms around him and he kissed her triumphantly. A sob interrupted them and Nep looked up to see Stanley McIlvaine standing in the doorway.

Stanley had been her protector since their childhood days, and he looked upon her as his foreordained mate. When Nep called to him that she and Joe were engaged, he ran blindly into the hall.

"Oh, Stan," Nep pleaded, dashing after him, "take it like a man."

"The day you marry Joe Sturgis I'll jump off the tallest building on earth!" he cried.

To have such power over another human creature gave Nep a different sort of thrill. She had never realized that Stan loved her so passionately. For the

moment, he was the lover of her dreams and she impulsively confessed her love for him. But as Stan kissed her, they were interrupted. This time Joe was the intruder. Finding his fiancée in another man's arms, he bowed with deep irony and left them . . .

As if the day had not been full enough, the night brought Nep a third proposal. She was dancing with Bill Hanaway, when suddenly he drew her close and murmured, "Will you marry me?"

"Some day—maybe," she said, not telling him of her recent engagement.

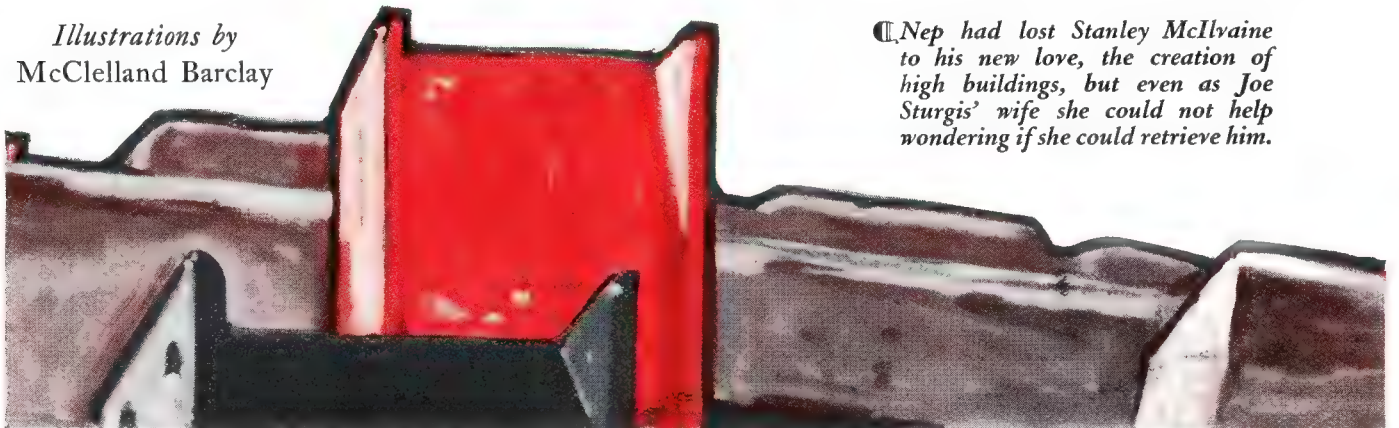
Late that night Nep forced Stanley to agree to her suddenly conceived plan that they go away together for a week in order to discover whether they would get along if they were married. Next day, Nep told her mother she was going to visit a friend in Aiken for a week; Stan announced to his family that he was starting on an exploring trip into the Everglades.

The conspirators met along the road. Stan left his car at a garage and they drove in Nep's car toward Jacksonville. They had thought that their plan was guaranteed against detection, but each was sorely troubled about the outcome of the adventure.

They came upon a hotel on the beach near Jacksonville, and decided to stay there overnight. Doubts and fears beset Stan; but Nep was assailed by an attack of indigestion that drove all thoughts of romance from her mind, and the frightened Stanley was kept busy dosing her with soda and hot water until she fell asleep. When she awoke next morning she was eager to return home. For her, the romance was ended. They'd start back at

*Illustrations by*  
McClelland Barclay

¶ Nep had lost Stanley McIlvaine to his new love, the creation of high buildings, but even as Joe Sturgis' wife she could not help wondering if she could retrieve him.





Rupert Hughes' Novel  
*of an Extraordinary Social Era—  
the One in which you Live*





once, she told Stan, and no one would be the wiser.

But here Nep's plan went astray. For as Stanley went to the desk for their bill (they had registered as "Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jones") a classmate of his named Colson slapped him on the back. Just then the clerk said, "Here's your receipt, Mr. Jones. I hope you and your wife will come again." After making some stumbling excuses, Stanley joined Nep, whom Colson had recognized from her pictures.

During the drive back Stan told Nep of this encounter, which he feared might have disastrous consequences. Colson, he felt sure, would delight in spreading the story. He begged Nep to marry him at once, but she refused.

Forlornly they parted in the town where Stan had left his car, and Nep drove home alone, not knowing what awaited her. What did await her when she reached Palm Beach late that night was not Colson, but Joe Sturgis, who felt that he had relinquished her too easily, and now asked her again to marry him. She told him of the ridiculous adventure and was so touched when he believed her story that she promised to marry him.

Her mother and father were delighted to learn, next morning, that she had captured so desirable a young man as Joe, and immediately began to plan for the wedding. Then Nep had to face Stanley, and when she told him she was going to marry Joe, after all, the look in his eyes frightened her and she caught his arm.

"Stan, you won't do what you said, will you?" she begged. "You won't ruin my one chance of happiness?"

"I promise you I won't," he told her. "Go on and be happy. That's all that matters."

There was still Colson, of course, to be reckoned with, but when he finally came to confront Nep with his knowledge of her secret trip with Stan, he found himself outwitted by Nep and Joe.

So they had a wedding, with guests and all the ancient rites. And as Nep drove away with her husband she was happier than she had ever been in all her life.

**"Alone** at last!" the bridegroom murmured as soon as the car had turned the corner.

The bride had to smile at the words; they were so dazzlingly free from novelty or unexpectedness. But then, her brand-new husband was in politics, and the omission of the expected or the commission of the surprising is fatal to a publicist, since the great public does not understand new words and is properly suspicious of originality. It "regards with astonishment" and "views with alarm" newfangled notions and feels safe with parroters of dear old ideas in dear old phrases.

Joe would "go far" in politics if Nep did not "nip him in the bud" by her failure to conform with the ideals of "the American home"—an imaginary realm not at all related to the horrible statistics of divorce and domestic crime.

"Alone at last!" Nep echoed like the dutiful wife of legend, but with an edge of sarcasm on her tone that startled Joe.

He glanced at her and laughed sheepishly, realizing that he had been caught smuggling public platitudes into his private affairs. Besides, it was funny to be speaking of solitude in a glass house drawn through such crowded streets.

Nep was glad to see him laugh at himself and able to laugh with her at himself. When a husband and a wife can make a common property of amusement at their individual foibles, they start with one sure store of inexhaustible riches.

Joe was a good sort, a good sport. Nep liked him immensely just now. She hoped she was going to love him a lot. But that was somewhat ominous, for hope is at least half fear; and hoping that she would love him a lot was really being afraid that she might not love him at all.

To save herself from the atrocity of criticizing her

bridegroom already, she turned to picking herself to pieces.

"I ought to be blushing furiously, Joe. You deserve a blushing bride, but—good Lord, I'd forgotten how to blush by the time I was twelve. I simply can't apply the rouge from within. So, if you'll excuse me——"

She took up her vanity case and proceeded to incarnadine her cheeks recklessly. When she had completed the fresco, she asked: "How's that?"

"Perfect!" said Joe.

She settled back and took his hand and asked what



**N**EP, who had finally won her husband's consent to a divorce, immediately found him the most fascinating man she had ever met, and told him so. But Joe was so afraid of her chameleon-like changes of mood, that he shook her and promised her a wallop with his fist that would get her a divorce in any state.



she knew well enough: "How far off is the hide-out?"

"The hide-out?"

"The secret cave where you keep your terrified bridie-widie till she can look the world in the eye without fainting."

"Oh, the hotel—an hour and a half or so."

He failed miserably in his attempt to laugh. He could never be sincerely flippant about solemn virtues and venerable sanctities. It offended an ancient something in him to hear his own wife dealing frivolously with awful innocences and knowledges. He suspected that

Nep was not so red as she painted herself, but he wished that she would play the white lamb for at least one performance.

He soon exhausted his small talk and felt unable to start any more big talk lest he drift again into platitude.

The car swung into Central Park, but its beauties were so familiar that it inspired no enthusiasm even for landscape. The Grand Concourse was under repair, so they were driven by a long detour through endless side streets of poor shops, past gigantic apartment houses surrounded by children and nurses, or mothers.

The children did not inspire envy in Nep. The mothers sitting dejectedly by the baby carriages or sullenly yanking their yowling offspring along filled her with resentment because she was supposed to go and do likewise. She was a mere biological receiver and transmitter and, unless she were exceedingly careful, she would be caught in nature's slave trade and made to join the eternal caravan.

**T**o multiply—that was her sole business now. She was something or other in arithmetic. The ceremony she had gone through, the ring, the rites to which she was being drawn at thirty or more miles an hour, all meant only one thing.

This man at her side called himself her lover, yet what enemy had she on earth who threatened her with such dreadful, ruthless hostility? So far as she knew, she had no other enemy. There were people who did not like her and did not approve her, said hateful things about her, and would not have been sorry if she had all the bad luck in the world, but they were merely lazy or indifferent persons who would not have lifted a hand to push her off a dock or under an automobile. Nobody she could think of would even hand her a hard slap.

But this man who called himself her worshiper was ready and eager to subject her to prolonged and appalling tortures equal to the rack of the Inquisitionists. There was grave danger that she would die or live on as an invalid, at best a prisoner and a dairymaid to a little fiend until he (or she—or they!) grew out of all control. In her present mood such terms as "mother love," "father love," "maternity," "parental sacrifice," were all lies and grotesques.

The usual bridegroom loves to call his bride "mamma." Joe was foolish enough to want to call Nep "mamma," but he was not foolish enough to let her hear the word. Wow! She would probably have been shocked beyond the shock of any obscenity.

Still, it did not make him happy to think that he would perhaps never apply that silly-sweet word to his wife.

At length the car turned into the Bronx River Parkway, a long and narrow corridor of beauty framing the looped silver of a lazy little stream. Wide lawns, studded with elms upholding green plumes; sudden thickets of snowy birches and beeches and oaks; many, many bridges, little bridges that seemed to have fallen from Japanese fans, great arches of cross-causeways sweeping overhead in a rush of white grandeur; trees and trees and trees—these made even Nep rest softly against Joe's shoulder. It pleased her to touch his strong arm, but she yearned for love, not motherhood.

"Darling!" Joe groaned.

"It is darling out here," Nep sighed.

"You're the darling I mean."

"Oh! Thank you kindly, Mr. Sturgis—said Mrs. Sturgis. Wouldn't you like to get out here and wander about a bit?"

"I should love it, if it weren't so public."

"Couldn't you shoo your dear people away?"

"I don't believe I could."

She moaned, "I ask him to buy me Bronx Parkway and empty it for (Continued on page 156)



(McClure and Barclay)



by IRVIN S. COBB

*Old Judge Priest*  
Out-lies the Biggest Liar  
in the G. A. R.

# Arise and Shine



**I**t seemed like—that would be Judge Priest's way of putting it—it seemed like every time the members of Gideon K. Irons Camp went anywhere something happened. There was the time when bandits tried to hold up their train and were thwarted in this nefarious project by one Pressley G. Harper.

There was the almost equally notable occasion when Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's feet gave out on him and he couldn't go to hear the annual oration by General Tige Gracey, and yet a whole exciting succession of dramatic events centered, as it were, about the tub of cool water in which the sergeant's blistered extremities were immersed. And there was the time when a group of these notables of our town while en route back from Richmond or Norfolk, or wherever it was the U. C. V. met that year, took a hand in a conclave of their former enemies.

Relying on a reasonably fair memory, this scribe is trying to set down the story substantially as he received it from certain of the actors therein and thereof. As now recalled, it was Doctor Lake who set the grinding cogs of reminiscence in gear on a summer evening behind the vine-thatched latticework of Judge Priest's



veranda, I being present on sufferance, so to speak.

"Long ago as it was, I still can grin whenever I think about it." This, as literally as may be, is quoting Doctor Lake. "The boys thought we'd had our biggest laugh for that trip over old Ira Bethel from out here in the county. But that only goes to show how wrong a fellow can be about such things. Because it was after we'd started back and got stuck in that funny little one-hoss town up in West Virginia that the big fun really came off. There was a tie-up on the railroad ahead of us—tracks washed out or something—and we unloaded to stretch our legs and look at the scenery and——"

"How about the Ira Bethel incident?" I prompted, being desirous of missing no shred of the comedy.

"Oh, him!" and Doctor Lake chuckled. "Well, Ira wasn't what you'd exactly call a professional gadabout. He'd never been to a national reunion before. Matter of fact, I think the only time he'd ever crossed the boundaries of Kentucky, all his life, was when he went on the Ohio Raid with Morgan's men. And I'm dead sure he'd never stopped in a hotel of any size before.

"Well, he was in a big room at this hotel, up on one of the top stories, with three others of our boys. Accommodations were none too plentiful at a reunion in those





*Illustrations by  
F. R. Gruger*

**C** The stranger had been in the fight Lige Holloway was picturing so eloquently. "Gentlemen," said Lige sadly, "merely another instance of a historical recital sp'iled by a dam' eyewitness!"

days, with a thousand on hand for every hundred that show up nowadays. The second night Ira became slightly overtaken in likker and turned in early, leaving the rest of his gang to knock around and sample the local wet goods.

"Well, along about two in the morning, his three bunk-mates drifted in and went on up in the elevator, expecting to find the door unlocked. There wasn't any key downstairs because they'd asked the clerk before they started up.

"So they knocked on the door and knocked some more and yelled until they must have waked up everybody else on that floor——"

**"D**id we! I wuz in the crowd," spoke up Squire Antonius Gatlin. "All up and down that there long hall you could hear folks cussin' us out fur bein' drunk and disorderly. Only we wuzn't, to say, drunk—jest a leedle mite uplifted. And we shore wanted to get in."

"You finish it, Tony, since you were along and I wasn't," suggested Doctor Lake.

"Well," said the squire, "we mouty nigh hammered the door off the hinges and made enough racket hal-looin' fur a regimint before we got any answer a-tall. Finally we heard old Iry roustin' up, gruntin' and groanin', and then he sez, sort of sluggard-like, 'Whut the helendamnashun you infunnel hellions want?'

"'We want the dadburn' key to this dadburn' lock, that's whut we want,' somebody sez.

"'Well,' he sez, 'whyn't you pick it up off the floor, then? It's there somewhars. I know 'tis, because I th'owed it out through that there little window-thing up above the jambs, figgerin' you idiots'd have gumption enough to spy around fur it,' he sez.

"That's whut the fool had done: locked her on the inside and pitched the key out the transom, leavin' himself fastened in with no way to git out ef somethin' happened.

"We scrambled about on our hands and knees till we found the key and went on in, and when we got in I sez to him: 'Iry,' I sez, 'you blame' old mental defective, whut would you 'a' done ef a fire broke out?' And he sez, jest ez solemn ez a squinch-owl: 'Boys,' he sez, 'I wouldn't 'a' went.'"



Squire Gatlin bent forward gurgling and gasping. "Whew! I like' to died! Now, doc, you go on' frum there."

Doctor Lake took a swig at his julep and proceeded to oblige. "Well, after everything was over, our delegation split up. A little crowd of us, about eight or nine in all, including Billy Priest here and Jimmy Bagby and Father Minor and 'Herm' Felsburg and the squire yonder and myself and two-three others, decided to run on up to Washington, D. C., seeing we already were in that neighborhood, and decide whether we cared to give the Yankee government a vote of confidence.

**"W**espent several days looking things over and came away fairly satisfied with the way things were being run in general, and particularly in those departments that were being run by southern men. And then we packed up and lit out for home, expecting to make connections at Louieville the next night. But in the morning at roll call we were hours behind schedule and all day the locomotive kept dawdling along by fits and starts but more fits than starts.

"Finally, about five o'clock in the evening, we crawled into a straggly little shoestring of a town that was stuck down in a narrow cove between two mountains and there we stayed and stayed. And after a while the conductor came through with the sad news that the right o' way somewhere on ahead had been all mussed up by a freshet, and he said we'd be stuck there for no telling how much longer.

"There wasn't any diner on the train, so we skir-mished out to see if we couldn't scare us up a mess of vittles. We took one look inside the so-called hotel down by the depot and backed out. We might be hungry but not *that* hungry.

"Our advance foragers reported there wasn't anything resembling a snack-stand anywhere in sight. But we hadn't lived off the country for going on four years once for nothing. Any old campaigner out of the Orphan Brigade or Forrest's Cavalry could mess on the fat of the land where a greenhorn would starve to death. Inside of an hour, an old darky woman had cooked us up a whole slew of appetizing rations, and we were eating 'em in her clean little kitchen with a raft of pickaninnies rolling their eyes at us through the doors and windows.

"After supper, having nothing else to do and it being hot and stuffy aboard the train, we rambled around in a body observing whatever there might be to observe, which wasn't much except a series of magnificent distances with this sprinkling of dumpy houses set down on the floor of the gap. Nobody in those parts seemed to be going in for this gay night-life business, either.

"I took notice, though, that what few folks we met kept looking back to stare at us, which, as I figured it, was not so much because we were strangers as on account of the way some of the boys were dressed. Excepting me and Father Minor, of course, and Billy Priest

here, who had on, as usual, one of those tacky white linen suits of his, with so many wrinkles in it that he'd put you in mind of the south end of an elephant headed north, the others were still wearing their reunion rigging. Probably up there the sight of a gray jacket never had been very common or, for that matter, very popular.

"It would surprise a lot of folks from above Mason and Dixon's Line—I mean people who never studied out local sentiment on the Eastern Border—to know that even there in what once upon a time was Old Virginia, before the Radicals ripped her in two, there'd been wide sections where nearly everybody sided with the North. To this day, they haven't found out that all through our mountains clean down into the heart of the South, the majority not only opposed Secession but took up arms to prove it.

"And they weren't all guerillas nor bushwhackers; plenty of those red-necks were sure-nuff fighting men. You're one that can testify to that fact, eh, Billy?"

Chiefly for my benefit, Judge Priest made explanation, his eyes twinkling behind folds of healthy pink fat.

"This tiresome old hoss doctor is doubtless referrin' to one time when a few of us got to projectin' around amongst some high knobs back of Knoxville and seriously antagonized quite a passel of them hill-billies by pourin' a volley into 'em, not realizin' there wuz ez many of 'em ez shortly there turned out to be. It wuz on that

occasion that, havin' had a hoss shot out frum under me, I made an interestin' and valuable discovery, which wuz that a skeered young feller answerin' to my gin-'ral plans and specifications could run jest ez fast ez he had to and keep it up jest ez long ez there wuz any reason fur it. I remember," he continued, "how, years later, the survivors of our old command from this immediate section wuz havin' a kind of a rally up here at Mineral Springs near where Lyon's Battery wuz organized, and Lige Holloway, frum out in Bland County—Lordy, whut a magnificent free-hand romancer Lige Holloway wuz!—he got to talkin' to a crowd of country folks about that there affair on up past Knoxville and he sez to 'em:

"*'Gentlemen,'* he sez, 'here we wuz, only a little gallant handful of us, and us outnumbered and outflanked by an enemy that wuz well-fed where we wuz half starvin'; that wuz well-clothed and well-shod where we wuz half naked and

**B**illy Priest discovered that a "skeered young feller" could run just as fast as he had to.

mouty nigh barefoot; that wuz fully armed where we wuz short on both guns and ammunition. And yit, gentlemen, we held 'em and before we wuz done we tamed 'em, and when the shades of eventide descended they realized that, regardless of odds, the lion-hearts of southern manhood stood invincible, by heaven, ag'inst any foeman whutsoever!'







**Ira Bethel** had locked the door and pitched the key out the transom. "Iry," sez Squire Gatlin, "whut would you 'a' done ef a fire broke out?" And he sez, "I wouldn't 'a' went."

"Lige paused fur the applause and, at that, frum the outskirts of the admirin' audience, up spoke a tall, lanky feller, and he sez: 'Hold on, there, pardner, I wuz in that there fight, and the way which I remember it, 'twuz considerable different frum the beautiful way you've been a-tellin' of it.'

"'Feller citizens, it would be jest like some nosy, jealous Yankee upstart to come now a-seekin' to tamper with the facts in the case,' sez Lige.

**"'Wrong ag'in,'** sez the stranger. 'I'm not no Yankee. I'm frum Arkansaw, up here on a visit. There wuz two companies of us Arkansaw boys in that retreat—fur that's whut it wuz—along with you mounted infantrymen. You'll admit that much, I reckon. And I'm here to state that on the lamentable occasion jest referred to, not only did them East Tennessee Unionists give us a fu'st-rate lickin' but afterwards they chased us upwards of ten miles acros't some of the roughest, steepest country on this earth, and only nightfall and superior laig-work on our part kept 'em frum overtakein' us, too. And ef you good citizens don't believe whut I'm tellin' you is the truth, there's twenty men within half a mile of here I kin call on to back up my words,' he sez.

"Well, with that a heavy silence descended and a pause ensued—an embarrassin' kind of a pause. Fur

jest about a minute, it looked like Lige Holloway wuz phazed. But not fur long, not with the natchel gifts he had. He raised his head and he sez sadly: 'Gentlemen, merely another instance of a historical recital sp'iled by a dam' eyewitness!'

"I'm glad Billy Priest wandered off on that sidetrack," resumed Doctor Lake. "Because it's right in line with the very point I was preparing to raise when he interrupted me: namely, that Bland County isn't the only county in this section that's capable of producing first-rate liars.

"Since this gathering seems to be turning into a symposium to choose the champion ex-Confederate liar of all times, I ask your attention while I prove to you that in his prime and palmiest days the late Lige Holloway wasn't a patching on the seat of the pants of that pussy old tub of lard who's crowding that rocking-chair yonder." And the speaker aimed an accusing finger at our host.

Right now I can close my eyes and open the ears of my mind and recreate the picture of it. I see all those oldsters, friends of my father, elder statesmen of our town, sprawled comfortably on the flat lap of that squatty, friendly old white house.

I see the outjuttred profile of Judge Priest's paunch as it dances in tune to his frequent high-noted chucklings. I see Doctor Lake's animated face and silvery-white hair, growing dimmer (Continued on page 104)



# 11<sup>th</sup> Avenue

By Paul Deresco  
*Augsburg*

Name: Dennis Duggery. Age: 22. Height: 5 feet, 11 inches. Weight: 178. Hair: sorrel. Eyes: blue-gray. Marks: slight gash in right jaw; irregular scar over left—

**T**hat irregular scar over his left temple was a souvenir of Razzbo, who threw Dennis Duggery—then fourteen years old—against a stall post in McTerney's Livery and Boarding Stable. Razzbo had put in an arduous day at the traces of a dray wagon and she felt a certain impatience with the stable boy's efforts to make a mustang of her.

But this wild-western display of temperament only endeared her to Dennis. Razzbo became his favorite; and on Sunday mornings, when McTerney was at Mass, the cobblestones under Brooklyn Bridge rang with the hoofs of the huge draft mare trying to do a canter. "Whoo-oop! yip, yip, yip!" He would kick her sides and wave his hat and fancy himself on the mesa.

For to Dennis Duggery, born in a crowded precinct of a crowded city, the boundless spaces of plain and desert meant romance, life, adventure. He thrilled to the barking of six-guns, to the clatter of pony hoofs, to the fancied howl of a lone coyote in the still of evening.

There was a movie theater in Chatham Square which specialized in "westerns." Stagecoaches rolled up alkaline dust clouds, redskins galloped on spotted cayuses, and the two-gun sheriff, swaggering grandly in chaps and spurs, tracked his man where the cactus blooms and the rattler coils with its venom.

Early in life Dennis resolved to be a two-gun sheriff. He stole a clothesline and practiced for hours the art of lassoing hydrants. Then he transferred his attention to neighborhood kids, who went galloping down the East Side streets with Dennis fiercely pursuing.

A bum from the Bowery, but once of Wyoming, gave him some pointers on throwing rope. And the runaway horse of a Yiddish peddler obligingly proved he could use it.

As the noose settled and grew taut on its neck,

Dennis braced himself. The frightened horse dragged him several yards. Then someone grabbed the bridle.

"By dab!" boomed a voice. "You're all right, kid"—and Dennis, picking himself from the street, looked up at Sergeant Dooly.

He was standing at the curb in front of his flat, a



Illustrations by  
Ralph Pallen  
Coleman



# Cowboy

*A Romance from*  
*the Sidewalks of New York*



husky in shirt sleeves, with a broad jaw and eyes which gleamed under heavy brows. There were leathery lines in both his cheeks, and his nose bore the marks of desperate knuckles, and his mouth, now grinning, would harden grimly when the time came to rush into battle.

One mighty fist enclosed the hand of a little girl—his

daughter. It was difficult to think of Dora as Sergeant Dooly's daughter. Her cheeks were soft and her little straight nose was molded as if by a sculptor. Her lips, now parted in wonder, were crimson and saucy. Her hair was black, but her eyes were blue and very bright as she looked at Dennis holding the stolen clothesline.

"Hello, Dora," he said—an embarrassed tribute to her father, for she was three years younger than he and far beneath his notice.

"Hello, Dennis. Gee, you caught him, didn't you?"

He regarded her scornfully, then addressed himself to the always imposing sergeant. "That ain't nothing. This critter is tame. You ought to try roping a pinto."

"A pinto, is it! Never heard of one. What kind of a beast is a pinto?"

"Aw, you know—a regular western horse. They're wild as anything and tough to rope. A critter like this, he's easy."

"Yeah?" The sergeant grinned. "Well, come on, sis. Corned beef and cabbage; your ma will be putting on dinner."

"Good - by, Dennis."

He feigned not to hear her. Little girls like Dora made him tired. Grace Williams, whom Sagebrush Sam had snatched from the clutches of Pedro the bandit . . . now, *she* was something to stir one's blood and serve with deeds of daring. He spat at a wheel of the peddler's cart and carelessly coiled his lasso.

If Dennis had been foot-loose he wouldn't have tarried a moment. There were too many freight trains leaving Jersey for the glamorous open spaces. But he had a mother and a younger sister, and he was the head of the family.

Manhattan held him; truth to tell, the piers of the Hudson were the farthest west Dennis had ever ventured.

Several years went by; and then one day he looked amazed



**D**ennis, the patrolman, who came to battle with a booze-crazed brute, found in the flat only two women, who got him the easiest chair and fried him some eggs and made him some tea.



at Dora. Something had happened: the girl had changed, and yet she wasn't so different. It was just as if Dennis had a new pair of eyes, and the new eyes saw her as another girl, no longer a child to be ignored, but a woman compelling attention.

Not that she was a woman, exactly. Still a girl in her teens, with a straight little nose and lips which were crimson and saucy. But she walked with a grace that was somehow provoking, and she smiled in a way to stir one's pulse, and her blue eyes now had an artful look which disconcerted Dennis.

Involuntarily, for the first time in his life, he tipped his cap to Dora.

"Oh, hello"—with a little drawl. "How's everything? How's your mother?"

"She's all right. Say, you've sure grown up. You're looking swell, too, Dora."

"Oh, yeah?" The blue eyes seemed amused, regarding him so boldly.

"Sure you are. You're looking swell."

"Yes, so I hear!" she bantered.

A former time he'd have walked away, but now he just stood there grinning. Her hair was tucked behind her ears, and her ears were small and dainty. Little coral eardrops hung from the lobes, and a certain fragrance, a breath of flowers, came from her hair to his nostrils.

**"You're sure looking swell,"**

Dennis said again and was vexed because he'd said it. "I can remember when you were a homely little kid, just so high," he blustered.

She smiled a bit and glanced away, and Dennis felt rather foolish. Then a hand touched her arm.

"Waiting long?" asked a voice.

"No; just a couple of minutes, Jack," she said. "Mr. Duggery's been helping me pass the time by telling me I'm homely."

"I never did!"

"Oh, my mistake. I *used* to be homely but now I look swell. That's right, ain't it? Meet Officer Kleinert. Mr. Duggery, Officer Kleinert."

A handshake, a nod; and then they were gone, the girl's little hand in the heavy arm, and Dennis' cheeks were burning. Just a means, he'd been, to pass the time—and he'd known that Dora when "Hello, kid" would have made her wriggle with pleasure!

He glared at the back of Officer Kleinert, strutting along in his uniform, with Dora tripping beside him. Young and good-looking and cocky as the devil: he made Dennis mad just the way he walked, and the careless offhand way he'd had of taking the introduction.

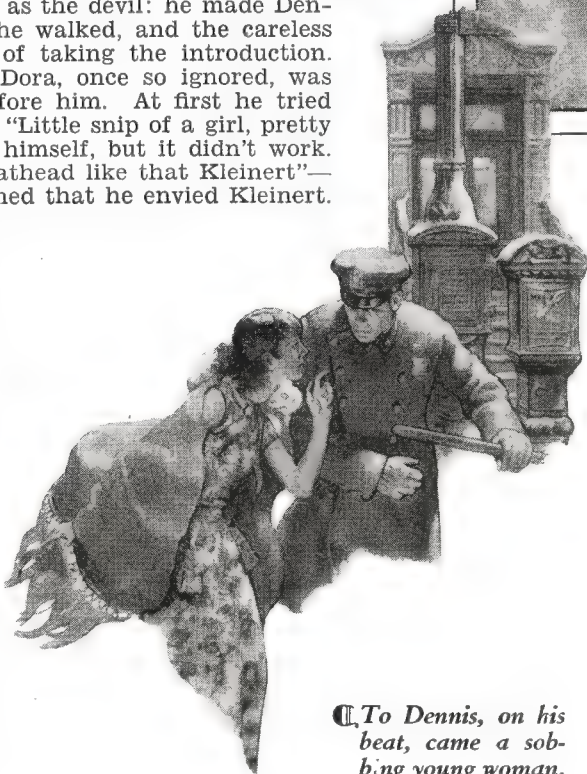
Now it seemed that Dora, once so ignored, was continually popping before him. At first he tried to feel scornful of her. "Little snip of a girl, pretty but dumb," he assured himself, but it didn't work. "She's all right for a flathead like that Kleinert"—but the fact still remained that he envied Kleinert.

At last Dennis gave up and admitted the truth. After all, why try to kid himself? That snip of a girl had him fairly loco, as a two-gun sheriff would phrase it.

"If this was out West I'd show him something!" He built a grand picture within his mind of what exactly he'd show him. There was Kleinert, a dude, afraid of horses, awkwardly trying to mount a tame one while Dora stood by, watching. Then a clatter of hoofs, a swirl of dust, and up on his pinto dashed Dennis Duggery, hot and



**¶** Dennis waved his collision with a



**¶** To Dennis, on his beat, came a sobbing young woman.

thirsty and hurried. A sheriff's star was pinned to his vest.

"Mexican Pete's just killed a man, and I'm going out to get him." A moment's halt while he grabbed a bandoleer and snapped some commands at his deputy. Then he leaped to the saddle, his pinto bucked, and into the bad lands they madly raced just as the sun was sinking down behind a purple mountain.

Dennis sighed. Well, if he couldn't be a two-gun sheriff, there were still the mounted policemen. The day he was old enough to join, he walked up to Broome Street and took the examinations.

"I want to be a mounted," he said.

"Uh-huh," said the lieutenant, signing his name. "Report on Monday for schooling."





lantern, but the truck kept coming. Now the brakes were screeching to avoid far-from-scrawny Jerry. "Steady, boy! We'll stop him"—then he saw the pistol.

For six months, then, he went to school, learning to be a copper. There was shooting and boxing; the technique of arrest; how to take a gun away from a man; what to do while the doctor is coming.

Dennis came out of training physically hard, his head whirling with regulations.

"You want a horse, do you? Let's look at your feet. If you ever kicked a horse, he'd fall down dead. Them hoofs were made for Canarsie."

But he wasn't assigned to Canarsie. He began his probationary period walking beat in Greenpoint, that river district in the tougher reaches of Brooklyn.

**D**ora's blue eyes opened wide the first time she saw him in uniform. "You look swell," she told him, and her lips were saucy. "Always knew you'd be a policeman."

"You did, huh? How'd you know that, Dora?"

"Oh, I can tell. I know lots of things; I can feel them." The mystic expression left her eyes, and now they were roguish and laughing. "Besides, look at your feet!" she giggled.

"Yeah? I ain't noticed any dimes sticking out under Kleinert's shoes."

"Jack's a good policeman, Dennis. We went to a swell dance uptown last night. You should've seen him. He wore a Tuxedo—his own, made by a tailor!"

Dennis began to wonder about it, for he knew what Kleinert was paid. Off duty he looked like a fashion plate, with smart tinted shirts whose collars matched, with a diamond pin in a dazzling tie, and he had at least four dapper suits, for Dennis himself had seen them. Taxicabs, dances, manicures, shows—and his salary just a patrolman's!

Dora's father, who was a sergeant, couldn't put on any such front as that. Of course, he had a family. But Dennis knew that Sergeant Dooly, if he cared to, could live like an Irish king. As he walked his beat he would think of Sergeant Dooly, and often he thought of Dooly's daughter, and sometimes the image of Kleinert would flit, a swaggering, confident, well-groomed pest, into his scowling vision.

One night he was approached by a man who wanted to buy his connivance. The man had a choking roll of bills and a careless way (Continued on page 98)



# Don't be alarmed—*They're*

By THEODORE



**T**he solemnity of our dedication to business would be tragic if it were not occasionally relieved by a note of comedy. We share the business absorption of the Jew, and it is only the Irish-German-Scotch-English strain of humor that saves us from being intolerable.

When the Jew is bargaining he can only pretend to be playful, and the pretense is almost painful. When a deal hangs in the balance he has nervous hollow laughs on his lips and none at all in his heart. Whether his stake is high or low, he can only *assume* the air of one dealing lightly with heavy things. Unless he holds an unconquerable upper hand his innermost spirit is agonizing until the thing is ended.

We cannot indulge the luxury of laughing at these Jewish traits in business because we share them. In his intensity the Jew seems on the edge of a nervous collapse. But he rebounds like a rubber ball. His Gentile brother, applying himself with equal frenzy, often seems on the verge of a breakdown also. The difference is that he frequently does break down while the Jew does not.

What saves the Jew is that he is exercising his histrionic genius and often acting a part. He can relax completely—and eat heavily—when the business show is over. What saves the Gentile is a sense of humor and proportion—the humor often a trifle too loud and clownish to be therapeutic.

The Jew and the Gentile are purposely linked here because the Jew, in a racial sense, and Americans in general, in a national sense, are labeled the world over as notable proponents and exponents of business. As we are all aware but are too politic to say, there are even occasional rivalries and asperities between the two admirable schools of business thought.

The Jew of the lesser order, as a brilliant Jew has portrayed him in Potash and Perlmutter, is deliciously funny in his complete spiritual submergence in the deadly seriousness of business. The more polished—sometimes slightly too polished—Jew of high finance is equally rich in humor if you know his “tricks and manners.” His is the superbly skillful revelation of a flashing succession of artful artifices, all taken out of the same bag but all making their appearance at precisely the propitious moment.

But if the Jew of low and high degree is funny, what shall we say of the gentle Gentile in business who spends most of his waking hours telling the world at large what a great man he is? If the lower-class Jew almost bursting into tears over the price of a fish is funny, so is the loud Am-mur-ri-can audibly recording his triumphs in execrable English at the luncheon table.

The Jew can break off in the middle of a heartbreaking sob over a presumably poor bargain and go about

his business with not a sign of grief on his Oriental features. The luncheon-table Am-murrican continues throughout the day looking for victims whom he can impress with the narrative of his almost superhuman shrewdness and acumen.

The Jew is pretending most of the time and if he is a cultured man he is painfully aware, in the secret recesses of his soul, of the futilities and insufficiencies of business life. As like as not, he is laughing at himself, and at you, and at money and business and all the artificial expedients of existence. In fact, it is easy for him to become a cynic about business and money and the aching void we call Christian civilization; it is very easy for the occasional Jewish intellectual to go a long step

further in his hatred of the hollowness of things as they are, and become a radical and a revolutionist.

But until he dies, the Gentile Ammurrican is in deadly earnest about business. So far as he and “the little woman and the kiddies” are concerned, not only is life real and earnest, but life is business, and business, life. The Jew in his Oriental soul knows better; the ordinary American often does not.

The difference is, of course, in the older civilization of the Jew. The man without a country, the nomad of the world, has a world home. He has no nation, but he has a history. According to the delightfully crude canons of some of our moneyed aristocrats, he is not a gentleman. But it is certain that, according to the canons which have come to him through the centuries, they are not gentlemen.

Distaste is occasionally expressed for the business manners of the Jew, but it is both amusing and amazing to observe the extent to which those manners—leaving morals out of it for a moment—have imposed



**AN UNUSUAL** man, this Theodore MacManus. A big business man who gets a laugh out of Big Business. A poet whose sonnet took him into the business of advertising automobiles. (Yet he does not drive a car.) He likes to fish—and does. When he is fishing he has a chance to philosophize, to think about people. And in this article you will find the results of his observations of the amusing and lovable racial traits of two schools of business in America.



# *only talking* BUSINESS

F. MACMANUS

themselves upon some of the rest of us. The gesticulating arms, the screaming emphasis, the distorted intonation, the lacerated English and the excruciating slang of New York are not always Jewish, no matter how strong the Jewish flavor may be. Just as even the lowliest of the "flower of chivalry" in the southern states speaks with the soft slurring accent of the dark oppressed race, so New York has come to talk, act and even look Jewish to an astonishing degree.

The how and why of Jewish achievement in America has always been and doubtless always will be a moot question frequently accompanied by violence. The problem does not seem especially profound. It would appear that the Jew achieves because he deserves to. How he attained his amazing powers of absorption in the acquisition of money and things is a large and historical subject, but it is not far-fetched to assume that under persecution, with perhaps the deepest bitterness, he has come to realize that only one thing counts in our modern Christian world (so called), and that one thing the coin of tribute.

From the cradle to the grave, we pommel into the individual the tenets and rules which govern the attainment of success and the acquisition of money. Frequently the Jew outstrips the Gentile in his passionate acceptance of this Christian doctrine. Isn't it good sportsmanship to admit as much and have done with whining?

There is much attached to Jewish success which might be deprecated—a catering to the lowest in us which should prompt us to deplore both the process and the susceptibility. At the same time, it is hard to conceive a picture more depressing than that of several hundred



Americans doggedly eating luncheon for business' sake in some beautiful club dining room.

Even the breakfast hour no longer escapes. In the heat and fervor of a furious conference the night before, American business men make appointments to resume in the morning with a hurried "Meetcha at bre'fus." They retire in a rush to their beds, steeped in tobacco smoke, and with eyes sticky with sleep rush to the breakfast table in the morning to continue the battle.

**U**nder the circumstances any slighting reference to the Jew on the score of his absorption in business is a bit laughable. If money is his god, we surely worship at the same shrine, the only difference being that he is able to dismiss every other human consideration from his mind a trifle more completely than are we.

Someone has said that the real difference is that instead of experiencing a sense of shame in being rebuked for business bad manners, the Jew feels only momentary annoyance at his frustration and returns at once to the fray. This may or may not be true, but many a modern Gentile business man of the boastful type possesses sensibilities so blunted that they function little better than an appendix which has been removed from the premises.

It would be helpful if we Americans could extend our sense of humor away from the gentle habit of kidding each other as individuals into the higher sphere of laughing at ourselves in a national sense. Our English cousins are a lesson and an inspiration in this respect. Beneath their bland and beautiful (and continuous) assumption that they are the Lord's anointed in matters of business, administration and government runs a vein of self-analysis and appraisal which probably startles and shocks the Man Who Knew Coolidge.

Recently there occurred in a great city a strange meeting between a Gentile and a Jew, both steeped to the eyes in business endeavor.

They were strangers save in the sense that all men know one another, but in this land of ours, barriers which separate men can be broken down swiftly.

Both had suffered a great grief several months before. The Jew telephoned the Gentile and asked if he might come to his office and visit with him. They met.

"I have come," said the Jew, "to talk to you of my dead son and of yours—of your religion and of mine."

Each told the other of his loss and his efforts to find solace. This could have happened only in laughable, lovable America.



**Q. Theodore F. MacManus**

Schaldenbrand



# Fannie Hurst's

Novel *now takes you to the*  
*Playgrounds of Europe*

## *The Story So Far:*

**I**n New York, moving like a shadow along the back streets of Walter Saxel's life, Ray Schmidt often thought of her girlhood in Cincinnati in the '90's and the scorn of her Baymiller Street neighbors, who even then called her "fast" and "wild." According to their standards her furtive life with Saxel, a married man, placed her beyond the pale of respectability, yet Ray herself never had felt besmirched by this association. So long as Corinne, Walter's wife, was not hurt by it, surely there could be no harm in their love!

That was the way Ray and Walter put it whenever the thought of Corinne made them uneasy. And it was fear of Corinne's learning of Walter's defection that swept over Ray one night when she overheard a remark about herself: "There she is! . . . Saxel's shadow. They say he's been keeping her for years."

This had occurred in the early days of the World War, and thereafter Ray was more cautious. Though truth to tell, from the very beginning her days had been spent in the little flat Walter had taken for her, within sound of the telephone that might at any moment bring his voice to her. Even now, when Walter's astonishing success as a partner in the banking firm of Friedlander-Kunz enabled her to take several trips to Europe, where she lived around the corner from his hotel and rubbed elbows with him in the casinos, there were long days of waiting for his brief visits.

Trips to Europe. Gay casinos. It all sounded luxurious enough, but Walter, who was an indulgent husband and father, had always been inexplicably close with Ray in regard to money. Indeed, she had been forced to eke out the allowance he gave her with money gained by china painting and needlework, betting on the races and gambling at the casinos—a form of amusement that was becoming an obsession with her.

During the last summer of the war, Ray was to endure a shock so blasting that she never fully recovered from it—a shock that made the old status of things unendurable.

Walter and Corinne had gone to Mount Clemens and Ray had followed. But Walter never seemed to be able to leave Corinne as he had in former years, and Ray had to amuse herself as best she could. One day she met Kurt Kessler of the Cincinnati days. Kurt was now the "Kurt" of the Kurt-Sussex automobile, successful beyond his dreams, and he still wanted to marry Ray, as he had before her meeting with Walter.

It was to Kurt that Ray for the first time poured out the story of her relationship with Walter after the latter had shattered her universe by telling her that Corinne was going to have another baby. And Kurt it was who advised her to go at once to visit Freda Hanck, her step sister, who lived in Youngstown. There she could decide whether or not she would marry him.

Stunned by her sense of betrayal, Ray wrote a note



# Back

to Walter and left for Youngstown. In a room near Freda's shabby home she suffered through the long days of summer heat, tormented by the need for a decision she was reluctant to make. Marriage with Kurt meant security for her; it meant also that she would be able to help Freda and Hugo, her husband, and give their three children opportunities now denied them.

Worn out by her thoughts that ran in circles, Ray one night accepted an invitation from a Cincinnati friend to a poker party in a hotel room—the sort of party she had enjoyed in the old days when she was "one of the girls." But even here, in the midst of the game, the thought of Kurt flooded over her. Kurt as a friend was one matter; Kurt as a husband, another. That way repulsion would slay her—repulsion of Kurt.





"I'm not ashamed, Father, of what I'm doing," said Richard. "I've the right to be here." "You have no rights here," said Walter. "This corner of my life belongs to me."

# Streets

Illustrations by  
W. Smithson  
Broadhead

"I—I'm sorry," she said. "I—don't feel very well. It's the heat." And then, despite the protests of the men, Ray insisted on going home alone.

As she stepped out of the elevator into the lobby, she saw a familiar figure leaning over the telephone operator's desk, and heard these words: "They must have a telephone. The name is Hanck. Hugo Hanck . . . I must locate this party."

"Here I am, Walter," she said quietly. "Here I am."

**Ray knew** better than to attempt the stemming of tides of oceans or gales, and this thing in her, for Walter, was ocean and gale. It swept her, and there was that. Pride and recriminations were

straws upon the tide. She knew what she was doing was unprideful, and yet, somehow, had not at her command the psychological tools to follow her advantage.

She had never quite realized, until she saw his back hunched there across the telephone desk, just what a dry lake bottom life had become, and now there were gushing through her once more, filling and warming her veins, the released streams of life.

There might be subtle ways of concealing all this, but they were not her ways. She wanted no penance. Her heart flowed with the pathos of his travel-stained eyes and the droop of fatigue around his mouth. There had been tears in his eyes as he swung around to face her.

Then and there she had no terms to demand or offer; no subterfuge to attempt or advantage to follow up.



"How could you do such a thing to me, Ray? How could you?"

They were seated in an all-night oyster bar across the street from the hotel.

"Don't ask me that, Walter, any more than you'd ask a crazed person to explain a deed."

"I'll never forget that afternoon when I walked into the Medes and the clerk handed me your note. It's a wonder I didn't drop dead, Ray."

Oh, my poor boy. Oh, my poor boy. Oh, my dear boy. Those were the phrases that were being borne along the quick stream of her inner sobbing, but she just sat twisting her hands and twisting her lips against the need not to cry.

"I couldn't have done that to you, Ray, no matter what. Whatever good my trip to Mount Clemens may have done me up to then, I returned to New York a sicker man than I left it: digestion gone; twinges back; a wreck."

**T**hen he had not remained. He had been shot to pieces. (Oh, my boy—my dearest boy!)

"I know now what it means to suffer like a dog in a gutter. You've taught me that, Ray, if it gives you any satisfaction to know it."

It should! It must! Now was the time to follow up an incredible advantage. He was humbled, no doubt of that. Frightened, too. Walter needed her! The thing to do now was to keep a stiff upper lip against the flooding tenderness, and demand!

How often the girls had said it. The more you demand, the more they respect you. It was a weakness to keep feeling the mind skid off the rail of practicality into the marsh of encroaching tenderness. Now was the moment of advantage. Demand!

There were sore, hurt places deep down in her heart. Time and time again, the girls had asked, What about you? Suppose a taxicab were to run over him. What about you, who have given the best years of your life? Is your bread buttered? Is there a clause in his will? Fool! Fool! He won't thank you. He will think less of you. Fool. Fool. Fool.

"It's been awful, Ray. We took a house at Deal Beach after we got back, and the Friedlander girls joined us there, with the children. That left me free to stay in town when I wanted; to walk the streets in torment when I wanted; to go to the flat and suffer like the dog you wanted me to be."

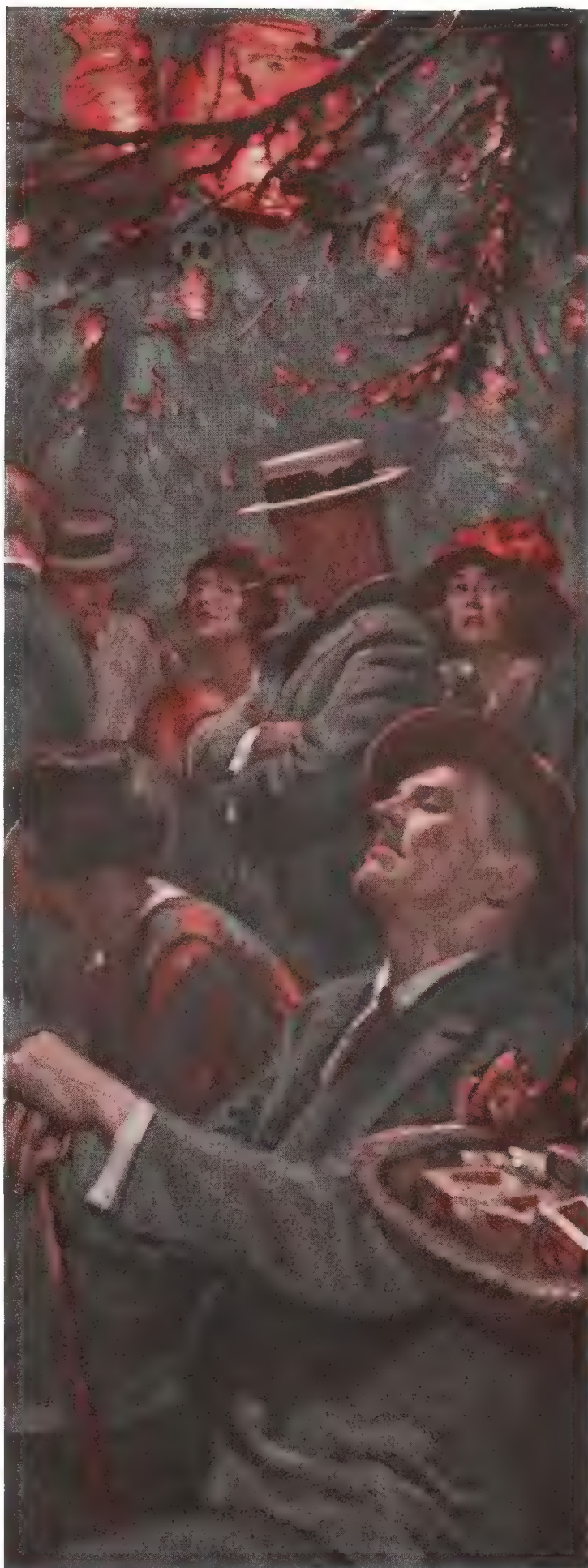
The flat! Then he hadn't broken it up! It was there, waiting. Dear, stuffy, poky little heaven. Oh, my dear.

"What's the use going into it all? I don't know, Ray, about women. I suppose the situation was one to justify what you did. I don't profess to understand the complicated workings of the whole business. I only know that after all these years, accommodating ourselves as we have to what is what, it seemed to me—well, it didn't occur to me that anything in the other half of my life could have anything to do with your half."

"You're there. That half is yours. It is as if for you the other half didn't exist. My duty lies in that half just as certainly as my duty lies in your half. That's not a bad religion, Ray. Doing my duty all round."

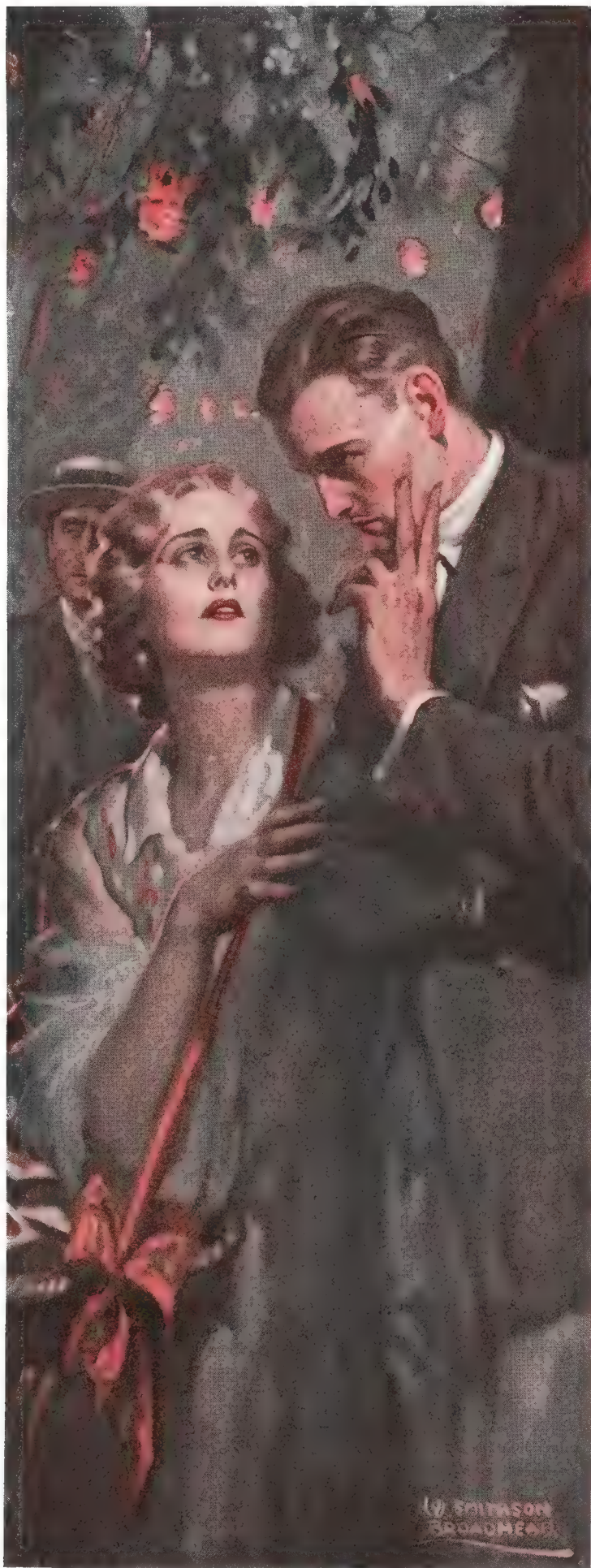
(Now, now was the time! Yes; what of your obligations to me—to me, who have given the best of my life? To me, who am about to continue to throw my life to the winds in order to live on the fringe of yours! What about me, Walter? Must I swallow not only the degradation, which is a lump in my throat—in my being—at this minute, but every lack of consideration as well? What about me, Walter?)

Curious that the words lay unspoken behind two lips that were splinters of wood that would not



Ray saw Irma's hand placed ear; then the startled face of was all, because without waiting





on Richard's elbow. His listening, inclined Walter's son swinging to find hers. That for Walter, she slipped through the crowd.

open! (What about me, Walter? Me. Me. Me.)

"I've been lax in lots of ways, Ray. It usually happens so with a woman as wonderful as you are. A man knows he's not worthy and stops trying."

(What a darling thing to say!)

"I've made up my mind along certain lines, though. Lord knows there never was a less calculating woman than you. Too little so, for your own good. But I know you must have asked yourself, Ray, just what provision there is for you in my affairs. As a matter of fact, so far as my will goes, there isn't any. Not that the thought hasn't come to me often! It's been because of the delicacy of the situation—how to write you into such a document. Understand? But I'm going to fix all that now, Ray. It's not fair to you and it's not fair to my feelings toward you."

"Life is uncertain. You're entitled to security in case anything should happen to me. Problem is how to go about it, but I'm going to see a certain lawyer right off. That's all that has kept me shy of the whole thing this long time. Delicate matter, writing you into my will. But don't you worry, Ray. I'd as soon cut off my right hand as see you suffer."

"Walter, don't go on, darling. It hurts me so. It twists the heart out of me. I don't want anything except—oh, you'll never know what it has been—these weeks, these months, these eternities! If I never knew it before, I know it now. Anything that is right to you, is right to me. It's because I love you so terribly, so senselessly, I guess, that I seem to want rights, observances, conditions that I haven't the right to want. Only go on needing me in your life, Walter, as I need you. That is all I have a right to ask or expect. I see that now."

"Is it enough, Ray, that I am out here?"

"Yes, Walter."

"That I have suffered?"

"Yes, Walter."

"That I mean to do everything within reason that you want?"

"Yes, Walter."

"That there are certain—er—ah—aspects of life you must have the wisdom to understand, and that do not touch you at all?"

"Yes, Walter."

"You've often said yourself, Ray, about—about Corinne that she shouldn't ever be hurt."

"I have."

**"Then** remember that, when certain feelings overtake you. It ought to be a satisfaction to you, Ray, that Corinne is happy, and that in the face of the fact that you and I still have each other. Isn't that—"

"Oh, it is! It is!"

"She has everything, so far as she knows. The deceit hurts us more than her innocence of what is going on could possibly hurt her. That is all we need to watch, Ray—you have said so yourself a thousand times—that we hurt no one. That may not always hold water as a text, but since I need you, Ray, with a need that is making me very humble tonight, it is better than no text."

"It is mine too, Walter—to get what we can without hurting, only—"

"No *onlys* now. We're agreed on that . . . I need you not only because you are one thing, but because you are everything besides. Come back to me, Ray."

She knew she was going to say it and she was glad she was going to say it. Madness, perhaps, to say it, but dear beyond telling in the saying.

"My dear darling, bless you for forgiving me and taking me back."

It seemed almost yesterday that Ray had sat embroidering for Richard's fourteenth birthday the names of the States on the frame that contained the pictures of the Presidents from Washington



to Wilson, and now Richard was about to be twenty-one. This fact, combined with his impending graduation from Yale, was exciting Walter more than anything she could remember since the days of reorganization and business adjustment that had followed the armistice.

Well, it was no small thing, this coming-of-age of the apple of Walter's eye; a boy to be proud of—at twenty-one, a Yale graduate, crack polo player, fair at all sports, and no mean debater, about to enter the banking house of Friedlander-Kunz.

Little wonder that his father, ever since his return from commencement, had been in a state of excitement that bordered on those days following the armistice.

"You've great joy coming to you from that boy, Walter."

"Yessir, I think I have, Ray."

How Walter's face had filled out! Under hair that was more gray than black, there were soft jowls to his cheeks now and the area under his waistcoat had thickened. Strangely, and sometimes a little meanly, Ray was glad of these inroads. It made her less fearful of her own mirror . . .

The trouble with dyeing hair to keep the gray down was that after a while it refused to take the coloring. Result: red rusts, greenish tints, with the gray itself persisting through them. It was terribly worrisome and made her welcome, in spite of herself, the little sacs of loose skin under Walter's eyes and the thinning spot on the top of his head.

It turned out that the months in Youngstown were to divide time into two eras. Not only Ray reckoned in terms of "before and after I went to Youngstown," but the Walter of those years following, in many ways a more considerate Walter, also reckoned in two eras.

**"What** do you think, Walter? They are going to tear out the ground-floor apartments and put in stores."

"Why, they've been threatening to do that since before you went to Youngstown," or:

"Ray, did you ever hear me mention a Frenchman named Jules Marin?"

"Seems to me that 'way back before I went to Youngstown I remember you used to mention him. Why?"

"Nothing. Except I see where he died yesterday."

"Walter, I can remember the time when nobody we knew was dead. Now it seems to me that almost every few days somebody drops out."

"Makes a fellow think, doesn't it?"

"Indeed it does. You don't ever seem any older to me, Walter, except in importance. It's when I see you in public that I find myself realizing things that never occur to me when you're just here—with me—as we have been for so many years."

"Funny thing about you, Ray—in this flat time seems to stand still. Same old Ray."

(Same old Ray. Old Ray. Old Ray.)

"Same old furniture. Same old-shoe of a place. It's when I'm in the house on Fifty-third Street that the colossal sense of change and time is always with me. The children growing and developing. Corinne's restiveness to have and to be. Business—change—developments, complications, pressure, hurry and competition

all about me. The world my children are going to face in the next twenty-five years will be a mighty different one from the one we have faced. We may not live to see how different."

"B-r-r-r. I'm not afraid to die, but I love life."

"While we're on the subject, I—haven't forgotten, Ray, a subject we opened out in Youngstown. Er—matter of will. Haven't forgotten. Life is too uncertain to let a thing like that drift. Certain matters, meanwhile, have come up in my affairs which make them more complicated, although, fortunately, all for the better. I mean to make provision for you, Ray, but in a way that a certain lawyer has to work out for me, so that—well, you know what I mean. No use putting on record any more than is absolutely necessary."

**O**h, she had wondered, all right. Time and time again, as she sat sewing, or devising lamp shades, or moving about at the mixing of cinnamon cookies for the Woman's Exchange, which also handled on commission the embroidery and the lamp shades, the thought had flown, quick as a bird, through her mind.

Had Walter ever carried out his announced intention of that dear night in Youngstown? Not that it really mattered, except—

Why not be honest with herself? It did matter! It mattered for two or three poignant reasons. She had earned the right to inclusion in the last will and testament of the being to whom she had been, if not all, at least many things.

And then—here was where she must be relentlessly honest with herself—not even the bald heads mounted on the short necks of paunchy bodies turned any longer to the spare figure with the metallic-looking hair. Somehow, admitting these things to herself, the need of assurance about the future became horridly imperative.

"There must be a technical way around the bold procedure of inserting your name into the document, Ray. That would be bad. That's the matter I intend to clear up with a certain lawyer."

It opened, this subject, the pressure of silent questions that more and more, as she worked, pricked against her consciousness. It was all right, her doing these fancy chores, such as the cookies which she packed into painted tins and sold, or the padded coat hangers, decorated lamp shades and china vases. Along with her average good luck at the races, it took care of the not-inconsiderable item of Emma at Miami.

It was the "principle of the thing" that turned in her slowly, like a knife. Walter must reckon his fortune in millions. Everywhere were evidences of his growing wealth.

The home on Fifty-third Street, for instance, that had been doubled in size by the purchase of the brownstone house adjoining.

Sometimes, sitting there sewing, suffocation had Ray by the throat, thwarting, smoky sense of suffocation.

Why, of every aspect of his life, was she alone to remain the dingy one? It was not that the flat, as always, was not the warm cloak of retreat to her that it was to him. That was understandable—dear, warm, old-fashioned corner of security. No more than he, would she have changed it. What rankled was that never once had he permitted the luster of his success to brighten her.

At birthdays and Christmas times duplicates of the monthly rolls of bills found (Continued on page 135)

## INTRODUCING

*no one else but*

**Dorothy  
Parker**

*whose First  
Cosmopolitan  
short story*



*Pinchot*

## Here We Are

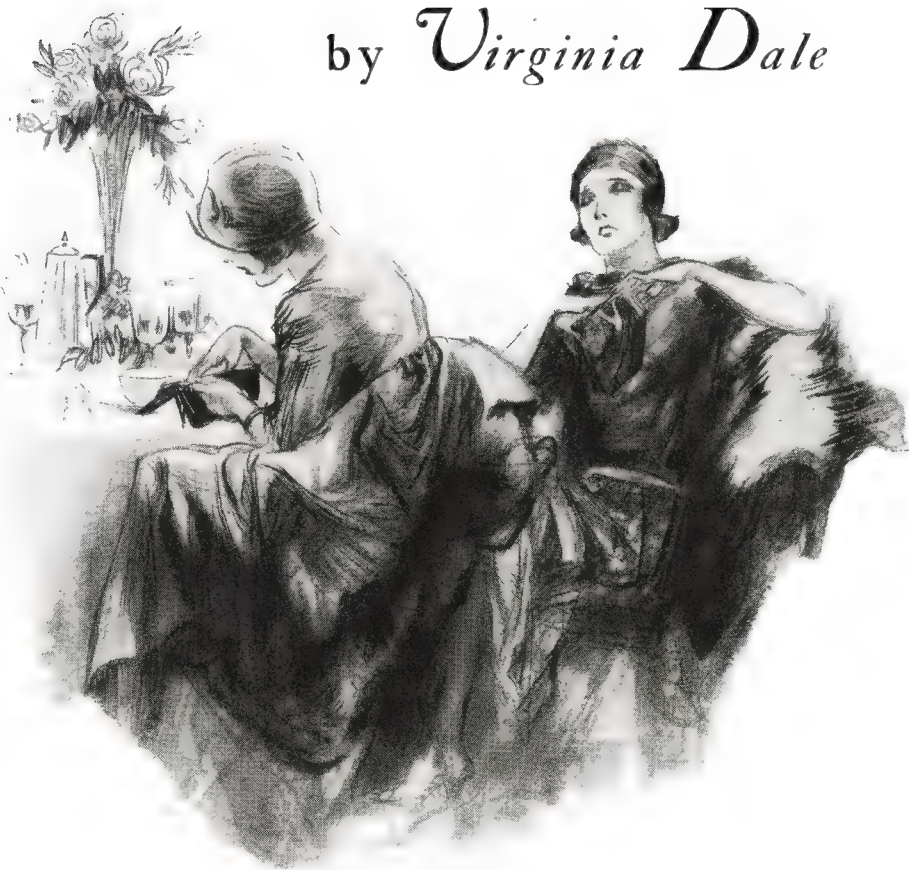
*will appear next month*

If you have never met the author of "Big Blonde" (which won the 1929 O. Henry Prize) and that classic book of verse, "Enough Rope," you will thank us for introducing her to you. If you know her well, you'll be doubly grateful.



# His Little Affair

by Virginia Dale



**"I don't** know whether I should tell you or not, Sherry." Helen paused dramatically.

"Tell me what?" little Sherry demanded.

"My dear, you know I'm your friend, don't you? Well, I'm doing what I'd want you to do for me if the situation were reversed. If I were engaged to Gerald—"

"It's about Gerald?" Quick, hot suspicion burned over Sherry.

"Yes, it's about Gerald." Helen gazed squarely at Sherry. "He's so handsome and successful and all, and women make a fuss over him. I've seen them myself. And of course it's hard to hold a man like that."

"But what is it, Helen? What has Gerald done?"

"There may be nothing in it. He may be perfectly innocent. But we both know what men are and—"

"Helen, please! What do you know?"

"Well, Gerald's been seen with a woman!"

So that was it! A thousand knives seemed to thrust themselves into Sherry and through their cut she thought, "Yes; just as I suspected."

She demanded steadily, "Who told you, Helen?" There was a sort of horrid satisfaction in learning that her suspicions were justified.

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference, my dear. No one you know," Helen evaded. "But this friend of mine knows how I adore you, Sherry, and she knew Gerald ages ago. Well, she says he's always with this same woman. She's seen him four times herself! From her description this woman must be a—well!"

"But tell me what kind of creature she is," Sherry begged. "You must! Is—is she pretty?"

"No, my friend says she isn't pretty. Far from it," Helen reported. "Sort of—oh, you know. Not a bit of style. Not a particle."

And Gerald was such a particular person.

"Sherry, you're not annoyed with me, are you? I only did as I'd be done by. I thought you ought to know."

Hurt and anger stampeded for place in Sherry's desperate mind. "I love him. I won't let another woman have him," she thought blindly. She wanted to hurt Gerald, crush him and this love thief.

Who was this woman? Someone she knew or some stranger? Who? Who? She would find out. She must!

Ten minutes later she was opening a door with "H. L. Sykes, Private Detective," inscribed upon it.

"You understand," Sherry said to the pompous, impersonal man across the wide desk, "I want a full report of everything. Where he goes, and—and with whom."

"Quite," the man answered. "Will you have the report daily or weekly?"

She moistened dry lips. "Weekly."

She saw Gerald only twice that tormented week; once at luncheon at the Casino; again when they dined and danced at the St. Regis. As they circled the floor, she thought that she must scream. Did he look like this with that other woman? Did he ever take that other's

hand, bend it back gently and touch his lips to her wrist as he was doing now? Tears of anger and of anguish rose to her eyes.

But when, at the appointed time, she stood again outside that door marked "H. L. Sykes, Private Detective," her heart failed her. Would it be better to go on without knowing? She saw a life of pretense stretching ahead of her; loving him, closing her eyes to his affairs.

She heard the man at the desk reading from a typewritten report, monotonously, as if nothing mattered. He referred to Gerald as "the subject."

"The subject left his hotel at nine," the fat voice droned on. "... He left the office at five ..."

"Are your investigators honest?" she burst out.

The fat man looked at her coldly. "Entirely trustworthy. Entirely," he returned.

**T**here was no sympathy, no understanding in the world. Helen was the only one who cared at all. Dear Helen.

"And then we come to the first companion the subject had during the week," the fat man read. "'A brunet lady, rather flamboyantly dressed.'"

Flamboyantly dressed. How dreadful! Not a lady, then. "'The subject,'" Sherry heard through the din of her being, "'paid her a great deal of tender attention. They lunched at the Casino. Again on Friday they were together, dining and dancing at the St. Regis.'"

She—she was the woman! Relief came with such a rush as to leave her giddy. Did the man at the desk know that she was "the brunet lady"? What did his investigator mean—"flamboyantly dressed"?

She couldn't get out of the office quickly enough. Dear Gerald. How could she ever have doubted him? All the dear things Gerald did that made her adore him crowded to Sherry's mind and an overwhelming happiness rode home with her in the taxicab. Then she remembered Helen. "No style," Helen had said. "Not pretty." Sherry smiled pityingly. "As if she were any judge! I seem to suit Gerald all right."

But when she reached home and the maid said, "Miss Helen Waters called," Sherry was silent a minute. No style, hum? Cat. Trouble-maker.

"Parks," she told the maid, "I am never at home when Miss Helen Waters comes. Remember. Never!"



# White

By  
Edgar  
Wallace

**L**amborn had hardly left before Mason came into the charge room hurriedly and called the police reporter.

"Michael, this young lady of yours—what was she at the clinic?"

"I believe she acted as Marford's secretary," said Michael, surprised. Then he added anxiously: "You're not going to see her tonight, are you?"

"Yes, I think I will. Somebody ought to be told about the doctor—I mean, somebody that matters. Besides, she may give us some valuable help."

"What help could she give you?" asked Michael.

"I'm out to find all the threads that lead to and from everybody who has played a part in this crime," said Mason. "I want to know who were Marford's friends, who were his enemies, and I can think of nobody else who can tell me. She can, because she worked with him, and Elk's got an idea that he was sweet on her."

"Rubbish!" said Michael scornfully. "I don't suppose he ever looked at her twice."

"Once is enough for most men," said Mason. "Are you going to take me up and introduce me?"

When they were huddled up under heavy rugs in the open car, Michael gave expression to his fears.

"It's going to be a terrible shock to Janice—Miss Harman."

"Call her Janice: it sounds more friendly. Yes, I suppose it is. Marford is a fellow who got a lot of affection and sympathy without asking for it."

"His body hasn't been found?"

Mason shook his head. "And it won't be, in spite of the blood. If he'd been dead, White Face would have left him, wouldn't he?"

It was the first encouraging statement Mason had made.



Q. "There he is! There he is!"  
You killed him! You said you

Bury Street was lifeless when the car drew up before Janice's apartment, and it was a quarter of an hour before they could arouse the porter. Mason identified himself, and the two men went up to the first floor.

The maid was a heavy sleeper; it was Janice who heard the bell and opened the door. The first person she saw was Mason, whom she did not recognize.

"Don't be worried, Miss Harman. I have a friend of yours with me."

Then she saw Michael and her alarm was stilled. She took them into the drawing-room.

"I'm afraid I've got bad news for you, Miss Harman," said Mason. Invariably he adapted his tone to the



# Face

Illustration by  
Sydney Seymour-Lucas

## SOLVED!

*the Mystery*  
of Tidal Basin



*shrieked Lorna Weston. "The murderer! would if you ever met him and you did it!"*

subject of his speech, and he was so melancholy that she thought he could have come on only one subject—the murder of Donald Bateman.

"I know. Mr. Quigley has told me," she said. "You want to ask me about the ring? I gave it——"

Mason shook his head. "No. Doctor Marford has disappeared."

She stared at him. "You mean—he is not hurt?"

"I hope not," said Mason. "I sincerely hope not."

He told the story, suppressing much but without losing any of the main facts.

"The trouble is," he concluded, "we know nothing about the doctor or any of his friends, and we don't

know where to start our inquiries. You were his secretary——"

"No, not his secretary," she corrected. "I kept the accounts of the clinic and sometimes of the convalescent home, and I was helping him get Annerford ready—he has been trying for a year to open a tuberculosis institute for the children of Tidal Basin."

"Where is Annerford?" asked Mason, and she told him and described the work which the doctor had set himself to do.

He had planned greatly, it seemed; had blue prints of a princely building. His appeal to the wealthy public was already typewritten and he had discussed with her many of the details.

"Now, Miss Harman," said Mason, "you know the people of the clinic. Is there anybody there who had a grudge against the doctor, or did he have any great friend there—man or woman?"

**S**he shook her head. "There was an elderly nurse and one or two occasional helpers. The staff at Eastbourne consisted of a matron and a nurse. He was trying to raise money to enlarge these homes," she said; "it was always a source of distress to the doctor that

they were understaffed, but they cost a lot of money."

"There was nobody at any of these places—the clinic, the home at Eastbourne or at Annerford—who was in the doctor's confidence?"

She smiled at this. "Not at Annerford. No, I know of nobody. He had no friends." Her lips quivered. "You don't think—any harm has come to him?"

Mason did not reply to this. "Did Bateman have any friends?" he asked.

She considered. "Yes; there was a man who came over with him from South Africa, but he never mentioned his name. The only other person he seemed to know was Doctor Rudd."



Mason opened his eyes wide. "Doctor Rudd?" he said. "Are you sure?"

She nodded. She told him the story of the dinner and Bateman's perturbation when he had seen the doctor, resplendent in evening dress.

"That certainly beats me. Where could he have met Rudd?" said Mason. "All gay and beautiful, was he—the doctor, I mean? Yes, I knew he knocked about a bit in the West End, but I didn't realize—h'm!"

He looked down at the carpet for a long time, deep in thought.

"Yes," he said suddenly. "Of course. I understand now. Naturally he didn't want to meet Rudd." He looked at Michael quizzically. "Are you going to stay to breakfast?" he asked, and Michael returned an indignant denial.

"You'd better go down to Tidal Basin and wait for me. I'm only calling at Scotland Yard to check up a few dates; I'll be with you in an hour. I'm sending a police car back—you can use that."

**W**hite Face waited patiently for daylight. He had changed his clothes, and the suit he wore now would attract no attention when he lined up at Forest Gate for his char-à-banc ticket to the coast. Once or twice he went in to see his unwilling companion, and on each occasion found the doctor sleeping peacefully.

From his pocket he took an evening paper which he had not had time to read before. There was a lot about White Face, of course. He was a star turn in those days. The Howdah affair was still topical. There was a revival of the "Devil of Tidal Basin."

He dropped the paper onto the table, walked out into the open and stood listening. From far away he could hear the sound of motor cars, and while he stood there, he saw a white magnesium rocket, probably a Very light, flame in the air and die.

So the police had put on the barrage! He knew that signal. A suspected car had been seen, and the white flare was the order to the nearest police control to stop it.

Ingenious people, the London police, in their quiet, untheatrical way. Very difficult, very dangerous to fool with. He did not despise them nor did he fear them. The odds against his escaping were twenty to one—there was enough of the gambler in him to fancy his chance.

As he came back along the passage he heard a faint voice call from the open door of the darkened room.

"May I have some water, please?"

He carried a glass to the doctor, who drank it and thanked him.

"You're in considerable danger, my friend. I hope you realize that!" said the voice from the sofa weakly.

"My dear doctor, I have been in danger for a long time. Go to sleep, and don't worry about me."

He waited till he heard the doctor's regular breathing, then came out, closing the door softly behind him.

**D**anger! It had no significance for White Face. He feared nothing. He did not regret one act of his life; regretted least of all that which had sent Donald Bateman into nothingness. Perhaps Walter would not have approved, but then Walter was weak—a darling man but weak. White Face approved his own deed.

Only one regret he had, and that he did not allow his mind to rest upon. But to give up life was an easy matter if necessity arose; with life one surrendered all aspirations.

He had finished his shaving, using cream instead of soap and water, when he heard a footstep in the passage. The doctor, then, was awake: that was unfortunate. He took one step towards the door when it opened. Mason stood there; an untidy Mason with his hat on the back of his head and his overcoat unfastened.

"I took the liberty of coming through a back window: most of them are open," he said. "I want you, of course."

"Naturally," said White Face. There was no tremor

in his voice. "You'll find the doctor in the next room. I don't think there's much the matter with him."

He held out his hands, but Mason shook his head. "Handcuffs are old-fashioned. Have you got a gun?"

White Face shook his head.

"Then we'll step along," said Mason politely, and guided him into the darkness outside. "You weren't seen but you were heard," he explained.

White Face laughed. "A taxicab in low gear is a menace to the security of the criminal classes," he said.

There was a complete dearth of news when Michael Quigley reached the station. To kill time, he wandered up and down the streets, revisited the scene of the murder, would have gone again to Gallows Court for news, if Gallows Court had not come out to meet him.

Michael was turning over the mud in the gutter with the toe of his boot when he saw the odd figure of the crazy man. This strange apparition halted near the arc lamp, turning away from its searching beams.

"Come over here, reporter! I've got something to tell you."

"You can tell me your name to start with."

The oddity chuckled. "I ain't got a name. My parents forgot to give me one." (This astounding statement, Michael discovered later, was true.) "People call me 'Shoey,' because I used to black shoes."

"What have you got to tell me?" asked Michael.

"He took the doctor away," Shoey said in a whisper.

"Who? White Face?"

**S**hoey nodded violently. "I've got all the rights of it now. He took him in his cab; he was layin' there on the floor and nobody knew! That makes me laugh! All these clever busies from Scotland Yard, and they don't know that!"

"What are the 'rights of it'?" asked Michael.

Sometimes, Mason had said, this strange creature was nearer to the truth than a saner man.

"Elk knows." The man without a name stuck a grimy forefinger into Michael's ribs to point his remark. "That fellow's wider than Broad Street. Elk! I'll bet you he knowed all the time! But he likes to keep things to hisself until he's got 'em all cleared up. I've heard Bray say that—Bray's got no more brains than a rabbit," he added.

Somebody was walking along the sidewalk towards them. "That's him!" whispered the ragged object and melted across the street.

It appeared that Bray was walking off a grievance. "As soon as this affair is over I'm going to put things straight," he said aggressively. "Mason is a good fellow; one of the best men in the force and one of the cutest. But he's altogether wrong about Elk. I told him I was willing to cross-examine this woman as soon as she came round and was in a fit state to talk. But no, Elk must do it! Elk knows her, apparently. But I ask you, Quigley, is it necessary to know a person before you question 'em? Was I properly introduced to Lamborn? There's another scandal: he was let out!"

To shorten the length of the grievance, Michael suggested that they should walk back together to the station. They arrived at an interesting time—a hateful time for Inspector Bray, because Lorna Weston had decided to talk.

She had refused to go into the inspector's office and was seated in the charge room, the bandaged Elk towering over her. Michael could see that it was not his but Bray's presence which brought that demoniacal frown to the sergeant's face when they appeared.

"All right; let's have all the press in, Bray," he said savagely. "Won't you come into the private office, Mrs. Weston?"

"No, I won't." The pale-faced woman was determined on the point. "I'll say what I want to say here."

"All right," said Elk grimly. And to Shale, who was the stenographer of the party: "Get your book."

"You're known as Lorna Weston," he began, "and you're the wife of—"

She parted her lips to speak when Mason came in briskly; behind him came two (*Continued on page 191*)



By Royal Brown

# Eyes to See

**I**n Leicester, in February, the leafless trees begin to take on softer outlines and the hills that surround the peaceful little town seem, at sunset, to swim in a pastel haze. It is not spring, but it is spring's advance advertising. And in the spring a young man's fancy . . .

This February afternoon a roadster, returning to Leicester, skidded around a snow-banked turn. The driver straightened it and, "Well?" he asked abruptly, his eyes meeting those of the girl beside him.

No more than that. No more was needed. He had said it all twenty times before. He had not intended to say it again today, but the afternoon had betrayed him.

A hint of spring—and the girl beside him. The tilt of her nose; the twist of her lips; the—oh, everything about her! He had been that way about her since she was ten and he fourteen, turning elaborate cart wheels to express his emotions.

She had suspected what he felt then. Now, in the one word flashed at her, she read his meaning. Briefly she wished she had not come back to Leicester just now. It would have been so much easier to write him that— But his eyes held hers. And so:

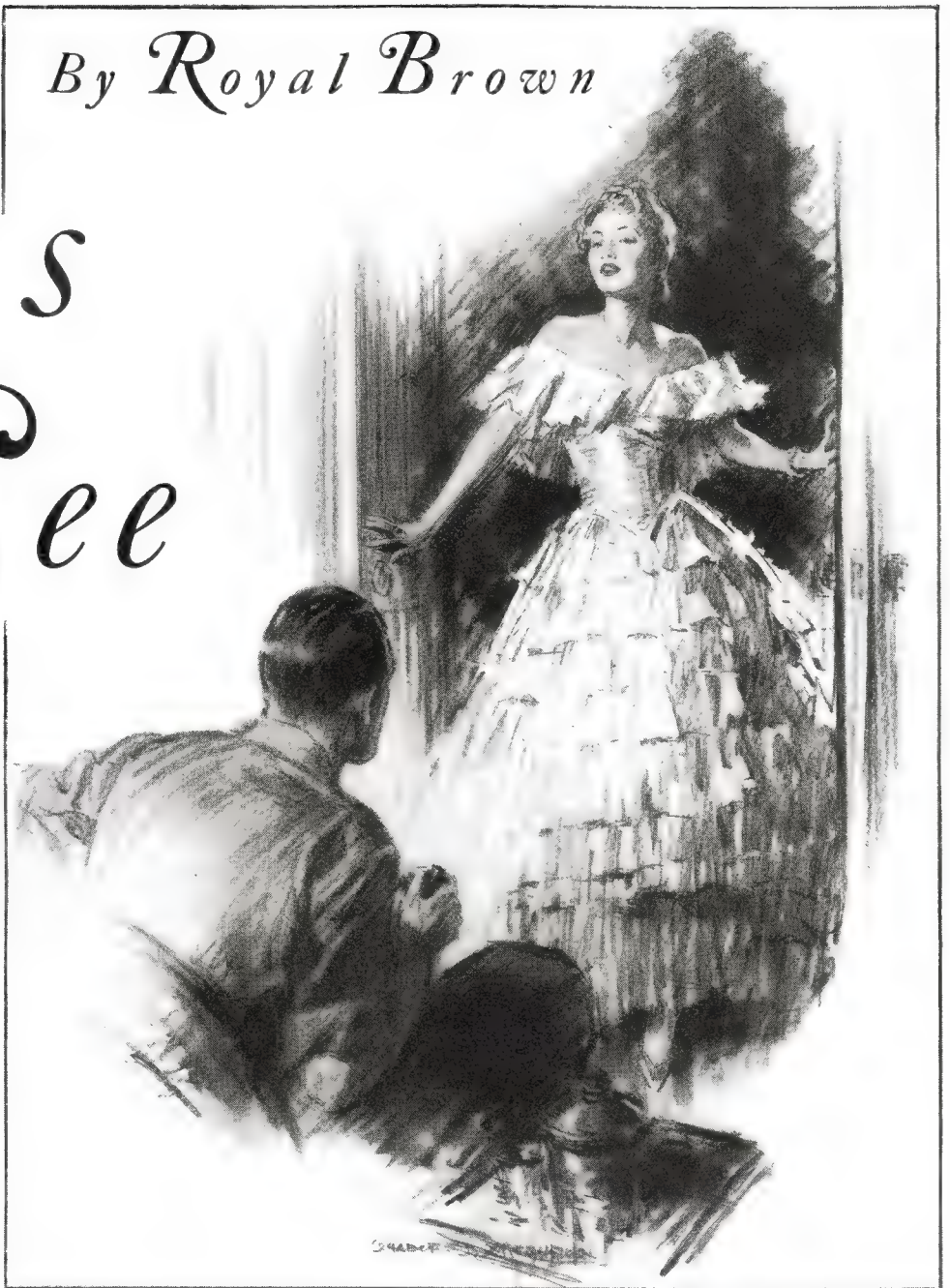
"No," said Faith, for the twentieth time. "I should have told you before, Bob, that I—"

There she paused. The moon, tonight, would be full and golden. At the moment it was a catch in the throat as it rode, pale and luminous, through the mists that hung over the Elderboro hills. All nature seemed to be weaving an insidious net to seine the senses. Even Faith, whose creed was candor at any cost, whose slogan was that sentiment is always sloppy, had to nerve herself to the thrust.

"—that I'm to be married the first of June," she went on. "It isn't announced yet. But I wanted—"

"Me to be the first to know?" suggested Bob. He smiled; almost as if he meant it. "And so," he added, "it is my privilege to be the first to wish you happiness and"—steadily—"I do."

"Happiness?" echoed *Illustrations by C. D. Mitchell*



**C** "Pay your respects to your great-grandmother," commanded Faith. "My Lord!" Bob breathed. "No wonder men once fought duels."

Faith, almost rebelliously. The distant hills were opalescent now; they were like frozen music. Gypsy music, with all its urge and its hint of frustration. "Does anybody ever really find happiness?" she went on. "Does anybody but an idiot expect to find it?"

His eyes met hers. They were blue, deep-set, far-looking, the heritage of a race of pioneers. But he did not look far, Faith reminded herself. He was content to live in Leicester, practice law desultorily, rusticate and vegetate.

"Perhaps no one ever really does find happiness," he commented. "But it seems to me you should at least have the illusion of having it in your grasp just now."

"Well, I haven't," she retorted. But added, swiftly, "Oh, don't misunderstand me. I only mean I'm not madly—or foolishly—in love with Chan. I'd be afraid to marry him if I were. It doesn't last; you know that as well as I do. Love is what you just called happiness—the illusion of having something in your grasp."

She paused, her eyes challenging. But all he said was:

"I am not going to debate it with you. It's not what I think, anyway, but what you think that counts."

"I admire Chan and I respect him," she said. "And I like him



enormously. If you say all that is a poor substitute for love—well, I'll despair of your mental processes."

"I thought you did, anyway," was all he said.

The road was swinging down into Leicester. The lights of the town were below them. The sunset had paled, save for a strip of rose-flushed amber in the west. The moon was serene and confident now; the air chill crystal.

"Are you going to let me take you to dinner before you leave?" he asked, as the car swung into Main Street. She hesitated, and he added, "Or would Chan object?"

"Of course not!" she said. "I was not thinking of Chan. I was thinking about you. I think——"

"Let's save that for table conversation," he suggested. "I'll take you to the hotel—for dinner, that is. I suppose you want to go to the house first."

"Just long enough to get my bag and lock up."

They ran on through the town, familiar to both since childhood. Their ancestry could be traced through the old town records. Bob had been born and bred there. He lived in a house that had belonged to his great-grandfather, fronting the triangular Common with its inevitable Soldiers' Monument and weather-beaten old cannon.

Across the Common was the old Chichester Building, containing his law office. On the base of the third angle stood the white-pillared court office, for Leicester was a sleepy little old New England county seat.

Here the surrounding countryside brought its litigation; here farmers and summer colonists did their marketing. And here, with his rods, his guns and some law, Bob was content.

"The trouble with you is that you are perfectly satisfied to be a not-so-very-big frog in a very small puddle," Faith had once told him, with the frankness that was her fetish.

**H**e had not denied it—or changed his ways. "There are compensations," he had suggested.

But Faith scorned that. Her own direct ancestry had been more adventurous. Her grandfather had been born in Leicester, too, in the brick house that now belonged to her great-uncle Amos. But her grandfather had left Leicester. He had had ambition, vision. He had gone to New York. He had not made millions, or even a million, but he had got out.

The house to which Bob was driving her was outside the town. An old farmhouse bought and remodeled by her father as a summer home, when Faith was but a baby.

In summer Leicester is ever so charming. Even this

February night as the roadster swung out into the white-blanketed countryside, gleaming under the moon, it suggested abiding peace. "As always," mused Faith.

She was glad, now, that she had come. On her arrival,



two days before, she had gone to Bob for the keys to the house. He, characteristically, had gone out with her and started the fires, seen that the house was provisioned and arranged with a neighboring housewife to do the work. He was the sort of country lawyer who could stop to do such things for her, or for any friend.

Faith had not told him then about Chan. Nor had



she told him the whole truth today. She had come to Leicester not because she was a bit tired of New York but to make up her mind about Chan. She had no intention of marrying Bob, ever. Yet he had figured

**When Bob had read the will Faith sat incredulous, astounded. "But I still can't see—" she began. Chan cut in on her. "How about the residue?"**



in some nebulous way in what had been in her mind. Now, as she nestled her pretty chin in her furs, everything was as crystal clear as the air she breathed; all at once the contrast between the two men who wanted to marry her seemed sharply etched. "Two men couldn't differ much more," ran her thoughts. Take Bob. He probably had three or four thousand

a year outside the little—she felt sure it was very little—he made at law. He was the sort of lawyer who, driving out to see some rural client, would linger to help repair a pump, discuss politics or anything else.

"Why not?" he had retorted, when she had so accused. The essential fault with him, she felt, was that he honestly could not see why not. His whole life moved as he did himself, with a leisurely grace. Nor was it because he had no greater capacity.

It wasn't even the fact that Bob had only three or four thousand a year while Chan must make at least twenty that mattered. In Leicester one could live very comfortably on a few thousand a year, she knew—too comfortably, she might have added. It was just that Leicester set definite horizons, and that Bob was so darned content to have his horizons set.

Well, she was not. She was twenty-six, restless and reaching. She had a flair for line; had dabbled in design. But she was candid with herself.

"I might be able to decorate lamp shades, but what I want to do is paint murals," she had told Bob, the previous summer. "The urge is there but not the talent. It's taken me four years to discover that, and now I'm wondering about architecture. I suppose in four years I'll discover I want to design Taj Mahals and have the equipment only to—oh, draw specifications for hen-houses."

**Bob's comment** had been characteristic. "Anybody who can design a better hen-house will do this community a real service."

She thought of that now. She saw Taj Mahals, and he saw henhouses. As an afterthought she admitted that perhaps that wasn't quite fair. He did know heaps of things—

The thought broke off as the roadster stopped.

"Stay where you are," said Bob, as she started to get out. "I can get your bag and lock up."

He slipped out from behind the wheel, went up the path he had himself shoveled through the snow. She was not ungrateful for that, yet imagine Chan doing such a thing! Not that he wouldn't if he had the time. But he just wouldn't have the time.

"I'm only a young lawyer," Chan had informed her, at their very first meeting. But he had added, with something in his voice that took the blatancy from the remark, "I assure you, though, that I am an exception to the rule that all young lawyers starve."

They had met just before Christmas. It had required no excess of feminine intuition for Faith to realize he was interested.

Well, so was she. He certainly had no horizons. She had the feeling he would go far. He was no more than a year or two older than Bob, but the very fact that he allowed himself to be interested in her showed how sure of his future he must be. No amount of emotional pressure, she sensed, would force Chan to take a wife before his career was assured. And that she held to his credit. The more so in that when he did fall he fell hard.

"I'll make you love me," he had promised her, as many another man has promised before.

Faith had been frank with him. "I'm not going to say it's so sudden," she had told him.

"I have a suspicion you aren't exactly surprised," he had inserted, his dark eyes amused.

"And I don't want you to think that I'm one of those wabbly ladies that can't make up their own minds." She had felt it her duty to tell him exactly how she felt—about him and love and marriage. "And I think it's important that I be very sure, don't you?" she had concluded.

"I'm sure enough for two," he had assured her.

Faith had been warmed by that. He was so nearly everything she could expect that, for all her distrust of love, as an illusion, she wished she could feel the illusion.

Instead, she had told him she was going to run up to Leicester to think things over. "Not making up my mind about you—but about life," she had explained.

"I'm relieved. I was afraid you might be going to Leicester to weigh me in the (Continued on page 110)





## Sweet Land

**W**aiting for your ship to come in. Because they need you. Because they love you. There's always someone waiting for your ship to come in.

Nancy's ship came in for her when she eloped with her boss and went honeymooning abroad, but to her Flatbush folks it is still an unreality,

even as they stand here now, in the crowd at the pier, watching the ship which is bringing her back actually loom out of the mist, come up the bay, and swing slowly toward them. Ma (with a new hat for the occasion) and Pa and little sister Dorothy, watching hope materializing before their eyes.





# *of Liberty*

But not until they see Nancy waving frantically to them from the ship's rail; not until they see her tugging at Alan and holding up his hand for him (introducing rich son-in-law to poor folks-in-law)—not until then will they wake as from a dream and really believe that, in more ways than one, their ship has come in.

*David  
Robinson*

*brings Early  
and Nanny home  
to take up Marriage  
in a Serious Way*





**The defendant with his lawyers**

# Nothing but the Truth

Illustrations by Walter Van Arsdale

**I**t was owing to my optimistic philosophy and the purity of my personal life that I became Czar of the Barco Murder Case and through it achieved widespread fame (perhaps you have heard of Elmer Bliss). Cal Barco had been arrested for stealing, not for murder, but the fact that he had murdered seven women came out after his arrest.

My interest in the case grew out of my admiration for Viola Lake, the movie star. Viola was in danger of being dragged into court because of a diary kept by her former employee, Mrs. Geiger, who had been one of Barco's victims. Viola feared that this diary might reveal the fact that she was a drug addict. Besides, there was Lansing Marshall, a newspaperman, who had no feeling for the Better Things of Life and who would undoubtedly make the most of this opportunity to drag Viola into the mire and further vilify the fair name of Hollywood.

Unfortunately, my first suggestion to Mr. Goldmark, Viola's employer, that we send for the poor child's aunt, Miss Minnie Horsefeather, had not turned out so well, for Miss Horsefeather at once made herself conspicuous in the court room. Then came that never-to-be-forgotten night when I was visiting Viola. Her aunt left us to attend a world premiere at Grauman's, where she announced over the radio to the world at large that Viola had remained at home *alone* with her best beau, Elmer Bliss.

Fortunately, Goldmark was there to drag Auntie Minnie away from the microphone and bring her back home. He explained her outrageous conduct, insisting that she go away at once. He left us, still angry, forgetting that while this plan of mine had not turned out so well, I had achieved a real victory in influencing Viola to give up using the drug.

While I was reflecting that doubtless the evil-minded world would now be saying the worst of me, Viola suddenly fainted dead away. The revelation that *she* had brought trouble to *me* was too much for the fragile little thing. What a beast I felt!

I grasped her in my arms, something primitive stirring within me. I was a MAN who must protect his woman . . .

As I walked away from Viola's home under the pink light of a dawning day, the old Elmer Bliss was gone forever. There surged within me a new understanding of human problems.

And as I faced the climax of the Barco murder trial, a new humanity gripped me. Up to that time I had felt, with everyone else, that Barco must pay the supreme penalty for his crimes, for murder needed strong discouragement in Hollywood.

But my association with Viola Lake had taught me things that I had never learned from books. I learned that life is far more Vital than I had ever dreamed—far too Vital to be guided by any fixed schedule of safe-conduct such as I had smugly laid out for myself. Yes, indeed! Impulse is stronger than Schedule, the Life Urge is more potent than any Caution and Heart Beats are mightier than the Power of the Will.

At first this discovery had dazed me. And then, the surging wave of new sensation which had engulfed me, carried me on its heaving breast to a newer and broader comprehension of every human deed.

I began to feel a sympathetic pity for this man Barco, who, after all, had only obeyed an overwhelming cosmic command—in his case, to kill.

I came out in all the newspapers against the death penalty for Barco.

**N**ow, the unspoken slogan of District Attorney Welch was, "Death for Barco; ruin for Viola Lake; the governorship for Me!" If Barco escaped the death penalty, it would upset his whole political future. So Welch and I became even more bitter enemies than we had been before.

Things had reached fever heat between us by the time the day arrived when Viola was to be called to the witness stand, and her past dragged up by Welch and exploited to her ruin.

That morning the courthouse corridors were jammed by nine o'clock. Only a modicum of the crowd could ever hope to get into the court room itself. But motherly looking old ladies and fresh-faced high-school girls were



**The ladies of the United Women's Clubs**



Elmer Bliss *rises to Greater Heights*  
in his search for The Better Things of Life

By ANITA LOOS

fighting like fiends to break through that doorway and witness a sister soul being led to moral slaughter.

Viola at last arrived, frightened and pale, and she was mobbed. Her little black gown was literally stripped of beads and ornaments by souvenir seekers, until its only charm was the flow and undulation of fresh young curves beneath it. She was accompanied by a paid companion, for at that moment she had no real friend whose presence would be acceptable to Mrs. Grundy.

And I did not even dare to throw her an encouraging smile—on account of the *lying tongues* which were everywhere *whispering* about us.

Presently I saw a solid wedge of determined-looking womanhood milling its way through the crowd, led by Mrs. Sarah Allwyn-Krantz, President of the United Women's Clubs of southern California. Her accompanying cohorts were all "good women"—one could tell that by their faces and their figures. They were coming to listen to Viola's testimony and decide whether or not they would demand a withdrawal of all her films. What chance had Viola for mercy from Mrs. Allwyn-Krantz or any of her ilk?

The atmosphere in the court room was tense. One could sense an underlying feeling of that perverse psychology, that hysterical delight which grips a mob at the moment when it can assist in tearing down an idol, even a once-loved idol of its own making.

I made my way to the Czar's chair. I dared not look in Viola's direction. I knew she dared not look at me. But in that hour of separation I felt doubly her protector.

Finally, Judge Olah rapped for order, and it was as if an electric current, which suffused the crowd, condensed and intensified.

District Attorney Welch arose, and with a studied indifference he addressed the Court. "Your Honor," he said, "I understand that the murderer's fourth victim, Mrs. Belle Geiger, some time previous to her murder, was employed as cook in the home of Viola Lake."



“Since we’ve found out how many emotions Viola’s got, we’ll produce her in a brand-new type of rôle,” said Mr. Goldmark.

thing here which will refresh your memory!” He turned to his assistant who was sitting at a near-by table. “Give me that book, please,” he said—“that diary.”

The assistant picked up the diary and took it to Welch. A tremor shook the crowd.

**T**he diary was an old grocery order-book which had been converted into a depository for the base thoughts of an evil-minded woman. Welch stood there a moment thumbing the pages. The crowd leaned forward.

Viola blanched. I scarcely breathed.

At last Welch spoke. “This diary,” he said, “was kept by your cook, who seems to have made a comprehensive record of events in your household during the time she was employed there.”

He slowly started looking through the pages.

Viola gripped her chair and took another long, deep

A tremor ran through the crowd. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Viola stiffen and take a deep breath. Then, as in a dream, I heard a seeming far-off voice saying: “Miss Viola Lake will please take the stand.”

Viola stood; she wavered; she looked so weak and frail that I ventured to throw her one short, quick glance of encouragement!

Biting her trembling little lip, but with the dignity of a Queen, Viola made her way to the witness stand. In barely audible tones she took the oath to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Welch, quiet, cold, and with the assumption of a purely impersonal attitude, faced her and suddenly demanded:

“Miss Lake, where were you on the night of August twenty-sixth, 1928?”

It was a trap. Viola knew it, but she had no choice but to enter in. “I don’t remember,” she said, so weakly that one only understood the words from the movement of her lips.

“Oh, you don’t remember?” he quickly snapped. “In that case, I have some-





**The new Elmer Bliss**

"the murderer's lawyers have stated that Barco killed this woman in *self-defense*. We've got to know enough of the woman's character to determine the likelihood of such a statement's being true. We have no witness so revealing as this woman's own diary."

Judge Olah considered a moment, wanting to be fair. Finally, "You may continue," he said to Welch.

The crowd breathed one concerted sigh of relief and settled back in pleasurable anticipation.

Welch, scarcely deigning to smother his smile of triumph, found a place he had marked in the diary.

The crowd again leaned forward.

Welch began to read. It was an account of a party which had taken place at Viola's home, at which Viola's charm had been the cause of jealous fisticuffs between two of the men guests, one of whom was her chauffeur.

The crowd tittered and there were several raucous laughs.

Again Viola's lawyer jumped to his feet. "Your Honor," he cried furiously, "I object! This testimony is entirely incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and in no way germane to the issues in this case!"

Welch, an evil glitter lighting up his eye, turned to Olah. "Your Honor," he cried, "the murderer's lawyers claim that this fourth victim of Barco possessed a violent temper. We've got to know her customary mental reactions under conditions which aroused her anger. These incidents will tell!"

Judge Olah thought a moment. "You may continue," he said.

Again the crowd quivered with anticipated joy.

But Welch well knew how to whet the public appetite for scandal. He turned to Viola, the essence of polite deference, and said: "Miss Lake, your counsel seems to wish that the public should not know about this episode, so I am going to bow to his request and skip it."

A questioning murmur swept the crowd.

"The reason I do this," he went on, "is because I fear that the public *might* put an unfortunate construction on the fact that there were *gunshots* exchanged on this occasion, and if that fact became *known* and harmed little Miss Lake's reputation, I should naturally be very sorry indeed. So, I shall not go further into the details of this little—er—social soirée."

**A** cruel, galling titter ran through the court. Viola went even paler. I could have killed Welch with my two bare fists!

Still seemingly impersonal, he continued. "Miss Lake," he asked, "do you remember a *quarrel* which took place between you and your cook in October, 1928?"

"I don't remember," she whispered.

Again Welch fingered the pages of the diary. Again the crowd leaned

breath. Her attorney jumped to his feet.

"I object!" he thundered.

Welch, raising his eyebrows in mock surprise, faced Judge Olah and waited.

Viola's lawyer continued: "I do not see what possible connection Miss Lake's private actions in her own home can have with the murder of this woman."

Welch smiled superciliously. "Your Honor," he said, addressing the judge,

forward. "Perhaps this will assist your recollection," he said brightly.

He read. It was an account of an altercation between Viola and her cook. The woman had objected to preparing breakfast at six A.M. for a friend of Viola's who had to go to an early train to meet his wife.

Ribald laughter greeted this, but two or three people hissed.

"I object!" roared her attorney.

Welch again faced the judge. "Your Honor," he said, "I am trying to prove that the murderer's victim was *not* possessed of a violent temper. It is true she remonstrated with Miss Lake about her—er—gentleman friend's breakfast, but the remonstrance was very mild, considering the fact that Miss Lake's home was run in disregard of every convention and of every law!"

A loud round of applause greeted this—there was no doubt that Welch had the crowd entirely in sympathy with him.

**I** looked at Goldmark. He was like a gray ghost. Mrs. Sarah Allwyn-Krantz and her cohorts were already deciding on the resolution which meant the end of Viola's career.

Jeering laughter and catcalls came from the back of the room. Judge Olah rapped for order, but it had no effect.

But I had had enough! After all I was Czar! And even if it meant my downfall, I decided to be heard.

I jumped to my feet and to the platform. I raised my hand.

"As Czar of this case and in fairness to this little woman, I demand to be heard!" I cried.

Judge Olah rapped sharply. "Mr. Bliss, you are out of order," he declared.

Then Welch stepped forward, raised his hand, and the crowd, which was with him to the last man, came to attention.

"Your Honor," Welch said, "I should like to hear what Mr. Bliss has to say. I should like to hear his excuses for this woman whom we allow to play a large part in directing the cultural lives of the public. And I think his relations with her are sufficiently *intimate* to make him an authority on the subject."

More catcalls and hisses. Someone derisively called out "Elmer and Vi," and the crowd hooted. I felt my face go red.

Again Welch raised his hand. Again silence followed



**I had had enough! "In fairness to this little woman, I demand to be heard!" I cried.**





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*Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for February 1931*



# WRIGLEY'S

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Good and Good for You.



**AFTER EVERY MEAL**

L-2



his gesture. "Mr. Bliss," he went on, "has been appointed *moral czar* of this case. Let him give us an account of his record since he has been in office! Let us listen to Mr. Bliss, my friends! I think we all ought to know his excuses both for himself and for his misguided lady friend!"

"Hear! Hear!" shouted the mob.

I glanced at the judge inquiringly. He nodded for me to go on!

I stepped forward. There were hisses, several "boos," and then the crowd settled into a derisive silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began, "you, of your own free will, have raised little Viola Lake to be an idol of the great film world. And why have you done this?" I asked. I paused; then I forcefully answered my own question: "*Because you found her adorable!*"

**T**HERE was laughter which I had not expected, but ignoring it, I went on.

"Are you going to forsake her now," I asked, "just as your *own judgment* has been proven *correct*—just as it has been shown conclusively that every man who ever came into contact with Viola Lake has confirmed your *own* estimation of her charm? *She is adorable!*"

The crowd laughed, hissed and hooted. "You should know!" called someone. This was irritating, but with so much at stake I dared not lose my poise. On I went.

"Mr. Welch," I said, "has just now, with his usual gallantry, brought out the fact that men have fallen in love with Viola Lake. But Mr. Welch has mentioned only a few. I could tell you of *thousands* more. I have looked through Miss Lake's fan mail," said I, "and I have seen thousands of letters from impetuous boys and men who were hungry for romance. And every one of those letters proved that the whole world of men were as ready to make love to Viola Lake as those of us who have been lucky enough to meet her! *As I have been myself*, if you wish the truth! Now, in all justice, can you blame *me* for that?"

There were a few more hoots—but my bold frankness had had a certain effect, and there was a trace of sympathetic laughter. The crowd now began to listen with something like respect. Perhaps it did no harm to let them know the Czar was a human creature with red blood flowing in his veins!

"You chose Viola Lake for stardom," I continued, "because she was beautiful, emotional, impetuous and full of fire. Had she been safely unattractive, carefully balanced, deep-thinking, scheming and cold, she never could have scaled the heights of comedy or delved into the depths of pathos for your delight!"

The crowd heard this in silence, but I began to feel it was a silence that foretold assent. Then I went on.

"Mr. Welch," I said, "has let you know that Viola Lake was at times *touched* by the fact that men adored her. But, my friends, had she been untouched and hard of heart, with no sympathy for a fellow being's struggle for attainment, could she have attained the heights of emotion which have brought you so much joy?"

This was also met by silence, but I could sense that I had startled that unruly mass into thought.

"You are American citizens," I went on. "You are accustomed to the very *best* of the better things of life! Would you want to pay your good money to an artiste whose emotion was manufactured, whose vitality was forced, whose heart was cold and whose passion was phony and calculated?"

Someone cried, "No!" Inwardly I blessed him and, encouraged, I went on.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "if you listen to Mr. Welch, if you allow his attitude toward this little artiste to sway the marvelous judgment and insight *you* showed in raising her to stardom, then I suggest that you allow Mr. Welch himself to choose your screen stars in the future. To choose them because they are cool-headed and practical; to choose them because their natures are safe from the hurricane of emotion!"

"And if Mr. Welch is at a loss to find someone possessing these homely attributes to take the place of the warm, vibrant Viola Lake in your affections, I beg to suggest to him as candidates for his approval, Prudence Penny, Beatrice Fairfax or Carrie Chapman Catt!"

The crowd broke into a laugh, and this time the laugh was on Welch! He flushed and looked furious!

"Oh, my friends, these scintillating film stars we so idolize cannot possibly lead the lives of ordinary folk. They are so glamorous, so abounding in charm, wit and genius, so beautiful, so full of verve that they cannot go anywhere that their vivid personalities do not immediately create emotional situations which grow out of the vibrant natures they possess. And I know that you would not have them otherwise!"

"You're right, Elmer!" called out a bald-headed old fellow in the front row.

I tossed the old chap a quick smile, and then I glanced at Welch. His face was livid. Again I went on.

"Surely," I cried, "you who are men and women of the world, fair-minded and broad-minded, cannot say to these birds of brilliant and rare plumage, 'Be gay—but mind you hold your gayety in check; be beautiful—but mind you do not allow yourself to be admired; be full of glamour—but mind you curb your spirits; and if your nerves are worn to shreds by hours of weary, grilling work to bring a little of your magic into the drab dullness of our lives, mind you don't allow yourself the *heartly relaxation* which is *commensurate* with your toil. No! No! Go home! And go to bed! And read a book!'"

Again applause broke out, and it was louder than before. There was no mistaking that the crowd was veering round.

"Oh, my friends," I went on, now in full appeal, "surely you know that you yourselves cannot *give* and *give* and *give* of your very soul in daily work without taking something in? This 'something,' this 'soul food,' if I may so call it, *you* find in the glittering cathedrals of the cinema. But where are *they* to find it who work so unceasingly to provide this banquet of emotional joy for *you*?"

"I am not making an appeal for 'orgies'—so far as my experience goes they do not exist in Hollywood. I am only appealing to you that these people be allowed their care-free relaxation, after they have worked so hard. I beg that the emotional problems which *must* arise out of the very nature of these glamorous beings be not made the butt of unfair, hypocritical consideration such as Mr. Welch has just indulged in!"

Cries of "Hear! Hear!" followed this appeal, and a round of applause.

But there was one silent spot in that auditorium which caught my eye. Mrs. Sarah Allwyn-Krantz and her cohorts were unconvinced. I faced them.

"You women whose lives are sheltered," I cried; "you who early chose to devote your beauty, grace and feminine charm to making *one man* happy, can you not imagine what would have been *your* problems had you *chosen, instead, to bring happiness into the lives of countless*

*thousands?*" I searched their faces. They began to look interested.

Then, for the first time, I looked at Viola. She was white and looked so frail.

"Oh, my friends," I cried, "are you going to let your thanks to Viola Lake for all she has meant to you in the past take on the paltry shape of Mr. Welch's cheap ingratitude?"

"No! No! No!" cried many voices.

Welch, furious, leaped forward and shook his fist at the crowd. "Fools!" he cried. "Are you seriously listening to this common spellbinder's defense of this *woman!*" He shook the diary in their faces. "Why," he thundered, "I have it here in this diary, in black and white, that Viola Lake is the *addict of a drug.*"

There was a sudden awful hush.

Judge Olah, all curiosity, dropped his gavel and nearly jumped over his desk.

Sneeringly Welch continued, "This vitality, this personality, this emotional '*verve*' Mr. Bliss has asked you to admire in his girl friend is the result not of temperament, but of artificial stimulation!"

And then, once more, that awful buzz of hate began to float up from the crowd like a poisonous and audible miasma.

I turned toward Viola. She cast at me one look of agonized appeal. She rose, and then she fell to the floor in a lifeless heap. She had fainted!

I did not go to her. I held myself in check, rallying my forces.

Two men jumped from the front row and started to pick Viola up. "STOP!" I cried. "*Leave her where she is!*"

Something in my tone compelled them. That same something quieted the crowd. I moved over to that poor little figure which lay inert. I stood beside the unconscious form and quietly I spoke.

"The gentleman who is district attorney has just made a terrible accusation!" I said. "You have all heard it!" Then I pointed down at the broken creature at my feet. "Oh, my friends," I asked, "does *that* look like one who has been artificially stimulated? Does *that* look like one who has been strengthened by powerful drugs to meet this day of trial? Surely, if that little woman were addicted to the use of stimulating drugs, would not this occasion, of all times, be the one on which she would have taken advantage of them?"

"Oh, my friends!" I cried. "You are intelligent; you know that Viola Lake *could* have taken something today in order that she might have come to the witness stand with flashing eye and vibrant spirits, to face this gentleman who has so brutally attacked her!"

The crowd stirred.

Again I pointed to Viola. "Does *that* look as if she had indulged in any chemical aid to meet this bitter day of trial?"

"No! No!" came the answer.

**T**HEN I turned to the two men who still stood where I had stopped them.

"Lift her up!" I cried. "Carry her out into God's fresh air and sunshine—let *them* *revive* and *stimulate* her, for they are all she needs!"

The men raised her tenderly and the crowd broke into deafening applause.

Welch, frantic, lost all control of his vicious temper. He pushed past me and again shook the diary in the faces of the crowd.

"You idiots!" he screamed. "I have the evidence against this woman in black and white! Do you want to hear it?"

Once more Viola's attorney arose and cried, "I object!"

"Objection sustained!" cried the judge. Again was the applause deafening. Welch sneered out an oath. I myself



faced the crowd and waited for a lull in their applause. It finally came.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "I wish to thank you. You have been fair, you have been understanding and you have shown the keen sympathy with Art and the Soul of the Artist which always characterizes the great body of the American people." (Loud applause.)

"Bravo, Bliss!" cried many. I went on. "I am proud," I said, "to hold a position of trust with a public which today has so brilliantly vindicated that little woman out there under God's sunshine." (More applause and louder.)

"And," I went on, "I am prouder still to say to you today, 'I love that little woman'—with a love that is pure and of the spirit; a love that finds its highest expression in the better things of life."

"Bravo! Bravo, Bliss!" they cried. Then, scattered throughout the clamor, I heard here and there a call for Viola. It became more definite; finally it formulated into a positive demand. I saw Goldmark rush out to get her.

Welch's face was livid. He stepped forward and tried to speak, but catcalls met him. *Catcalls for Welch!*

Suddenly there appeared in the doorway the beaming figure of Mr. Goldmark, his arm around Viola's shoulder, leading her, pale and surprised, into the room.

The crowd went wild with enthusiasm.

Tears of joy coursed down Viola's cheeks.

Goldmark finally spoke. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "on behalf of Miss Viola Lake I want to thank you, because she herself can't control those strong emotions you've been hearing Mr. Bliss tell about."

He gave her shoulder a squeeze. Many in the crowd frankly took out their handkerchiefs. The others cheered.

Goldmark went on. "Goldmark Films Incorporated," he said, "have Vi under contract for the next five years! And since we've found out how many emotions she's got, we'll produce her in a brand-new type of rôle where she'll run more of a gamut than she's ever run before. And to be sure we get a story that teaches a great moral lesson, I'm going to ask Mrs. Sarah Allwyn-Krantz and the ladies of the United Women's Clubs of southern California to pass on all the scenarios."

This statement broke down the last bar to Viola's complete and unanimous vindication.

Mrs. Allwyn-Krantz, taken by surprise, blushed, smiled self-consciously, arose and took a bow.

"And now," continued Goldmark, "I think three cheers for little Viola ought to be the next thing in the order of court procedure."

Judge Olah, beaming, agreed and they were given lustily.

Then part of the crowd tore to Viola's side to wring her hand and beg for autographs. The others came to me, and as I stood there, shaking hands to right and left, I thought I heard a voice call out, "Why not Bliss for Governor?"

My heart stood still. Had I heard aright? Yes! The cry was taken up and carried on: "Bliss for Governor!"

I looked at Welch and saw him wince. The cry went on and grew. Then, out of the corner of one eye, I noted that Welch, with a movement of uncontrollable violence, threw the diary into the waste-paper basket, from which I carefully fished it out at the end of the session.

As I was leaving the court room after the tumult and the shouting died, I again met Welch in the corridor.

"Congratulations, Bliss!" he said. "You've made them swallow nearly every crime in the moral calendar! But mark my words, you won't get away with murder. I'm going to see Barco hanged!"

"Ah, yes?" I asked.

"And you'll never be Governor of the State of California!"

He sneered and strode away. But I had scarcely heard him, for my thoughts were on the heights. Could I save Cal Barco as I had saved Viola Lake, and rise to the governorship of the Golden State on a policy of all-embracing love for all my Human Brotherhood?

The fight for Barco's life and the governorship will be told in Next Month's Cosmopolitan

## How Much Should a Woman Stand from a Man? (Cont. from page 33)

his wife before he—? I would answer, Just so much and not any more.

The rub is in the "so"; and that—a point I would emphasize at once—is a matter of individual opinion. No two individuals can have the same opinion unless they have had the same experience.

Marriage is a unique relationship between two unique individuals; it is today more complex than at any previous time in human history. Because of this complexity no simple rule of behavior, no stereotyped formula of conduct, will work.

To be dogmatic, then, about such a purely human institution as marriage is to court disaster or ridicule. Is there nothing more to be said, then? The answer obviously is yes, or I shouldn't have said anything.

Mating is a biologic necessity; marriage is a human institution; and the contracting parties live psychologically. They marry, they stay married or they separate, or they don't marry; and in every individual case, in your case and in mine, there is a reason.

That "reason," in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is primarily psychologic rather than biologic. I would emphasize this fact because many failures in marriage are attributed to other reasons—social, economic, industrial, and so forth.

By "psychologic," I mean factors of training: the likes and dislikes, the bents, slants and attitudes, the "character" that as individuals we bring to the marriage altar. Thus, a man of a certain character will "stand" an enormous amount from his wife, or a woman from her husband, simply because he or she is the kind of man or woman who is willing, once having set hand to plow, to follow the furrow through to the end.

The generation that is now passing had more of that kind of character than is common today. In that one respect, at least, they were a harder generation. They could, would, and did stand for more than this generation will. Otherwise, why so many divorces these days?

Is this loss of hardihood to be deplored? Maybe. But mere deploring is futile business and leads nowhere except to deplorable states.

Whether deplorable or not, I have a feeling that too many husbands and wives of the old régime "stood" for partners from whom they got no adequate return for a life of misery, humiliation, drudgery and cruelty. As I read "nature's decrees," human beings are not supposed to have to put up with such things.

I also conclude that there are thousands of married people in the United States today who are putting up with partners with whom they are bound to lose; they are fighting a losing game. To keep on standing for what they stand for, is to go on surrendering their inborn right to human freedom and happiness.

If defeat is inevitable, why not acknowledge it? If eventually, why not now? Because hope springs eternal in most human breasts, and because few are willing to admit even to themselves that they can't make a go of it.

They submit; they stand for back-breaking burdens; they suffer heart-breaking humiliations; they break away, they go back—even after a divorce.

Would you and I, if we were in their places? If we were wise, we would want to know what we were going back to. In other words, in each and every case the question, "Shall I stand for her any longer?" "Shall I put up with him any longer?" is an individual question.

I can stand so much cold, so much heat, certain kinds of food, a certain amount of poverty, a certain amount of success. "Certain"? Certain for me.

And note, please, that you and I keep changing, and in many respects. A degree of frost which some years ago would have sent me out into the open, today sends me to a radiator. The same amount of heat which I would once have accepted without murmur, today sends me to an electric fan, or to the ice box, or to the mountains.

Each of us is a complex bundle of

desires, ambitions, capacities, talents. These change—and each of us thereby changes; and every married man and woman confronted with a problem partner must take that fact into consideration. For example:

A certain friend of mine occupying an important and difficult position of responsibility has had a bad day in the office. He goes home, tired, distracted.

What does he want, what does he expect to find when he gets home? A sympathetic bosom on which to lay his head. Why sympathetic? Because that is the way he was brought up. In childhood, he learned that he could, figuratively and literally, lay his head on his mother's broad bosom and find sympathy, solace, balm.

My friend goes home. Does he find such a bosom? Not on this particular day. He finds a wife who, simply because in the stress of business he forgot to do a little errand she had asked him to do that day, relapses into her particular response on such an occasion.

She has been neglected, so it seems to her; she pouts. (Sometimes such a woman cries, even far into the night, making the night also a total failure.)

What does a man do in a case like that? Or, more explicitly, how much of that sort of behavior should he stand for? His ambition, as he sees it, encompasses her; he is working for her: his success is hers, generously shared, day by day; and he naturally expects a sympathetic ear when he gets home.

Her pouts, her tears, only salt his wound; turn a temporary business defeat into a domestic tragedy. That tragedy may be temporary; it may become a habit. That depends on how well he understands human nature, and also on how dearly he holds his wife.

Will he stand for that kind of treatment? Was she worth marrying? Is she the woman he wants? Is she worth fighting for? Is she worth making sacrifices for?

Knowing this particular wife and my



# A BARGAIN

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**T**HAT's Fels-Naptha—a bargain because it brings *extra* help to every soap-and-water task. *Extra* help that saves you—and that's the only thing that makes any soap a bargain.

What is this *extra* help?—it's the perfectly natural result of having two busy cleaners combined in one generous bar. Not “just soap” alone, but good golden soap and plenty of naptha.

Naptha is the dirt-loosener used in dry cleaning. And you know how dry cleaning *cleans*. Fels-Naptha is rich in naptha. So rich you can smell it! This naptha is blended with the soap by a special process that keeps it on the job until the bar is down to its last thin sliver.

And that's why, the very instant

Fels-Naptha hits water, two eager helpers get into action. Together, they swish in and out through your clothes—dissolving stubborn dirt and washing it away—getting your clothes clean and spotless—without your doing hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha's *extra* help brings another welcome saving. It keeps your clothes nice-looking longer. It saves your hands, too. For Fels-Naptha loosens dirt so quickly that your hands are out of the water sooner. And every golden bar contains bland, soothing glycerine!

Get Fels-Naptha. Put it to work. In tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water; for soaking or boiling. And let its *extra* help prove to you that here is a bargain for washday and every day!

**Special Offer**—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be very glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. **Q. 2-31**

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and sample bar offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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# Noted Doctors HOLD BRING THRILLING PROOF OF SIMPLE

612 Women . . . for 30 days . . . given "Half-Face" Treatment  
with leading Soaps, Creams and Lotions . . . under direct  
supervision of well-known Dermatologists in 14 cities

## ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES SUBMITTED HERE FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

Last September, 612 women . . . of all ages . . . with all types of complexions . . . accepted an invitation from 15 of America's most distinguished skin specialists.

They consented to act as "subjects" in a scientific probe of the question, "*Which is the best of all daily skin cleansers and beautifiers?*"

Every day, for thirty consecutive days, each "subject" cleansed the *left* side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. But on the *right* side of her face, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap exclusively.

Daily, each patient's complexion was examined by the physician or his assistant. At the end of thirty days, all "case histories" were reviewed by one of New York's most eminent dermatologists. His final report gives dramatic proof of the marked superiority of Woodbury's . . . for cleansing and beautifying the skin.

In 271 cases of faulty complexion, the Woodbury side showed radiant improvement over the other.

Acne was benefitted in 106 cases. Excessively oily conditions were improved in 115 cases. Dry, scaly skin in eighty-one cases. Blackhead

conditions, in one hundred and three cases.

Even in many instances where the skin was already naturally clear and smooth, Woodbury's brought still lovelier tone and texture. In case after case, the evidence was built up . . . that no other cleansing method equals Woodbury's for the care of the complexion.

Science simply confirmed what millions of women already know—that Woodbury's is more than a mere toilet soap, that it is a complete and incomparable beauty treatment in soap form.

For *your* complexion's sake, try Woodbury's. Continue your usual cleansing method on one side of your face, if you wish. But every night for a month use warm water and Woodbury's on the other. And, as the days go by, watch the Woodbury side improve, with clearer color, finer pores, smoother texture.

If Woodbury's cost a dollar a cake . . . instead of only 25¢ . . . it would still be the most economical . . . and surest way to skin loveliness.

Start this scientific beauty treatment tonight. Woodbury's may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, or send coupon for generous sample.



**CASE NO. 425** . . . Hollywood, California. Outdoor Girl. Age 22. Nervous temperament. Excessive sun exposure had made complexion dry and scaly. At the end of test, Woodbury-treated side of face showed normal lubrication. Skin firm and smooth, with natural moisture and bloom.



**CASE NO. 217** . . . Baltimore, Maryland. Clubwoman. Age 30. Excessively oily skin. Half an hour after applying powder, it would turn to gummy paste because of copious flow of oil. At the end of 30-day test, the pores on Woodbury side of her face were reduced perceptibly. Oiliness disappeared.

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# NATION-WIDE *Beauty Clinic*

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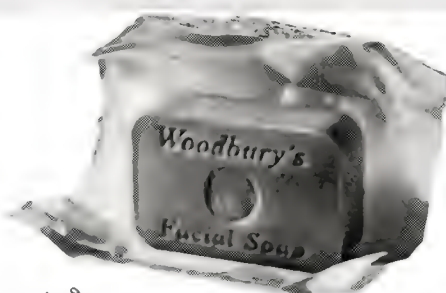


New York Group Making "Half-Face" Test—72 New York girls took test under supervision of a New York dermatologist. Among these were 40 girls from the U. S. Rubber Co. Similar tests were made with groups in 13 other cities.

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"I have examined the statements made in this advertisement. They are correct and in accord with the reports of the fifteen dermatologists who conducted the comparative tests . . . These dermatologists are known to me as skin specialists of the highest professional reputations and as outstanding physicians in their chosen fields."

(Signed) *Walter J. Highman*



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Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams, Face Powder and Free Booklet.

I would like counsel on conditions checked below:

Oily skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Coarse pores ☐  
Dry skin ☐ Flabby skin ☐ Blackheads ☐  
Sallow skin ☐ Pimples ☐

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Address \_\_\_\_\_



friend as I do, I should answer as he does: "Certainly, yes; behind that pout is infinite devotion and love; tired as I am and defeated as I have been in today's fight, I accept one more defeat. I realize now that there were times when I didn't get the sympathy, support and encouragement I expected from my mother—she, too, had had her troubles that day, had suffered her own defeats."

Suppose, on the contrary, my friend had been up against this situation: He goes home and finds an expectant wife—but expectant of finding something to reprove or criticize in him. Women do get that way, excellent women who should know better.

Does he stand for it; and if so, how long? It depends on two factors: his dependence on her, and how much of a worm he is. Oh, I know, the worm sometimes turns; I suspect many a man has amassed a fortune or achieved distinction in business, literature or science, to escape the inferiority complex his wife would hang on him. Against the balance in red of his abject defeat at home he writes in black the gains won outside the home.

Not every man, of course, has an outside victory to set down against an inside defeat; both sides of his life ledger may be in red. Finding no sympathy at home, no understanding, no encouragement, he goes forth day after day, to return the same abject, defeated man. You and I say we wouldn't stand for it, or, more specifically, for "her." He does. He is that kind of man.

All we can say is that he is not the kind of man we like, not the kind of man we care to employ, work for, or associate with. We can feel sorry for him; we cannot admire him or take any joy in his fellowship.

How a man is to get out of that kind of condition is perhaps not part of our inquiry, but enough of us, I suppose, have at one time or another been in such a spineless position that merely in the interest of the suffering male sex we may look at the question a moment.

The answer, obviously, is to be found in a more comprehensive question: By what process do you and I ever get out of a difficult or a humiliating position? The obvious answer is, By work. True, now and then some of us are lifted out of a hole, but the normal procedure is to climb out by work.

Every normal human being has at his command a certain amount of available energy—available for the business of life, for getting on and for getting along with his fellow beings, including his wife. Few of us use up all our energy; perhaps fortunately, or we should have none for such crises as keep coming into our lives. More important is it that some effective stimulus come into our lives, serving to release this energy and to point out how it may be expended with profit.

I SUPPOSE most of us get our excitatory stimuli from our fellow men: "Why don't you do this or that?" "Don't be a fool!" Were I permitted a small voice of authority, I should say: "Don't be a worm!" But then I am caught up short with the reflection that many a man might reply: "Why not? That is my nature, I can't change it."

Well, it is something to know our limitations; there is undoubted virtue in discounting inevitable defeat by the cry of "*Kamarcad*"; "Don't shoot, Mr. Crockett, I'll come down"; or, "Yes, wife, I know I'm a worm, but I'm doing the best I can."

The tragedy, as I see it, is that there are a lot of worms that with proper

handling by a truly better half might become men. This goes equally, of course, for the other side of the house. Both husbands and wives meekly stand for things not inherent in their partners: husbands for infantile petulance; wives for stupid neglect.

In other words, Jones conceivably stands for a lot from Mrs. Jones because he believes in two things: her sterling quality and desirability as a life partner; his ability to help Mrs. Jones acquire a set of habits which will make her the estimable partner she is otherwise well fitted to be. Mrs. Jones likewise puts up with Mr. Jones' foibles because she has confidence in his character and in her own ability to help him achieve what is generally called his "true self." In other words, if a partner has the makings of a permanent mate, it is up to the other mate to do the making.

The point I have just tried to make is worth emphasizing because it is an ever-present factor in the business of getting along with our fellow human beings. Few of us are so dumb that we can't get something out of this or that material.

There is something of the politician and something of the child in each of us; also, we are all more or less voters, more or less parents. We know that we are swayed, moved, this way and that; we know what ruffles our temper; what causes us to hang our head in shame; what it means to us to receive the praise of our fellow men.

But we often forget that molasses catches more flies than vinegar. In other words, you and I probably stand for a lot of things because we have provoked them.

What is a human being, after all? What is the fundamental outstanding trait of human beings? Humanness, isn't it? An infinite capacity to learn, to understand, to like, to get along with people. Without this trait, as I see it, there could have been no enduring human race, no civilization, and certainly no human family.

Make certain that your partner is worth standing for, then rest assured that you can make the partnership a success. But don't expect to do it in a day.

I have in mind a certain lovable character known across two continents. He was his own worst and only enemy. Again and again he had been given up as hopeless. Two years ago I had given him up; I thought nothing could save him. His wife gave him up—and properly, in my opinion; she was so selfish that she was the last person in the world to help him over a difficulty.

Today, he is on the road to a new life. Why? He has a new wife. She has already stood for more than most wives would stand for, but nothing stops her. She believes in her man; has put her heart into her work. Under her clever handling he is becoming a human being again. Each week more of his former fine self shows through.

In short, I can think of nothing that a clever woman can't do with a man—always provided, of course, that she has the will and something to work on. In this case the "something" had been deeply buried under bad habits of colossal vanity and a tendency to get drunk.

It can be done; it has been done; this woman is doing it, probably at a great price, right now. Most women, I suppose, would say he isn't worth the price—and they, of course, could do nothing with such a man.

There is a way only when there is a will; the will can only follow the desire—is the desire. This woman wants

this man, and at the sacrifice of a little pride will save him from himself for the sake of the fine qualities she knows are there.

But don't jump to the conclusion that every drunkard is worth marrying in order to save, or for any other purpose. Pity rarely cures; alone, probably never. Work is required and great intelligence. Intelligence? Understanding the case. How much should a woman stand for from a drunkard?

Generally speaking, nothing; and I would add, still speaking generally, that any woman who marries a drunkard is a fool. And yet, so infinitely varied are the mainsprings of human conduct that this, like every other generalization, must be modified; there are drunkards and drunkards, and no two are alike.

AGAIN, the difference between the woman who wittingly marries a drunkard because she is in love with him and believes she can restrain him, and the woman who unknowingly marries a man who resorts to intoxication as the easiest way out of difficulty, is profound. It will take clever handling and a long time, plus great patience, to turn the latter trick, and few women have the necessary qualities.

Most of them play a losing game. They struggle on, often with fine courage, courage that might be spent in a better cause.

Within a week I have heard two women say: "I don't know how she can stand it"—"she" being the wife of a well-known man in New York City, "stand" meaning the fact that he rarely appears on a public or semipublic occasion with his wife. To be explicit, this wife performs the functions of housekeeper, valet, secretary, errand boy—and probably darns his socks. Now, this man can afford servants and a box of new socks every week; and I happen to know he is fond of his wife.

Why, then, does she stand for this? Why did she give up a career in which she had won a fair amount of success, and surrender herself so completely as virtually to efface her personality from the map of society? Should she stand for this? "No!" you and I would shout in unison. And we would be wrong.

This man is her lord and master by deliberate choice. The brighter the light shines on his head, the more it warms her heart. In her total self-effacement she wins her completest victory.

But the old-fashioned paragon such as my friend possesses is destined to become as extinct as the dodo. Women won't stand for that kind of sublimation. Most men don't expect it; few demand it; a really fine man would not stand for it.

Sometimes the shoe is on the other foot. I knew a case somewhat parallel to the one above, except that the submerged one was the husband. The wife was ambitious, full of energy, a devoted mother; and yet what that man stood for was almost beyond belief.

But, you see, he didn't have to stand for it all at once; there was never any last straw to break his back. He knew how to take it day by day, one thing at a time. Having infinite patience, he persevered. He knew how to live his own life, and on the bench was a kindly, upright judge. At home the wife reigned supreme. Yet no man I know was happier, or more thoroughly respected in the community, or more honored when he laid down his life.

He understood, than which I know of nothing greater. He knew the price he paid; it was worth the price.

Sounds old-fashioned, doesn't it? It



# "Every girl wants a nice skin!"

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Lovely bride  
of the late  
J. Pierpont Morgan's  
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With lovely fair skin, wide hazel eyes and blonde hair full of golden lights, young Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, bride of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson, a great-great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, is a tremendous favorite in society. As Katherine Comly, of Tuxedo and New York, Mrs. Hamilton was one of the most popular of all New York's débutantes



IN her flower-filled paneled sitting-room high above distinguished old Sutton Place, young and lovely Mrs. Hamilton talked of the care a girl should give her skin.

"Most of the girls I know lead outdoor lives all day," she told us. "In summer they are swimming and playing tennis . . . in winter it's skating or some other sport . . . and in the evening it's dining or dancing or going to the opera. This strenuous existence makes it important to give one's skin care to keep it looking as nice in sunshine as by candlelight.

"I have used Pond's for years," Mrs. Hamilton said. "In fact, it is the only cold cream I have ever used. I have found that there is nothing like Pond's Method for day-in, day-out care of the skin.

"The Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream are splendid," she added, with her clear eyes intent. "They are so much more absorbent than ordinary tissues. And the new peach-colored ones are lovely!

"Everyone's skin needs something to

tone it up and keep the pores fine. Pond's Skin Freshener is wonderful. Most New York girls use very little make-up, only lipstick and powder, and the Skin Freshener helps to bring out a natural color.

"It is a mistake to put powder right on the skin without a protecting foundation," Mrs. Hamilton pointed out earnestly. "It is bound to clog the pores, and tends to coarsen and harden the texture. Pond's Vanishing Cream is an excellent powder base and makes powder last much longer.

"I am always faithful to the Pond's Method—the four steps are so quick that, no matter how crowded your engagement book is, you always have time for them. And every girl wants a nice skin!"

These are the four simple steps of the famous Pond's Method that keep Mrs. Hamilton's skin exquisite, as they do many famous beauties'. Make them part of your régime:



**DURING THE DAY**—first, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after ex-

posure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.



**SECOND**—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. They come in Parisian peach color and pure white.

**THIRD**—pat skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm. So gentle that it cannot dry your skin, this mild astringent is safe to use as often as you please.



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is. He believed in monogamy, accepted it as a natural law reinforced by divine command. His answer to tyranny was duty: "I have made my bed; I will lie in it." But that he didn't lie in it like a worm is the point I would make—his was the real victory in that house.

The old order changeth. But before we set the legal machinery in motion, let us look for a moment at a bit of machinery millions of years older than our legal machinery, and potentially more devastating in its effect on our lives than the divorce court—a physiological excursion into what it means to you and me when we are asked to put up with something we are not prepared for, or when our ignorance, stupidity, carelessness or brutality upsets our life partner.

I do not choose for illustration any particular couple, as I might, but rather two types: the sharp-tongued, nagging wife; the tormenting, teasing husband. Just what does it mean to be nagged, to be teased? To be emotionally upset, you promptly answer; and the answer is correct enough, but what it doesn't bring out is that when you and I are emotionally upset we are below par; we are not fit for work, and if we are upset long enough we become better fitted for an asylum than for the family circle.

All this has been known for thousands of years, but only within our own day has the real nature of emotional upsets become known. Go back to the case of my friend, who returned to his family after an upsetting day, to find himself "bawled out" by his wife.

The day's upset itself was bad enough. Suppose, now, his wife turns her sharp tongue loose and scolds him till dinner is announced.

Will he enjoy that meal? We come

now to the real point. He may eat, he may even look as though he enjoyed it; but his alimentary canal won't enjoy it. Why not? Because it is upset. The machinery down below refuses to work; glands don't secrete; millions of muscles lie cold and dormant. Indigestion, of course.

Make no mistake: most indigestion is emotional. When you and I are upset—by anger, fear, jealousy, what not—food ferments, poisons enter the blood instead of the materials we need for health and sanity. The nagged husband, the bullied wife, has a physiological hang-over the next day as definite, as tangible, as though a dose of poison or too much alcohol had been taken the night before. And if you and I have to stand for too much, if our life partners don't let our vital machinery do its work, we are justified in setting to work that man-made machine which will get us the freedom which is the most precious part of our inheritance.

I suspect that the present popularity of the divorce court is not primarily because we are less moral than we used to be, but because we better understand what we can and cannot do, and what we should and should not do. At any rate, divorce as a relief from an unbearable or impossible condition is, quite properly, no longer considered an immorality, though to our shame be it confessed there are states which still make divorce well-nigh impossible.

Divorce should be neither an impossible nor a shameful thing. Enlightenment on this subject can't help making for moral and social betterment.

What is divorce, after all? Something inherently dangerous to human society? Something incompatible with human

happiness? Some still think so, but I can't see it that way.

Like marriage itself, it is a human institution which has kept changing through the ages. We are not asked, we are not expected, today, to stand for anything except our human right to be free as long as we have a due regard for other people's rights, and take proper heed that we don't throw upon society the burden of rearing our offspring.

But note, please, that an intelligent understanding of divorce and of what should be put up with by married partners does not mean and is in no wise to be construed as an argument in favor of sexual promiscuity, or of loosening the marriage tie.

Our society rests today upon marriage of a certain type—monogamy. It may change, but it can't be abandoned like a horse in midstream.

Nor should it be preserved because it is sacred or holy, but because it is our way of regulating mateship, our way of propagating our kind. No better type of marriage has yet been devised, and it will improve as an institution only as youth is taught to look upon monogamy as the highest type of mateship, the soundest cornerstone of civilized society, and at the same time to form habits which prepare for monogamous existence.

To those about to marry I would say: By all means, there is nothing like it, nothing else so satisfying. But put at least as much intelligence into choosing your mate as you did into choosing your college or your motor car. Most of the disabilities and asperities of married life could be avoided if the mate-impulse were put through a few simple intelligence tests. The serious side of marriage should come before as well as after.

## 11th Avenue Cowboy by Paul D. Augsburg (Continued from page 69)

of displaying them. There were cases of stuff he wished to store in a shack on Dennis' beat. These cases would be brought from the docks, stored in the shack, and from time to time they would be loaded for distribution. All under cover of darkness, however, and Dennis need never see them.

"Seventeen hundred a year! That ain't no pay for a man like you. You ought to make lots more jack than that. I'll double your salary, and all you got to do is don't see my trucks getting loaded."

Dennis didn't hesitate for an answer. "To the devil with you! I knew what I'd be getting when I joined up—savvy?"

"Now, listen, Duggery."

"You ain't talking to me."

"Two hundred a month. That's fair enough."

"No, I told you. And get this straight: you try anything on my beat—savvy?—and you'll get a ride on the wagon."

He walked on, swinging his club on its strap, feeling both proud and angry. Two hundred a month—swell clothes and shows, tailor-made things to wear to a dance; a bit of silk for his mother. Dennis glared straight before him. The crust of that oily guy! He should have socked him for presuming to buy a Duggery.

For Dennis would be an honest copper. He would work conscientiously at his job, and some day they'd give him a horse to ride: one of those handsome department horses, with a neat blue blanket lettered in gold and the seal of the city upon it.

He could see himself astride a horse, gracefully riding up the avenue at the head of a big parade. There stood Dora admiring him; and there at the corner, a harness bull on his two flat feet, was Kleinert, the dude patrolman.

But Dennis was through with walking beat long before he had reckoned. Two nights later a young woman rushed up and seized him by the arm.

"Oh, quick!" she sobbed. "My husband's drunk and he's going to kill my mother."

"He is, huh? Take me to him."

Up he climbed four flights of steps and was shown a door in a narrow hall. His heart beat fast as he seized the knob. All regulations left his head; he burst in recklessly, eager for battle, fair target for gun or cleaver.

But no gun or cleaver opposed his fists. He looked in vain for a booze-crazed brute. Only the mother was there—rather young, indeed, for a mother-in-law—with her head in her arms, softly crying. He had gone out to get more gin, she said. He was coming right back to kill her. Oh, please don't go!

The women were grateful to Dennis for staying. They got him the easiest chair in the flat and fried him some eggs and made him some tea. The younger one tried to flirt with him, but Dennis just grinned and did nothing about it.

At the end of the hour he put on his cap. "I've got to go down and call the station. Your old man's probably sleeping it off. But I'll drop around later and make sure you're all right."

He walked to the patrol box and reported in. The operator told him to hold the line. Even as he waited, a squad car came and his own lieutenant alighted.

The lieutenant strode to the door of a store while Dennis wonderingly watched him. Then he saw that something was wrong with the store; its windows were empty; its shelves had been rifled; its entire stock had vanished!

"What kind of a cop do you call yourself? It's a wonder they didn't steal your badge! Are you sure your gun's still on you?"

"What happened?" gasped Dennis.

"Oh, nothing at all! Nothing to speak of! All they did was back up a truck right beside your call box, and load the store aboard it! And where were you at?"

"Waiting to nab a crazy drunk."

"Oh, you were! Where is he?"

"He didn't come back."

The lieutenant merely stared at him. "You better come in," he said. "Spinelli, you relieve Duggery . . . I hope you can clear yourself," he added. "You had the makings of a copper, kid; but right under your call box! That's pretty raw."

In the West of his dreams all human actions were more direct and simple. If one wished to be rid of a man, one shot it out with bullets. But not until his trial before the police board, when the woman gave her testimony, did Dennis fully realize how artfully sneaking the East could be.

"No, sir," he heard. "I haven't got a husband."

"Where is your mother?"

"In Kansas City."

"Has she ever visited you in Brooklyn?"

"No, sir."

"Then it is not true that you told Officer Duggery your husband was drunk and threatening the life of your mother?"

"Of course not."

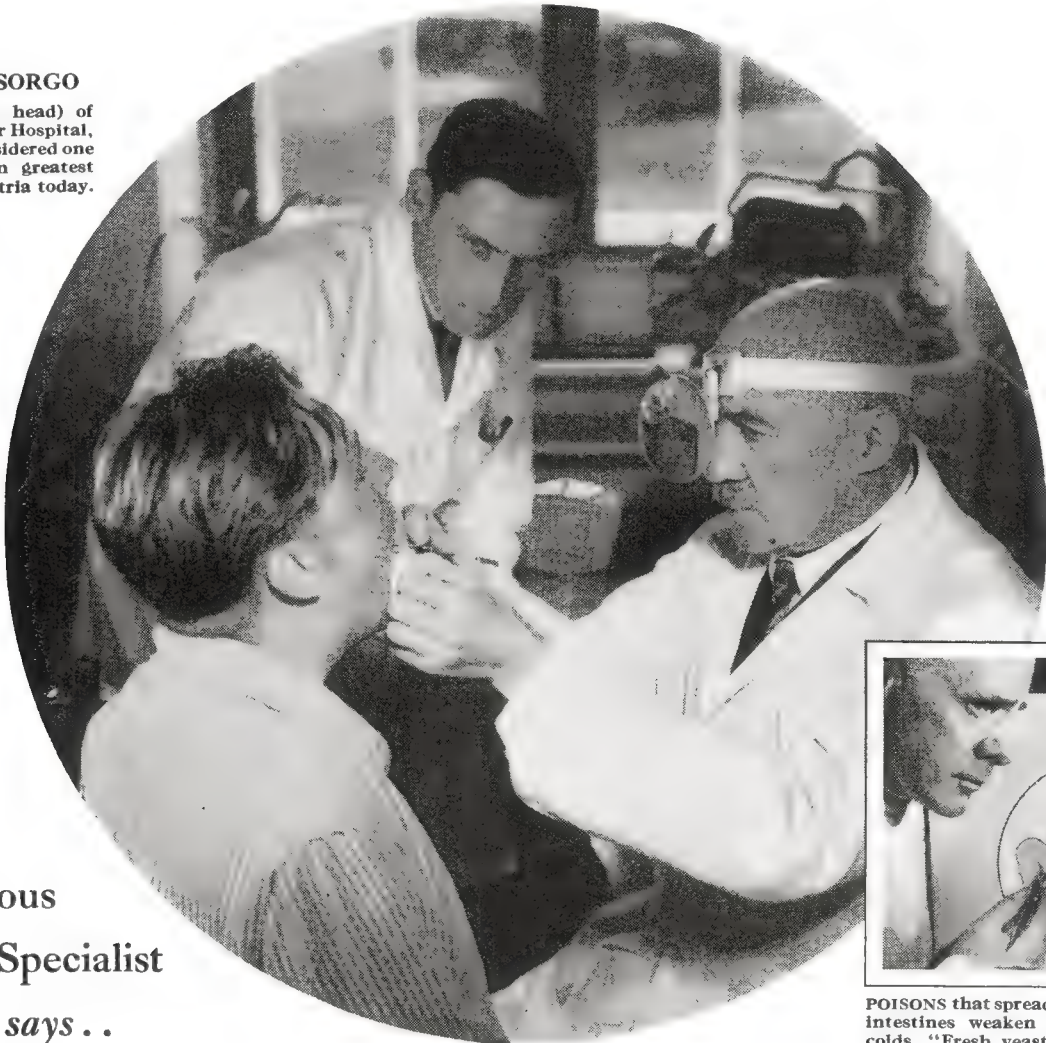
"I see . . . How did it happen, then, that Officer Duggery was in your flat on the night of February ninth?"

"Well, he got talking to me, sort of handing me a line. Then he said: 'Why don't you ask me up for a while? It's



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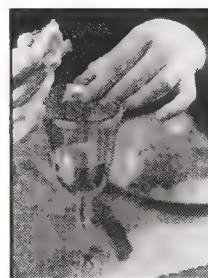
"Thus, by keeping the intestinal tract clean, fresh yeast increases resistance to colds and catarrhal irritations."

You don't need any higher medical testimony than that! So start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today! Each cake,

you know, is rich in *three* vitamins—B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington Street, New York.

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DR. PAOLUCCI, noted Italian hospital head, explains: "Constipation sets up a toxic state which predisposes to colds, etc. Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean." DR. VON NOORDEN, German authority, says: "Yeast vitamins build resistance."



Try Fleischmann's Yeast in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold). Or eat it just plain—or any way you like. Eat 3 cakes a day, regularly, before or between meals and at bedtime.

(At extreme left) From Winnipeg, Man., Miss Catharine Fraser (at right in photograph) writes: "As long as I eat Fleischmann's Yeast the rigors of our northern climate don't worry me. I was troubled with constipation. Yeast brought a vast improvement."

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cold outside.' So I said: 'All right; come on up.' He was a nice-looking cop, and my girl friend was up there, anyway, and why not let him come? I got him something to eat and made him some tea. We had a nice little party."

So Dennis' badge was taken away and they struck his name from the roster. It was all he could do to return to his home and the street where everyone knew him. Almost harder than anything else was facing Sergeant Dooly.

"The girl was a looker and the night was cold. It's too bad you had to let her go to your head like that."

"I was framed."

The sergeant eyed him coldly. "I been on this man's police force twenty-two years, and they ain't framed me yet. But if they did—!"

"I can't go and bust a woman on the jaw, can I?"

"No, you can't do that—not after she's took you in and fed you!" He nodded curtly and walked away, leaving Dennis angry and wretched.

It was so plain that they all believed the woman's story. And Sergeant Dooly, the old-fashioned, hard-fisted copper, could not forgive him for such treachery to the service. It was not so much that he should go in a flat for a social visit as what had happened and how. To back a truck up beside the patrol box and loot a store—as the lieutenant himself had put it, that was pretty raw!

And Dora. At first, he could tell, she meant to pass as though she hadn't seen him. But she stopped instead and looked at him, and her eyes were reproachful.

"I'm sorry, Dennis."

"I guess your dad told you."

"No; he didn't say a word."

"It was your friend Kleinert, then."

"Well, what if it was?" she flared at him. "But I'm awfully sorry," she went on more softly. "I always thought you'd make a swell policeman. A sergeant in the mounted—that's what I thought you'd be some day. Even when you were at McTerney's, playing cowboy, I could just see you some day riding a sergeant's horse in the mounted . . . I hear the woman was pretty," she added abruptly.

"What woman?"

She looked at him with a strange little smile. Exasperated, he cried at her:

"You'd believe anything you heard! Well, go ahead and believe it; believe everything they tell you. I went to her flat to arrest a man. She lied to me and— Oh, what's the use? Go ahead and believe it, Dora. I don't care."

He turned on his heels and hurried away, for bitter tears were stinging his eyes and he felt he was going to pieces.

The time had come to head for the West and begin his life all over. It would have been nice to return years later, a two-gun sheriff famed for his deeds. It would be nice to—

He swore at himself and strode down the street. It was all right for a kid to dream like that; but he was a man now, head of a family; it was time to be thinking of practical things; to be getting a job and clearing his name.

Dennis contemplated his knuckles with grim satisfaction. The two guns were a dream, but he had two fists, and he did not have to be a sheriff in the West to "get his man." Right here in New York he could follow that tradition. Days, weeks or years, it made no difference; he would stick until he got him.

There was not the slightest doubt in his mind that he'd been framed by the man who had vainly tried to bribe him. Somewhere on Dennis' former beat was a shack which he had wanted to use, but where it was and what he wished to store there he had cannily kept from saying.

It might be liquor, or maybe silk. Here was a growing racket with which the police were trying to cope. Silk was being smuggled in to evade the heavy duty. The usual ports for receiving it were Vancouver and Seattle. But boats for New York sometimes carried silk in bales of jute or hidden in other cargo.

The stuff was so precious, the duty so high, that a truck load of contraband would save several thousand dollars. Dennis knew of various dock-side rackets. The trick was to catch them at it.

He got a job with an express company. By day he delivered baggage; by night he searched in Brooklyn. If they had framed him just to be rid of him, they must still be using that certain shack. If he found the shack and bided his time, he'd eventually find his man.

So DENNIS prowled about Greenpoint with eyes alert for tell-tale signs. He found nothing. Then late one night, he saw his man emerge from a doorway which led, he knew, to a speak-easy up the stairs.

For an instant Dennis could think of nothing but assault and battery. Then a second man appeared. That made no difference; he'd beat him too, if necessary. He started towards them and suddenly stopped. The second man was Kleinert, not wearing his uniform.

In that moment of shock it came to Dennis that Kleinert must have had something to do with his being framed. He was more given to action than he was to brains, but he recognized that to reveal himself now would be folly.

This guy's racket, whatever it might be, must be more extensive than Dennis had suspected; for Kleinert's beat was in Manhattan, close to the North River docks, several miles from Brooklyn.

They entered a car and drove away. Dennis looked in vain for a taxicab. It was useless trying to follow them now. No matter; he'd made a start at last.

The following night he wandered around the district where Kleinert walked his beat. It is a district of factories and warehouses and huge storage plants; of freight yards and water-front hotels; of mammoth piers above whose roofs the masts and funnels of deep-sea ships point rakishly at the heavens.

A district of somber shadows by night, for then most of the buildings are dark and almost deserted. But it has one street which never sleeps—a long, wide thoroughfare quite unrelieved by beauty. The signposts call it "Eleventh Avenue." Its other name is "Death."

It got this name because of the accidents brought about by its freight trains. Two tracks extend down the middle of the avenue, and along them the cars go rumbling by with their freight. All through the night, from the distribution yards, hundreds of box cars being drawn to their rendezvous with commerce.

Passenger trains glide underground, smoothly pulled by electric locomotives. But New York's freight is not so modern: it jogs along "Death" Avenue behind an old-fashioned steam engine—and before it rides a horseman!

He is known to newspaper offices as the "Eleventh Avenue Cowboy." Sometimes on a dull afternoon a city editor will assign a reporter to write a humorous story about him. Passing motorists turn to grin at the sight of him riding, a lonely figure hunched on a horse, in front of the creeping freight train. There is something ludicrous about him in that city of mechanized speed.

Ludicrous, yes; but still he must ride, for the terms of the franchise say so. With a flag by day, a lantern by night,

he must go on his mount ahead of the train to warn motorists of its coming!

Dennis had always yearned for a horse, and here was his chance actually to get paid for riding one in the district patrolled by Kleinert. He could watch as he worked—an ideal arrangement. Some day, somehow, working there, he would find a means to settle the score.

He applied for the job and presently was enrolled as a railroad "cowboy." Night after night he rode his horse on the tracks of Eleventh Avenue. He even made a lasso and hung it on the pom-mel. Under his coat he wore a pistol—chiefly because he owned one.

It was pleasant to have a horse to ride. Jerry's ways were not a mustang's ways, but he had his qualifications. He could cross the bow of a taxicab without flicking an ear or batting an eye, so sublime was his faith in four-wheel brakes and the driver's will to use them.

The first time Dennis encountered Kleinert, the latter was lingering on a corner, idly swinging his night stick. He looked surprised at first, but then he grinned and called a derisive greeting: "Hello, cowboy! I see they picked you for the mounted!" Dennis was silent.

The next time he met Kleinert walking beat, the train he was leading had stopped for a switch, and he and Jerry were waiting.

"You want to watch out along here, cowboy. There's a dame whose husband gets corned to the eyes and then beats up her mother!"

"Yeah?"

"The old lady lives in Kansas City, but that don't matter; he's got a reach!"

"I notice you're always wearing your blue suit when you talk like that!"

"What do you mean?"

"If I take a sock at you, I'm resisting an officer!"

"Oh, yeah? If you take a sock at me, you're lying cold on the pavement!"

"You wait and see!" called Dennis as the whistle sounded for him to proceed. He rode on, bearing his lantern.

Each night, almost, he encountered the copper and had to endure his insults. But there was an afternoon when both were off duty, and Kleinert was wearing mufti. Dennis' pulses beat exultantly as he saw him waiting in front of Dora's house.

"Say something now, you flathead!"

"All right, cowboy!" But Kleinert didn't grin this time, and his hands went into his pockets.

It was a moment of savage joy for Dennis. So much had been storing up to be paid for, and his fists were aching to settle the score. He rushed at Kleinert and swung for his head. The fight was on in earnest.

Something jabbed into Dennis' jawbone. He felt the pain despite his rage, which was like an anæsthetic. Then he saw why that blow had hurt so much. Jack Kleinert's knuckles were covered with brass, which he had slipped from his pocket.

The blood streamed down from the cut in his cheek, and Dennis saw even redder. "You would, you snake! By heaven, I'll kill you!"

He struck out madly. But Kleinert was heavier, if not tougher, and his blows were cutting the other to bits.

A crowd had gathered, all yelling advice, for this was a parish of fighters. He heard a kid shrill, "He's wearing brass knucks!" and then, from the steps, came a frightened scream:

"Jack! Stop! You're killing him! Jack! You're killing him!"

But the knuckles kept tearing and



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## To guard against, to treat Sore Throat *gargle Listerine—reduces mouth germs 98%*

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the Micrococcus Catarrhalis, associated with head colds; the dangerous Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be



THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount. At the same time, it is one of the most powerful germicides known when used undiluted.

Within 15 seconds it kills the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the germ generally used to test antiseptic power because of its resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus, the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds** (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)



Dennis kept slugging, though his blows were getting wilder. Then something crashed and he felt himself falling. Again! All consciousness left him.

When Dennis revived he was in his own flat and his mother was washing away the blood. It was almost time to start to work.

"You're staying home, Denny."

"Nothing doing, Ma. I got to keep that job."

"There's other jobs."

"But not riding horses. I'll feel much better as soon as I get in the saddle."

Mrs. Duggery paused and looked at him strangely. "Dora Dooly was going to run in tonight and take care of you while I'm tending the Olivers' babies."

Something flashed through Dennis' mind. A frightened scream: "You're killing him! Jack!" Killing him, was he? She'd see how much that flathead killed him. Take care of him, would she?

"Tell her much obliged. But I'm off to work. What's she think I am—a baby?"

So he rode his horse on Eleventh Avenue, escorting the freight trains, a lantern slung from his elbow.

Kleinert did not appear to guy him. He watched in vain for the swaggering copper loafing along his beat from the river docks to the Central tracks.

Night after night, and still no Kleinert. Dennis' thoughts began to roam. This train which followed was crossing the Rockies, and the strong box in the baggage car had a heavy consignment of bullion. These huge brick buildings were canyon walls and Eleventh Avenue—well, Eleventh was a mountain pass where bandits lurked, ready to loot the bullion.

But Sheriff Duggery was riding guard, and he was death on bandits! He patted his pistol and muttered to Jerry.

A steamer whistled long and loud, as if she were mourning for someone. It must be twelve o'clock, thought Dennis; one of the transatlantic liners was leaving her pier.

He rode on down the avenue, watching for traffic at crossings. The train extended back two blocks and more, a dozen assorted box cars.

Now the engine stopped and blew a signal. Dennis rode up for orders.

"We're cutting off three cars at the dressed-meat plant," said the engineer. "We're pushing 'em in."

"I get you, chief."

Dennis jabbed his heels at Jerry's flanks and went cantering back along the train. The brakeman had already set the switch and the gates of the building were swinging open. A spur track ran from the street through the gate and into the loading warehouse.

DENNIS halted Jerry at the corner near the entrance. The cross-town street which passed the plant was dark and empty of traffic. A trainman signaled the engineer, and now the cars began to move. Slowly the first one took the switch and backed along the spur track.

Then a machine turned east from the docks and came roaring down the side street. Dennis waved his lantern; but instead of slackening speed, the car only came on the faster.

Now the end of the train was crossing the street.

"Fool!" gasped Dennis, for he saw that the driver was determined to pass before the cars could cut him off. Some crazy fellow driving a truck—drunk, perhaps. He clucked to Jerry and crossed the track, still quickly waving the lantern.

But the truck kept coming, speeding on towards that narrowing gap between

the train and the building. Dennis moved his horse till he blocked the way, but still the truck kept coming.

He heard the click of straining couplings and knew that the trainman had signaled to the engineer to stop. No matter; this fool had no right to pass, and Dennis would not let him.

Now the brakes were screeching to avoid collision with a far-from-scrawny Jerry.

"Steady, boy! We'll stop him"—and then he saw the pistol. A man had stepped out on the running board, one hand holding tight while the other hand raised a gun to menace the horseman.

"Get out of the way, you —!"

THE gun flashed red, but the truck was swerving and the bullet whizzed past Dennis. Now he had his own pistol. *Crack!* The man yelled. *Crack!* *Crack!* He pitched to the pavement.

Dennis whooped with excitement. Suddenly, out of his drab existence, had popped the biggest moment of a lifetime. For Jerry was bucking, a battle was on, and the air was pungent with powder!

"Who-oop!" yelled Dennis, just as he'd done as a stableboy, riding old Razzbo.

Now the truck had stopped and the driver was sliding out from behind the wheel. Dennis shot a headlight from sheer exuberance. The sounds of gun and shattering glass unnerved the driver, who started running towards the river.

"Whoop, Jerry!"

There was life in his horse tonight. Dennis, returning his gun to its holster, seized the lasso and began slipping the loop.

"Who-oop!" He swung it over his head, the rope taking shape as it whirled in the air. The man ran faster, but Jerry's hoofs were beating down at a quickly gaining tempo. Now he was on him; the loop shot forward; but just as it settled a pistol cracked and a pain stabbed through the horseman.

He steadied himself and reached for his gun. There was a second report, a flash of flame. Someone in a uniform standing in the shelter of a warehouse entrance; a light was over the door, and it gleamed on the badge of a copper!

"Kleinert!" thought Dennis. "He's shooting at me!"

He began to fire at the figure in the doorway. Three times he fired; then his pistol clicked, and there was no more response from the gun.

The pistol fell. He was losing his grip. He tried to press his knees to Jerry's flanks, but he couldn't manage. The horse was galloping, and Dennis tried . . . but he couldn't seem to stay. He began to slip. He was falling off. Jerry galloped on, and he tumbled . . .

There were screaming headlines in the tabloids, and the front pages of more conservative sheets carried vividly written columns. For once, the "Eleventh Avenue Cowboy" was not a subject for humor. Dennis' exploit meant more, it developed, than just a lurid episode with a touch of western glamour.

For when customs men caught up with their quarry they found, ready at hand, the means of stopping a growing dock-side racket. One gunman was dead, a policeman was wounded, and dragging along at the heels of a horse was a half-unconscious smuggler!

It was this last one, badly frightened, who started things by squealing. He gave the names of the higher-ups who directed the smuggling of Asian silk—Dennis' man included. He told who had

aided them at the pier. He gave away Officer Kleinert.

"Gypgie did some time up the river for sticking a guy with a chiv." "Gypgie" was the dead man. "The copper spotted him about a year ago, just when he was ready to start with a truck of silk. The copper recognized him right away. 'What's the racket, Gypgie?' he says. 'If it looks any good, I'm in on it.' He had Gypgie cold, and we cut him in, and he's been getting his divvy ever since."

So they had the goods on Kleinert.

In his bed at the hospital Dennis learned of all these things with amazement. It was hard to believe; but reporters came, and cameramen, and officials. A railroad boss said he'd get a raise for being a wide-awake cowboy. A customs man said he'd get a reward.

But most surprising was Dora.

"Oh, Dennis, when I think how you might've been killed! It was all my fault, your getting shot! . . . Oh, yes, it was," she assured him. "When I saw what he did to you that day, wearing brass knuckles, the great big coward, I told him he needn't ever expect to see me again. I was through with him."

"You told him that, Dora?"

The blue eyes flashed. "Of course I did. What would you expect I'd do?"

He looked at her: the straight little nose, the crimson lips, the dark hair tucked behind her ears, which were so petite and dainty. Dora's eyes, that could be so roguish, were soft beneath their lashes.

"I don't know as I could hardly blame him. If I had you and then you told me I was through, I'd feel like shooting somebody, too."

Slender fingers touched his cheek. "Dennis!"

"Of course. What would you expect?"

"But Dennis, he never had me."

"Never! I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought. I'm very particular, I'll have you know, and I don't care much for patrolmen. Now, the mounted—" She stopped with a smile; saucy she looked and artful.

"Yes, the mounted's the best of the whole department. I'd have got in the mounted if I had—stuck. Why, Dora! What's the matter?"

For suddenly she was crying. He groped for a reason. Could it be that she cared? Could it be that Dora was feeling sad because of that frame-up woman?

"I want to tell you. You don't have to believe me—but it's the truth. I want to tell you, Dora. That night in Brooklyn, when I went in that flat; what I said at the trial was true; I never—"

"I know," she nodded, patting his cheek. "I never really believed what she said. I knew you were all right, Dennis."

"You knew? How?"

"Oh, I could tell. Things like that—I feel them."

He lay there watching her, marveling anew at such an ineffable creature. Now the tears were gone, and a smile had changed her as if by magic.

"I can't keep it any longer. I've got to tell."

"What, Dora?"

"It's supposed to be a secret," she whispered excitedly. "Dad told me, and I really oughtn't to tell. He heard it down at Headquarters. Dennis, guess! Oh, you couldn't guess. That woman has just confessed you were framed; but even if she hadn't, it made no difference. They're putting you in the mounted!"

She leaned down and kissed him; she couldn't help it when she saw that look spread over his face. He would never know—she would never tell him—that she had gone to the commissioner himself and pleaded Dennis' case before him.



# 29 New York Beauty Experts

## endorse olive and palm oil method to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Pierre, Rose Laird, Dumas, Robert, members of world-group of more than 20,000 beauty experts who declare Palmolive essential to complexion care.



**ROSE LAIRD**  
Whose charming salon looks out on the spot where Fifth Avenue meets Central Park.

*"Other soaps may irritate," says Rose Laird. "Palmolive is safe and protective. Its vegetable oils make soap and water safe for all skin, however sensitive."*

*Rose Laird*



*Look at the lovely faces one sees on Fifth Avenue, at the smartest restaurants, in the theatres of New York. That Schoolgirl Complexion is, indeed, sweeping New York!*



**PIERRE**  
Of the fashionable Plaza district, says: "Don't experiment with beauty. Use Palmolive."



**DUMAS**  
Beauty specialist of the Savoy-Plaza, New York, recommends Palmolive to his patrons.



**ROBERT**  
Whose Fifth Avenue salon is extremely chic, is another New York beauty specialist who emphasizes the value of Palmolive.

**N**EW YORK, our most sophisticated capital, is adopting a simple rule of complexion care, on the advice of its well-known specialists in beauty culture.

Pierre, whose 57th street salon invites only the elect. Rose Laird, with her exclusive patronage and her reputation for performing marvels. It is such specialists who've taught New Yorkers how to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

### *Their method is simple*

These beauty specialists—and others (indeed, more than 20,000, when one includes the thousands all over Europe)—find in Palmolive Soap a skin cleanser and beauty protection that just can't be equaled.

They like, first of all, its olive oil content. They like the gentle but thorough fashion in which it cleanses—and the soft, smooth, fresh feeling it gives the skin. "The glamorous freshness of youth," they call this much-desired texture.

Use your hands to make a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water (not hot water—that's hard on the skin). Massage this in, then rinse it off and you'll find you're rinsing away dirt and impurities that would otherwise cause serious skin blemishes. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. Use this treatment as a base for make-up . . . and you'll keep that schoolgirl complexion.

New Yorkers are taking this advice seriously. So are smart Parisiennes. So, in fact, are millions of women the world over. You'll find it both an inexpensive and delightful treatment, since Palmolive, as you know, costs only 10 cents the bar.

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6275

# Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c



## Arise and Shine by Irvin S. Cobb (Continued from page 65)

as the greedy summer dark eats up the last bites of the afterglow and what has been a prolonged dusk turns quickly now into smooth velvety blackness that is spangled with the winking sparks of lightning bugs' tail-lamps.

Across the commons I hear a lonesome whippoorwill bidding good-by to the gloaming, and overhead I hear bull bats exult while they course after the nimble mosquitoes, and from a "calacanthus" bush hear a vireo talking out in its sleep. And I hear Doctor Lake's grimly whimsical voice propelling the tale along.

"LET'S see, where'bouts was I? Oh, yes. We'd about exhausted the sight-seeing possibilities of this sorry little place where we were held up and in the twilight we were straggling along toward the depot when Jimmy Bagby, that'd strayed off from the bunch, came bulging around a corner, and says he: 'Slow up there, boys' he says. 'Ef you thought nothin' ever happened in this stick-in-the-mud hamlet except mornin', noon and night, you were dead wrong, that's all. Because right up this here side alley a piece, somethin's gittin' ready to happen. A whole swarm of native Yankees air hived up in a little meetin'-house in their full regalia, like ez ef for a turnout.'

"Well, whut of it?" says Squire Gatlin. 'Mebbe they've finally seen the evil of their past ways and air assembled together to ask divine forgiveness fur havin' sided with them Black Abolitionists up North ag'inst their own kith and kin. Ef so, let 'em be, the dern' renegades!'

"But one of 'em is in the middle of a bad fix,' says Bagby. 'Frum whut I gather, they're aimin' to church him in front of the whole congregation.'

"Well, that's different, then," says Squire Gatlin. 'Ef a southern-born blue-belly is in distress, that's a sight now that I mout enjoy lookin' at it fur a spell. Le's witness these pleasant proceedin's. Whut d'ye say to that, you-all?'

"We all said it sounded like a good notion, and we drifted along to a little church. The doors and all the windows were open and she was lighted up with lamps, and we could see she was pretty well filled up with men and women.

"One smallish man in uniform was humped up on the mourners' bench all by himself and nursing an old G. A. R. hat on his knee as though that hat was the only close friend he had left in the world. About fifteen or twenty others, all dressed like him, were sitting in a group a few pews back of him.

"And up on the little raised platform, dominating the scene and, as you might say, kind of hovering over it, was a spindly-built, gander-necked, lantern-jawed, gimlet-eyed person in a tight-fitting shiny black coat and a low turndown collar and a white string tie—the regulation country exhorter type and get-up—and he was praying away. The squire here christened him the Reverend Mr. String Bean, and that's the name I've always thought of him by since.

"Boys," says somebody, 'Jimmy Bagby was right! Creep in tiptoe, so's not to interrupt, and get in the back row.' Which we did. We slipped in quietly, so that very few people noticed us.

"Until now I don't know what particular creed owned this particular church but it must have been a creed that believed the Almighty hated anything bright or pretty, such as flowers and fresh paint and stained-glass

windows, because you never in all your life saw such a bleak, bare, gloomy little box as this was.

"Leading the procession, I edged into a rear pew where just one man was sitting. I settled down alongside him and the rest of our troop followed on in; and when the minister finished up his prayer, I took advantage of the ensuing lull to whisper to this fellow next to me and ask him what it was all about.

"He grinned back at me, 'Hit's old man Timmy Godfrey, that dried-up old cuss settin' solitary-like up yan. They 'low to try him fur bein' a turrible liar, which he is!'

"And if they should find him guilty, then what?" I says.

"Why, then," he says, 'they'll read him out of his fellership and give him over unto the outer darkness, which'll jest about break his heart because he shore does set a heap of store by feller-shippin' with this here denomination. He ain't got a show to beat the evidence, neither,' he says.

"But why is he dressed up the way he is?" I says. 'And why are the rest of those Federals dressed up to match him?'

"Well," says this willing informant of mine, 'it's helt that he done his most turrible lyin' lately at a meetin' over in G. A. R. Hall. He'd been warned before and promised solemn to repent, but this time he backslid worse'n ever. So when they got ready to fotch him up on this special charge, them others, they sort of rallied round and decided to show up in their soldierin' clothes.'

"I see—for moral support," I says. 'But why don't some of 'em sit by him, then, and give him comfort?'

"Ag'in' orders," he says. 'The preacher give it out that old Timmy wuz to be left alone, like a goat set apart frum the sheep. And they ain't ary a one under this roof-tree that'd dare go ag'in' whut that thar preacher-man orders. And not many out frum under it, neither. He nigh runs this settlemint,' he says.

"Before I could get any further line from him touching on the situation, the clerical gent began limbering up his arms and flexing his throat muscles for the main fireworks, so we both stopped talking and started in listening.

"IT DIDN'T take our fellows long to size him up. By his own lights I reckon the Reverend Bean was sanctified clear on up to the gills but right away you could see the God he worshiped was a God of Vengeance and Punishment; could see the religion he practiced didn't have any room in it for the thing called charity. He had such a venomous style of spitting out his words—even words that stand for compassion and for goodness and for holiness!

"Before he'd been going half a minute I was ready to swear that he'd already sprouted fourteen rattles and a button, and that his poison-sacs hung down on him like dewlaps on a cow. To finish him out as a completed specimen, he needed just one thing and that was one of these rasping voices that'll file your nerves to a frazzle in no time at all. And, by Grabs, he had that, too! For what he was, there wasn't a flaw in him.

"I'm not going to try to quote him or mimic him much—just lump his general remarks. He began with a few pointed statements touching on the crime of lying. To hear him tell it, lying was about the most abominable crime a

human being could commit; and a liar was so loathsome in the sight of Heaven that he didn't have a ghost of a show in this world or the next.

"And while he didn't express it exactly in those terms, still you gathered from what he said that the pits of doom were so full of liars that all Hell must smell like somebody frying ham. Having given us this outline of the fate of liars in common, the orator approached the matter of one liar specifically.

"By now he was getting in quite a weaving way, prancing to and fro in front of the pulpit and waving his two arms until there was a good half-yard of skinny arm sticking out of each black sleeve. And every time he aimed his condemning eyes on the defendant—which was frequently—and every time he stabbed at the defendant with that long bony forefinger of his, the poor little old wretch seemed to shrivel up smaller, and get more ashamed.

"If he'd been burning at the stake, it couldn't have been much worse on him, along there; and him fumbling at his hat and hunching his shoulders against the blasts. It was almost as though all the rest of us had vanished into space and just the two of them were left there alone—this miserable little Timothy Godfrey and that lanky bigot in black who was judge, jury, prosecutor, chief accuser—yes, and hangman—all rolled into one.

"All at once the Reverend hunkered until his face was almost on a level with Godfrey's face, and he fairly spat out something like this:

"Not onc't but twic't—yea, verily thrice and yit a fourthly and a fifthly time, O stiff-naiked evildoer which you air, you wuz ketched up short in the snare of your lyin' transgressions. Ag'in and yit ag'in, I edmonished you and each time you promised fur to repent of your wickedness and furever after walk in the straight and narrer path of the truth-teller. And each time a wicked and a waggin' tongue onc't ag'in led you astray. And the last time I warned you, I p'intedly told you wuz the final time of warnin'. And then whut did you do?

"O brethren, O sistren, hearken unto me whilst I tell you whut he done. Havin' not the fear in his heart of the dread Lawd Gourd Ermighty but prompted by the old forky-tailed Devil and none other whutsoever, he stood up last Monday night wuz a week—stood up bold ez brass, bold ez Sapphira, bold ez the Father of Lies himself, before his cumruds, and then and there he told the most outrageous, the most owdacious, the most unbelievable lie of all.

"He told a lie which more'n stamped him ez bein' unworthy to bide another minute in this here sacred fold of the elect and the saved! He told a lie which it's a wonder an all-hearin' Creator didn't strike him down daid in his tracks fur it, same ez He done by Ananias of old!

"The Reverend stopped for breath along here, and then he came out of his squat like a bent mainspring—yes, like a coiled snake—and he straightened himself until he looked to be about nine feet tall and he yells in a screech:

"Out of the onwillin' mouth of one of his cumruds, I'm now a-goin' to convict this here trapped and pursistent sinner. Brother Anderson Willetts, I call on you ez an elder of this church to give your evidences. Stand up and stand forth, Brother Willetts, and bear witness before man and Gourd ez to whut with your own ears you heared last Monday night wuz a week.'

"So with that up got one of the G. A. R. bunch, a nervous, sandy-haired





## "Women...like movies need a theme-song"

says LOIS WILSON

"Theme songs... how they stay with you! Steal into your very heart... haunt your thoughts for days... for years, forever, maybe! Some girls... wise girls... have theme-songs, too. A wisp of fragrance... that's always with them. Slipping subtly into the senses of everyone who knows them! My theme-song?... I knew you'd ask! It's Seventeen... a fragrance just like its name... naive, yet awfully wise... languorous, yet staccato too! I wear it always—for the mood it brings me—a mood so young—well... not more than Seventeen!"



### *Eight Toiletries bear the scent of Seventeen*

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# Seventeen





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Into a glass of cool, fresh water, pour a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Then—drink it down, the sparkling, bubbling mixture!

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party, and from the way he blinked and from the way he kept clearing his throat and fumbling at his coat lapels, he showed he wasn't any too tickled over taking on this job of being a spy.

"Well, friends," he begins very reluctantly, 'mebbe 'twuzn't so bad ez whut some folks mout let on. We—we wuz all sort of cross-firin' back and forth with this and that, dealin' with our military records whilst puttin' down the late Rebellion and—and, well, mebbe 'tis a fact that Brother Godfrey here did git to braggin' a leedle about his own sheer endurin' of the big rookus. But shuckin's now, I wouldn't hold that too hard ag'in' him, and besides, effen he's given mebbe jest one more chanc't—"

"But poor old Willetts didn't get any further along that line—the boss cut him off short. That preacher wasn't going to let his prize informer turn into an attorney for the defense.

"Hold!" he yells. 'Hold, Brother Willetts. 'Tain't fur you to decide whut punishment this lost soul merits! That's fur the Lawd Gourds anointed servant to say. It's your Christian duty to state whut wuz said—that and no more. Purceed, Brother Willetts.'

"Well," says Willetts, 'ef you must know, whut he sez wuz this: He sez that endurin' of the third year of the war, down in Alabama somewhars or other, whilst his regiment wuz facin' the enemy and both sides restin' up after a right brisk leedle engagement, the captain of his company sent him out betwixt the lines to cut a dry tree fur firewood. And he sez he picked out one which the butt of it wuz bored through part-ways whar a solid shot frum one of our batteries had hit it plum' center in the middle two days before, him a-figgerin', he sez, that 'twould be easier to fell a tree which had a big hole already tore in the bole than one with a solid trunk.

"And he sez that all the time he's choppin' away he hears a curious kind of a buzzin' noise inside that there tree but don't pay no heed, thinkin' mebbe some kind of worm is borin' at the peth—or somethin'. And then he sez that when he gives her the finishin' lick with his ax, and she snaps off and comes tumblin' down, there's a big whiny noise and that there cannonball comes whizzin' out from whar it's been bedded in and goes sailin' away through the timber and he sees her hit, *kerspang*, in a bresh breastworks which the Johnny Rebs had th'owed up, and he sees Rebels tumble over ever' which-a-way . . . Well, friends, that's all Cumrud Godfrey did say last Monday night wuz a week.'

"And with that Willetts sat down again, looking powerfully grief-stricken over having had to betray a friend. To me, the most wonderful part was that nobody had snickered out. But nobody had. These people were taking the whole thing as seriously as though it had been Holy Writ. There was a solid hush on them. And we fellows in that back pew were choking back our laughs and almost suffocating in the attempt, when the Reverend butted in again with that triumphant sawmill voice of his.

"Timothy Godfrey," he says, 'do you deny a-sayin' whut Elder Anderson Willetts admits you said?'

"The groveling old boy shakes his pitiful head the least little bit and mumbles something which is indistinct but which, as it sounds to me, is not meant for a plea or a confession or even for an apology. As near as I can make out, he's mustered up enough spunk to try to claim that the incredible marvel really happened. Well, cornered like he was, there was nothing else for him to do.

"Evidently that's the interpretation



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**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE.. 25¢**



the vindictive parson puts on this mumbly, because he rears back ready to strike, for all the world like an executioner with a lifted sword. But the blow never falls because, all in a second, Billy Priest here includes us all in a broad wink and he says: 'Boys, stand ready to back up my play, because here's where I 'rise and shine!'

"And with that, while we're still wondering what on earth he's got it in his head to do, he heaves up on his feet and in that best courthouse voice of his he loudly calls: 'My friends, I beg your pardon, but will you kindly give me your attention for a space?' That's what it was you called out, wasn't it, Billy?"

"Substantially," stated the judge. "And in all modesty I leave it to those amongst you who wuz there whether or not, havin' ariz, I then shone!"

From at least three present came a giggled assent. Doctor Lake went on:

"Shone? I'm here to state you were as shiny as a counterfeit gold piece! And yet, somehow, you old scoundrel, you were so dog-gone convincing about it that once or twice during what followed, and notwithstanding my knowing you as well as I did, I mighty near believed you were telling the Gospel truth."

"Be that as it may, gentlemen, when Billy reared up that way and broke into the picture, the entire audience, including the convicted man, turned their heads and stared at him—and at us. I saw the preacher's underjaw drop. It was plain he didn't know what to make of this any more than the members did."

"So Billy wriggled out of the pew, and with enormous dignity, he waddled up the middle aisle to the front; and I saw him give Godfrey a seemingly inadvertent little nudge as he passed."

"And then he bowed low to the dumfounded dominie, and he turned around and faced the congregation and raised his hands to invoke silence—believe me, he got it, too, a ton of it. Then, speaking not in that affected country-jake way that he uses so as to fool the rural population when he's running for reelection, but as he does from the Bench, he says:

"My friends, my excuse for now addressing you is likewise my reason for so doing. I am thus emboldened because I feel that a pressing obligation has been laid upon me. I am a stranger to you; all of us are strangers to you. Therefore, I must in a word introduce myself and my companions to you and offer, as it were, our credentials."

"We are from the adjoining state of Kentucky. In my home I occupy a judicial position of trust and some importance. These gentlemen accompanying me are all reputable and respected citizens of that same community. All of us, as you may have guessed from the garb some of us wear, are ex-Confederates."

"In our party we number a leading physician of our town, Doctor Lake, will you stand!" (I stood up, feeling like a jackass but keeping my face frozen.) "We number also a beloved pastor. Reverend Minor, please get up for one moment." (The dear old fellow did it, his eyes twinkling.)

"My dear friends, we thought until just now that it was by chance we temporarily were stranded this night in your fair little city. We thought until five minutes ago that a whim born of mere curiosity had led us to intrude upon your deliberations. But now, my friends, we see in it all—in our being delayed here; in our presence here—we see the hand of a Higher Will revealed."

"We see made manifest the workings of that Providence which ever moves in

a mysterious way its wonders to perform. Bear with me but a moment and you, too, will behold the workings of that same manifestation. You, too, henceforth will bear witness to it as I now am about to bear witness."

"For lo, my friends, impossible as it sounded to you at first blush, what this worthy and wrongfully accused gentleman, this former foeman of mine and of my people, told his fellow veterans on the occasion just mentioned, was not a lie but a sober fact. For I was there when it all happened exactly as he declared it happened. At least three others whom I shall name were present and can corroborate my allegation that it did indeed happen."

"Billy stops here long enough to ask Godfrey a couple of questions. This is his first one: 'My dear sir,' he says, 'was or was not the date of this most remarkable occurrence, as narrated by you, the twenty-third day of September, eighteen hundred and sixty-three—and the hour approximately eleven-thirty in the forenoon?'

"GODFREY'S got the gumption to grab at hope. Quick as a flash he up and says: 'Yep, that's precisely when 'twuz.'

"So Billy fires his second question: 'And was or was not the place alluded to a certain woodland of mixed oak and hickory some nine miles east by south of the town of Selma, Alabama?'

"Mister, it shore wuz," says Godfrey. 'But mostly hick'ry,' he says. He wasn't a fool by any means."

"I don't know yit why it wuz I said Selma. It jest popped into my mind," interjected Judge Priest."

"Dry up!" snapped Doctor Lake, and went on with his narrative."

"Ahah!" whoops Billy. 'Ahah!' he says. 'My friends, hearken to this further confirmation, this absolute and indisputable revelation: My command was lying behind a log shelter on the farther side of that selfsame woodland; we had just finished building that defense. We saw a young man of the northern forces enter that timber and begin felling a tree."

"He was two hundred yards away, about, but we could see him plainly. We could easily have shot him down, but by an unvoiced mutual consent a sort of truce prevailed that day and some of our people also were gathering sticks there between the lines. So our sharpshooters spared him."

"Idly watching, we saw the tree which he had attacked totter and descend with a muffled crash. And then, my friends, at that moment, with no roar from a piece of artillery to herald its approach and from the identical point where that tree dropped, a cannonball came whizzing through our breastwork and landed right where a squad of us were cooking our frugal dinner, scattering us in every direction but doing us no injury."

"Captain Woodward, you were fortunately there and saw it. Doctor Lake, you were there. Former Magistrate Gatlin, you likewise were there. Have I, or have I not, just described what actually took place?"

"And of course Woodward and Gatlin and I answered right back—pitiful old frauds that we were—and said Yes; said it out loud and clear. Well, if you could have seen the sensation that had been created by now you'd have thought that much would have satisfied Billy Priest. But no, the durned fat perjurer must wedge home some Scriptural argument to clinch it absolutely tight. He swings

halfway around and proceeds to drive a few Biblical rivets right through the Reverend Bean's agitated bosom."

"Minister," he says, 'who are we, humble worms of the dust, that we should seek to fathom the meanings of the Powers and the Forces which direct us from On High? It is known to all that there is such a thing in nature as suspended animation, for, out of cavities in solid rocks that were a thousand years old—yea, older than that—living frogs have been released. It is known that potential energy may be held at will by purely mechanical means, and loosed at will. That last is done through human agencies."

"But when we come to miracles—ah, then it is that reason stands confounded and faith rises triumphant. In that Book on that pulpit behind me it is written that for the undoing of the enemies of the Lord's chosen people, Joshua commanded the sun and the moon to stand still and they obeyed him."

"If you believe that—and you must, if you believe the Old Testament, as I know you do from cover to cover, and if you believe—as most of you, I take it, do believe—that the North prevailed over the South because the Lord was on your side and not on ours, can you doubt that this cannonball was especially chosen as an instrument to prove where and how the Lord stood? I say No!"

"I don't know whether Billy meant to go any further but if he did, by stopping just then to catch his breath, he lost his chance. Because the next second that crowd just naturally went crazy by acclamation."

"It wasn't necessary to take any vote—they'd already acquitted old Godfrey. But it did seem to me that the Reverend Bean seemed just a trifle downcast and disappointed. He made me think of a hungry chicken hawk that's been cheated out of a fat pullet."

"Well, after a while we managed to escape from the mob and we dusted down to the depot, escorted by the entire strength of the G. A. R. post. Just before we finished shaking hands with them and climbed aboard the sleeper, the vindicated Timmy Godfrey, grinning a sly, dry grin, poked Billy Priest in the ribs, and he says to him: 'Cumrud,' he says, 'I'm powerful sorry you don't live close by these here parts. Tubby sure, I've had my lesson, but ef ever I slip ag'in, in my hour of need you'd shorely fit in mouty handy!'

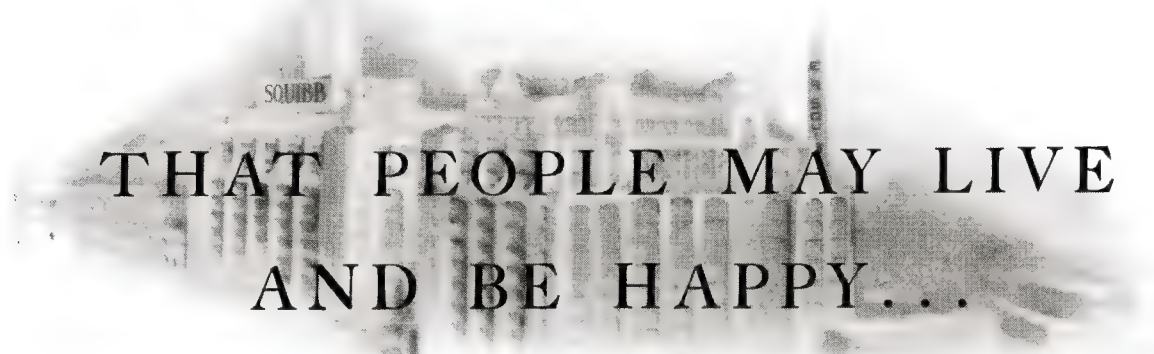
"And with that he hauled off right in front of everybody and hugged Billy. He did so! Well, like is drawn to like, wherever found!" concluded Doctor Lake."

"BILLY," spoke up Squire Gatlin, "I've always had it figgered out in my mind that the reason you done whut you done that time wuz because you jest natchelly felt so sorry fur that pore leedle licked, pestered, downtrod man, and him a-cringin' there at the mercy of that there fanatical pulp-pounder, with nobody, without it wuz some stranger like you, to put up a fight fur him!"

"Not a-tall," protested Judge Priest indignantly, as though charged with utterly heinous impulses. "I did it because it felt so good to be foolin' a bunch of Yankee sympathizers, that's all!"

"What did I tell you, son?" said Doctor Lake to me. Bending forward, he dealt Judge Priest an affectionately condemnatory slap on a very broad back. "Once a liar, always a liar! And still a liar!"





## THAT PEOPLE MAY LIVE AND BE HAPPY...

**T**HOSE WHO serve medicine serve humanity. Theirs can never be an ordinary business. Nor can their success be measured by commercial standards. The conscientious maker of medicinal products must combine the ideals of the scientist with the pride of the artist... forgetting profit, remembering quality of product.

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS is more a professional institution than a commercial business. Its tools are science, experience and skill. Within its organization are more doctors than engineers, more chemists and pharmacists than business executives. And although it is one of the great businesses of the country, there is no thought of quantity over quality.

Squibb Products are made according to a single standard: the highest that the modern laboratory can attain. And whether it be a complex drug or a simple household remedy, every Squibb Product is tested many times in the making. Squibb quality can always be depended on.

No wonder then that doctors often specify the name Squibb in important prescriptions. Or that pharmacists display the Seal of Squibb over their prescription counters as an evidence of dependability. Or that the greatest surgeons and hospitals look to the Squibb Laboratories for many important professional products which demand unusual care and skill to make. And it is no coincidence that those drug stores which you

consider the finest and most trustworthy are always ready to offer you a wide range of products under the Squibb label.

So, when you select products for your home medicine cabinet—products that you will use in sickness and in health, and which may vary in purity according to the manufacturer—remember the name Squibb. The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of the maker.

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E. R. Squibb & Sons make every type of medicinal preparation. Listed below are some of the Squibb Products most frequently purchased for the home. It is interesting that in preparing purer products, Squibb has also made products that are more palatable, pleasanter to take. This better taste is simply another evidence of quality and purity.

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SQUIBB BORIC ACID POWDER	SQUIBB BICARBONATE OF SODA
SQUIBB EPSOM SALT	SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER
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MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858



## Eyes to See by Royal Brown (Continued from page 83)

scales with some rural suitor," he had teased.

That had been Monday, and now it was Thursday. And she was going back with her mind made up. She— But Bob was back with her suitcase.

"I'll come out tomorrow and be sure everything is all right," he promised.

"Oh, that would be an imposition—" "I have the interests of the fire-insurance companies at heart," he cut in as he backed the car. "I insured the house for your father, you know."

Bob sold insurance, as did so many small-town lawyers. Imagine Chan selling insurance as a side line!

"And besides, my child," Bob added, "I know of no reason why the fact that you are going to marry a better man should make me stop doing what I can for you. That—well, that wouldn't seem logical."

AND realist though she was, Faith was touched. He *was* a dear. "You really ought to stop for your own sake, Bob," she said. "You ought to find some nice girl and marry her. I don't want to feel I've spoiled your life. And if you never marry I—"

"Many men never marry." "But you were made for some woman!" "Let's say one woman—and drop the subject. It's a beautiful night, don't you think?"

She refused to be diverted. "I don't see why you think I'm the one woman. I wonder if you really know me." "I've had plenty of opportunity to study you."

"Perhaps; but there's always been what you call the illusion—"

"Always," he admitted. "And always, too, a wonder if you really know yourself." He paused. Then: "You really came to Leicester to discover something about yourself—and Chan, of course. You haven't given *him* a definite answer yet."

"How did you know that?" she gasped. "Oh, even a country lawyer uses his wits occasionally," he retorted.

They were already back in Leicester; he was drawing up to the curb outside the old Leicester House. This was just a small-town hotel; yet, like Leicester, it had been famous in its day.

Tonight, as always, its yellow radiance was pleasant. The dining room was all but deserted. The ancient colored majordomo hovered over them. Bob glanced at Faith.

"Oh, order anything, so long as it's quick," she said.

Her train left at seven-ten. She would arrive in New York after midnight; tomorrow Chan would have his answer. In the meantime, here she was with Bob. She had told him, two hours before, that she was going to marry another man. And now:

"I'd feel easier if you showed some interest in your food," he was saying.

Their eyes met. She had always liked his eyes. They had a certain distinction that blended well with his lazy charm. He had good blood in him; he was the sort of man a girl could take dinner with without discomfort, after rejecting him.

Chan, surely, would be making one last fervent plea. But Bob merely made conversation. That made it easy for her. And yet, perversely, she found herself criticizing him again—as always.

"How's the law business?" she asked.

He smiled. "I'm not being rushed," he admitted. "I went over to Elderboro this morning to draw up a will for Johan Saunders. Remember him?"

Faith did. "Did he pay you?"

Bob shook his head. "I'll send him a bill, later."

"He never will pay you." "I suppose not. That's why I charged him only fifty cents."

"Fifty cents!" echoed Faith. "That's all I can afford to lose."

Faith said nothing for a moment. Then: "Well, your law business gives you plenty of time for hunting and fishing, anyway," she remarked.

"Exactly," he agreed. "I never could fathom you."

"I did not know you ever made any effort to," he retorted, and added, "You saw your uncle Amos, I suppose."

Faith nodded. "I'm a bit worried about him," Bob went on. "He doesn't seem well."

"Have you been making his will, too?" "I handle all his legal affairs."

"And how busy they must keep you!" remarked Faith satirically.

As always, he irritated her. Why should he tell her about making a will for fifty cents? Or drag her uncle Amos into the conversation?

"Of course Bob is charming and he has some money, but in everything that counts he's your uncle Amos over again," Faith's mother had thought it wise to remind Faith some years before.

Faith had known what she meant, without explanatory footnotes.

When her own grandfather had moved on toward New York his brother, her great-uncle Amos, had stayed on in the old brick house in which they had both been born. He had been content to take that as his share of the estate, and let Faith's grandfather have the cash. He had never married. When he had been graduated from high school, Uncle Amos had gone to work as a clerk in the local hardware store. He had begun at a dollar and fifty cents a week. He had been there ever since—fifty-seven years, now—and probably made twenty-five or thirty at the most.

One of Faith's earliest memories of Leicester was her first glimpse of Uncle Amos, fixed in mind by what her mother had then said.

"I'm sorry we bought a summer place here," her mother had told Faith's father, with great feeling. "If I had known about your uncle Amos—"

"Oh, don't let him worry you. Leicester is a small town, and everybody has relatives doing all sorts of things," her father had cut in. "Nobody thinks twice about it."

"Nobody in Leicester, perhaps. But our friends who come to visit us certainly must. He's so—well, servile. The way he rushes around in his shirt sleeves. Just like a frightened rabbit."

"I never saw a frightened rabbit in shirt sleeves," her father had offered.

Faith's mother had refused to be side-tracked. "I'm not a snob, goodness knows. But I wish we could go somewhere else. I'm so sick of explaining that he's just eccentric. And the way he lives! Just that one room on the top floor. Even Leicester talks about that, I know—renting the rest of the house. I try to dodge him, but Leicester is so small. And then I have to explain."

Later, Faith had got her mother's viewpoint. It *was* awkward, when you had girl friends from New York visiting you, to have to explain about Uncle Amos. She herself had wished sometimes that they might leave Leicester.

But she had known by that time why it wasn't so easy. It costs a lot to live in New York; they were always a bit hard up. "Perhaps next year—if business

is better," had been her father's annual promise for years. But there was always something to prevent.

Through two winters, in fact, Faith and her mother had stayed on in Leicester. "We think it best for Faith—much better than city life for a growing girl," her mother had explained.

But Faith had known better. "We're retrenching," she had informed Bob.

She hadn't minded, then. The winters in Leicester had angles of appeal. One of them was Bob. He could do anything. He had taught her how to skate and taken her to ride on his double-runner. In fact, when Faith was thirteen and he seventeen, he was a king in Babylon and she his Christian slave—though never clothed in obvious humility.

Then Bob had gone to Dartmouth and after that to Harvard Law School. While still in law school he had come into his heritage: the old house fronting the Common; the law practice that had been his father's; the three or four thousand a year that made it possible for him to surrender to Leicester's charm.

So now he was just a small-town lawyer, with a negligible practice. And she was to marry Chan.

In spite of herself, she surrendered to a sudden childish desire to shake the equanimity with which Bob faced her, across the table. "You haven't asked a single question about Chan," she said.

"Why should I? I've heard you outline the only sort of man you could marry—and I do not doubt that he measures up."

"And you never cared enough even to try to." She had not meant to say that, but it struck her that it was true. She had never been able to change Bob.

"Let's say, rather, that I've never been able to get your viewpoint," he substituted. "It would not be fair, surely, to pretend to be other than I am."

"And what are you?" she demanded.

"Bad news to anybody who prefers to think well of the human race, I suppose. But is this the moment to rub that in?"

Faith realized that it wasn't. "It's just because I—well, I do hate to think of your wasting yourself. I shan't see you again soon; perhaps not for a long time—" She broke off abruptly. She was an idiot! What had got into her? "Sorry," she apologized, and glancing at her wrist watch, noted the time with relief. "It's almost seven."

THEY had a few moments at the station. Then the train rolled in. She offered him her hand; looked up at him. If he had wanted to kiss her, she would have let him; but he merely took her hand.

"I shan't ever forget the many nice times we've had together," she said. "You were always a dear—I know you were tonight. And I was horrid." She felt her eyes smart. But all he said was:

"All good things—always."

And the train took her southward. She still felt almost tearful. Well, that was inevitable, she supposed. Bob *had* moved in and out of her life for years. They had never written regularly but she had heard from him now and then. Of course she wouldn't hear from him that way again. This was final.

But nothing in life ever is. It was only a week later when his wire came.

YOUR UNCLE AMOS DIED THIS MORNING STOP FUNERAL SERVICES AT THREE PM FRIDAY STOP I FEEL THAT YOU SHOULD BE PRESENT IF POSSIBLE

She read it a second time. She could

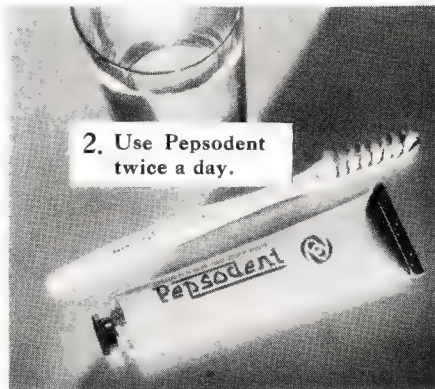


## Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth

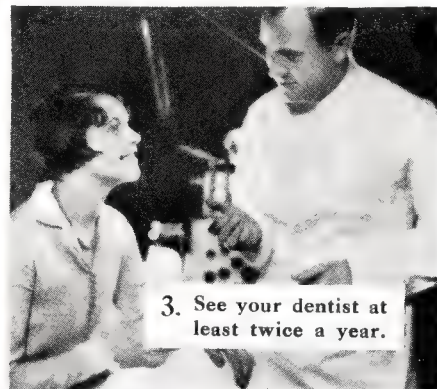


### 1. Follow this diet daily:

*One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the appetite.*



### 2. Use Pepsodent twice a day.



### 3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

# Eat correctly...See your Dentist ...Use Pepsodent twice a day

These are the three rules to follow  
if you seek lovely, healthy teeth

**E**ACH day new discoveries are made in dentistry. Now it's found that the proper diet aids greatly in building natural resistance to decay and gum disorders. Above is shown a list of foods to be included in the diet.

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There is another highly important thing that you yourself can do to keep teeth strong and healthy. On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth turn dull.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, film must be removed each day.

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

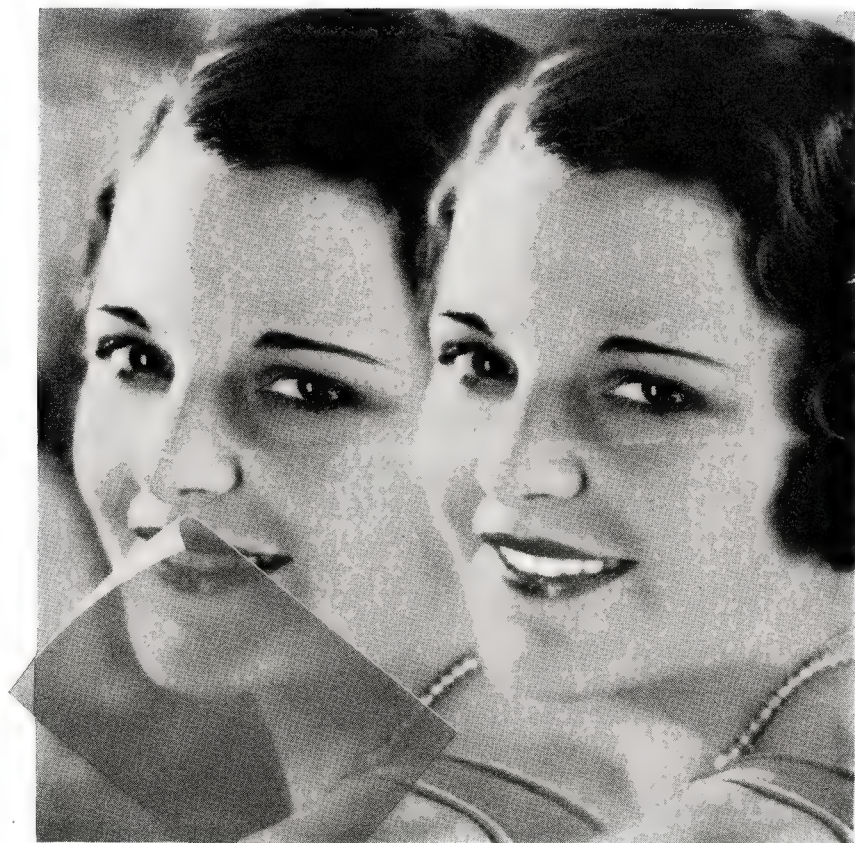
Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth.

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—the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.



# Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.



● MARGARET KING, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. King, Jr., Albany, N. Y.



They thought  
they couldn't  
raise her . . .  
*but look at her now!*

THINK of the proud joy of being the mother of this lovely baby! Beautiful, clear-eyed Margaret King of Albany. Upon seeing her, your first thought is, "A perfect picture of health." Yet, Mrs. King writes us, she thought she could not raise her baby daughter!

"Food would not stay in her stomach two minutes. After trying everything, we decided to try Borden's Eagle Brand and now have a wonderfully healthy child. She is now 3½ years old, weighs 35 pounds and is 37 inches tall. A photographer asked me to let her pose and this is the picture. I hope people will see what Eagle Brand did for my little girl. I cannot say enough in its favor." Signed, MRS. WILLIAM B. KING, JR., North Allen St., Albany, N. Y.

#### A word to other mothers

If your baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Mail the coupon below for the new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare"—a free booklet containing practical feeding directions and suggestions for supplementary foods. Also "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book for recording baby's growth and accomplishments.

- Every letter and picture published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful parent or other relative.

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. C. B.-7, Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free copies of the new "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby."

My baby is \_\_\_\_\_ months old.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please print name and address plainly

not quite understand it. Why should she be present? If the wire had been from Chan she might have suspected he was simply contriving one more opportunity to see her. Chan would!

"You don't seem surprised," she had remarked, when she had told Chan, the week before, that she would marry him.

"I'm not," he had retorted, as he produced the solitaire that now gleamed on the third finger of her left hand.

"Were you as sure of me as all that?"

"I was only sure that I was not going to give you up. I always get what I want—and I have never wanted anything more than I want you."

And so they were engaged. They were to be married in June. She had not expected to see Leicester again for months. Why was the telegram addressed to her, instead of to her father? She showed it to her mother.

"I don't see any necessity of any of us going to his funeral," the latter said.

Her father, however, took a different view. "Somebody must go," he said decisively. "I can't—and if you knew Leicester as well as I do you'd know it would amount to a public scandal if one of us wasn't there."

It was Chan who surprised Faith most, however. He asked for the wire, read it with characteristic concentration. Then:

"I'll drive you up," he announced. "We can go and come in a day. I have a feeling there is more to this than you have guessed. You say this Bob was your uncle's lawyer?"

"Gracious! You don't mean to suggest I'm an heiress. Oh, Chan, that's too funny! If you had ever seen Uncle Amos; knew the way he lived—"

"I've got a hunch. Wait and see."

They started early Friday. It was raining, but Chan's car made good time.

It was almost three when they reached Leicester. Faith had wired Bob that she was coming. She saw him just before the service; introduced Chan to him. And noted, as the two men shook hands, that Bob not only overtopped Chan physically but, surprisingly, made him look a shade heavy. But, she reminded herself, Chan overtopped Bob in everything that really counted.

The funeral services seemed interminable. Although the rain poured outside, the church was crowded.

At the cemetery the minister stood bareheaded by the open grave. The coffin was lowered into its confines, the final compass of a narrow life, while the minister's voice ran on: "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken . . ."

Beautiful, but incongruous, Faith thought. Where was the silver cord to be loosed in Uncle Amos' life. Or any semblance of a golden bowl to be broken? Had Uncle Amos, in all his days, known one really golden moment?

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher," the voice concluded; "all is vanity."

Even Faith, the realist, felt a sense of solemnity. Then Bob joined them.

"I know you are in a hurry," he said, "but could you wait long enough for me to read your uncle's will?"

Chan answered for her. "I think we can. Shall we go to your office?"

"The day being what it is, I thought my house might be better," said Bob.

"Very thoughtful," acknowledged Chan. "Can we go at once?"

They could, and did. The snow that had lain over Leicester when Faith had been there last was now a dirty mélange. But inside Bob's house were dignity and warmth, grace and peace.

Even as a small girl Faith had loved that house: the beautifully paneled doors, the wainscoting that was white, not new

and shining, but white like the hair of an old gentlewoman. Now she knew the full worth of the ancient mahogany; the tapestry paper, still clear and fresh.

"I think there is tea in the library," announced Bob.

It was there, on a little table set before the log fire. The room was old to Faith; she and Bob had often ravaged its bookshelves. She was familiar with its etchings, even with Bob's rods and guns. Chan took it all in at a glance.

"You do yourself well," he commented. Faith sensed patronage, but if Bob did he did not resent it. He smiled an acknowledgment at Chan, turned to Faith.

"It may surprise you," he began, "to know that your uncle left a sizable estate. I doubt if many people in Leicester had any idea—"

"Just how much is it?" interrupted Chan—and Faith wished he hadn't.

"Roughly, something over a quarter of a million," replied Bob.

"A quarter of a million?" Faith echoed incredulously. "Why, where could he—"

"He lived simply; invested wisely over a long term of years," explained Bob. "Some of his original investments have increased enormously."

Faith could not comprehend it. She glanced at Chan. He grinned.

"What did I tell you?" he asked. "I've known some other cases where these old boys have surprised the neighbors. They live like misers, pinching every penny—"

Bob interrupted him courteously but firmly. "As your time is short, and as Faith is named in the will, perhaps I'd better read it to you," he said.

"Lay on, Macduff," agreed Chan jovially. "And skip the preliminaries. I know them all. Let's have the bequests."

There were many. Faith sat, still incredulous, simply astounded.

To the town of Leicester, \$20,000, to be used for planting shrubs and flowers along the roadsides . . . To the Leicester Home for Elderly People, \$20,000 . . . To the Community Hospital, \$20,000 . . . For a new playground, \$15,000 . . . To the Unitarian Church, \$10,000; Invalids' Home, \$15,000; Y. M. C. A., \$20,000.

Then less formal bequests:

To Leicester, \$20,000, the income to be distributed each year to old ladies at Christmas . . . To the Firemen's Relief Association, \$10,000, for firemen injured in the performance of duty . . . To my associates . . . To so and so, so much. Then:

To my grandniece, Faith Adams, \$10,000.

Bob glanced at her, but she said nothing. She was still stunned. Uncle Amos living in an attic room and leaving money for shrubs and flowers to beautify Leicester; for hospitals and playgrounds; for firemen injured at fires.

It did not link up. Uncle Amos in his shirt sleeves in the hardware store.

"But I still can't see—" she began.

Chan cut in on her quickly. "How about the residue?" he asked. "There must be thirty or forty thousand more than you've accounted for."

"Forty-three thousand," replied Bob.

"It's to establish a civic fund to be expended for the betterment and beautifying of Leicester. That was his vision," he went on. "He had a real love for Leicester. What I have read to you is the expression of certain dreams which run back to his boyhood, and which developed through the years. They became literally his life. I don't know that I can make that understandable to you—"

Chan gave him no chance to. "Will



you have a copy of the will made and sent to me?" he asked.

"Of course," Bob replied.

Chan turned to Faith. "It's late. We'll have to hurry," he said.

Faith felt a suppressed eagerness under the words. She glanced at Bob. He smiled, but his eyes were odd—as if he were waiting for something.

"I'm afraid none of us really appreciated Uncle Amos," she said. "I feel sorry and ashamed, somehow. I wish—well, you must know what I mean."

Bob's eyes warmed. "I don't think I'd worry if I were you. I can assure you that he lived a very full life."

Chan was already in his coat, was holding hers. She felt as if he were thrusting her out. Bob accompanied them to the door. For an instant he stood silhouetted, broad of shoulder, trim of waist, against the light from behind. Then the car started. Bob waved—and the door was shut.

"And to think," marveled Faith, "he left me ten thousand after—"

"Ten thousand!" exploded Chan. "I was afraid you'd say something like that if I didn't get you out. Can't you realize that will can be broken wide open?"

"Broken wide open?" echoed Faith. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—and hereafter you'll trust my hunches," he retorted exultantly. "Heaven knows I never had any idea of marrying you for your money, Faith, but your share of that quarter of a million will help a lot."

"My share of the quarter million? But it's only ten thousand!"

"Listen, my child, you're marrying a lawyer, and a good one," he reminded her. "And if I can't prove that your old uncle Amos was *non compos mentis*, I'll resign from the Bar Association."

Faith gave him a swift look. "Perhaps it was silly of me not to realize that the will might be broken. I was surprised that he had anything to leave, you see. Tell me just what *you'd* do."

"Wait until I get a copy of the will," he said. "He promised to send me one. I don't suppose he caught the significance of that but—"

But back in Leicester, Bob puffed at his pipe thoughtfully. "And so he wants a copy of the will," he soliloquized. "Well, he would!"

Nor did he miss the significance. Briefly he considered the possibilities and his jaw set a little. Then he went upstairs to change for dinner, which he usually had at the Leicester House.

Just as he finished he heard the front door open. It was seldom locked. Many of his clients—and their number would have surprised Faith—found it inconvenient to come to him during the day; he did more business in his library than at his office.

Now, moving to the stairs, he looked down to see who his visitor might be.

And Faith, lifting her eyes, saw him there. "I—I came back," she said.

The hall light beat on her upturned face. He saw that it was rain-drenched; that the hat she wore was sodden.

He came down the stairs with the swiftness of movement he could command on occasion. "You're soaking wet," he said, almost fiercely. "You march upstairs this instant, take a hot bath and change your clothes."

"But I haven't a thing to change to."

"I'll dig up something. I'll leave it for you in Mother's room," he said.

Faith made no further protest. For a moment Bob was the Bob of other days, ordering her around.

The hot tub seemed a bit of heaven. She did not hurry. She was catching her breath. Presently she went into what

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(Left) Cake batter made with Royal, photographed through microscope after 5 minutes in oven. Note tiny bubbles. These give you fine-grained cake that stays fresh for days.

(Right) Batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder (through microscope after 5 minutes in oven). Note large bubbles which leave "air holes" and cause cake to dry out quickly.

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had been his mother's room. On the bed was spread all that she might need.

"He got it out of the attic," she realized instantly.

The dress, redolent of lavender, was the one Bob's great-grandmother Chichester had worn when she sat for the portrait in oils which hung in the hall below. On it was a note from Bob:

Won't you please be the portrait of a Lady of 1830 until your things are dry? I'll be waiting downstairs.

Everything was there. More petticoats than she had ever seen; stockings that had once graced legs as slim as hers; slippers that looked just a bit too tight. She picked up the dress. It was of dove-colored silk with sprigs of blue flowers on it, fashioned with the quaint round low neck, the narrow waist and the long full skirts of the period.

"Great-grandmother Chichester may have been modest about her limbs," decided Faith, "but she certainly let the world know she had a neck and shoulders." She slipped the dress on, glanced at herself in the mirror. "Quaint—but rather cute," she assured her reflection.

Decorously she descended to the library. Bob was seated in a leather chair. "Stand up, sir," she commanded, from the doorway, "and pay your respects to your great-grandmother."

He came to his feet instantly, took her in with a swift darkening of the eyes. "My Lord!" he breathed. "No wonder men once fought duels."

"I rather like myself," confessed Faith. "And I do feel deliciously feminine. I'm sure if a mouse should appear I'd scream." She settled herself on the couch. "And now, my great-grandson, what have you in mind to entertain me?"

"I've ordered dinner for two sent over from the hotel," he said, his eyes still drinking her in.

"Gracious! What will the neighbors say?" asked Faith.

"If I dine my great-grandmother Chichester, what can they say?"

"Plenty. They might say that Faith Adams, that shameless hussy—"

"I doubt if they say much," interposed Bob. "And here's our dinner, anyway."

The ancient major-domo had brought it in person. He glimpsed Faith and his teeth showed in his dusky face. "Ho-ho!" he chortled, as a privileged acquaintance. "What am all this—a masquerade?"

The storm beat mercilessly at the windows, but inside was peace. The major-domo departed presently, after serving them. Bob put another log on the fire. Faith watched him, marked his grace as he stooped to pick up a silver spoon that had dropped from the tray. He placed it on the mantel, turned to her, his eyes still curiously dark.

For a second Faith felt as if the wind tore at her. But what she said was: "I don't believe there is another man in the world who wouldn't have asked me forty questions by now. I arrive half drowned—"

"Which suggests reason enough for postponing the forty questions."

"But you've had plenty of opportunity since."

"And you have also had the opportunity to tell me anything you cared to."

"Aren't you even curious?" she asked.

He smiled. "Not so very," he replied serenely, and Faith felt dashed. But he went on: "I have some notion, anyway. Of course you were told that the will could be contested."

"Broken. Chan is quite sure it can be."

"I am not so sure of that."

"Chan is very clever."

"Granted; at least so far as law is concerned."

"And in many other ways, too."

"Probably; but he obviously forgot one thing—overlooked it, anyway."

"What did he forget?"

"The possibility that you might walk out on him—even walk back."

"He wanted to bring me. I wouldn't let him. We had an awful quarrel. He said anybody could see that Uncle Amos was crazy. The way he lived and pinched."

"And you?" asked Bob.

"I didn't agree. I said—" She broke off. "What's the use of going back to that? Chan said I was a silly sentimentalist. It all sounds too childish for words."

"A quarter of a million is a lot of money," Bob reminded her. "And Chan never knew your uncle Amos; never lived in Leicester."

"Are you taking his side?"

"Merely stating his side," corrected Bob. "He's a lawyer and this particular will would suggest a contest to a lawyer." "You knew he'd want me to contest it?"

"I'm not wholly without wit," remarked Bob dryly. Then: "Are you sure he isn't on his way back now?"

"We both said too much for that. I couldn't help it. It was Uncle Amos' money, anyway, to dispose of as he wanted. And he *did* plan beautiful things. It isn't as if there were just other people like me to contest with. It's the firemen and the old ladies and the sick and the—"

"Do you remember that I once suggested that you didn't really know yourself?" put in Bob softly.

Faith's eyes met his, then fell. "I wonder if I know anything or anybody," she replied, with swift humility. "It seems as if I were always wrong. I always thought of Uncle Amos as having no vision, no ambition, and all the time he was dreaming wonderful dreams. Why, he's done more, will affect more lives than my grandfather—who was supposed to have vision, ambition and everything. And the funniest part is that he made more money. I can't understand it."

"My father helped him with his investments, but he was shrewd and canny himself," put in Bob.

"And you must have handled his affairs these last few years," said Faith.

"Oh, they were all in good shape."

But Faith was looking at him, eye to eye. "You said I never tried to fathom you," she said slowly. "I see I never did. Mother always told me you were like Uncle Amos, and I believed it."

"No such luck; there are few like him."

"It was because he stayed here; seemed to have no ambition," Faith went on unheeding. "You stay here; it always seemed to me *you* had none."

"It's natural that you should—"

"Natural, but not true. You are staying because—well, because of something you have thought out. Not just because you have some money and like to hunt and fish, as I've always thought."

"I *do* stay because I have some money—and like to hunt and fish. New York has no particular appeal for me. My roots are deep here. There has always been a Chichester practicing law in Leicester. When my father died I took his place—that's all."

But it wasn't. Faith suddenly remembered Bob's father, Judge Chichester, his position in Leicester and the authority he wielded. Yet, forgetting that, she had felt Bob ought to want a bigger scope. Now she wondered about that.

"And since then I've just carried on

where he left off," Bob was saying. "I'm more valuable here than I would be anywhere else. I know the people and their problems. Leicester does need a lawyer at times as much as it needs a doctor."

"You are a lot like Uncle Amos, after all," Faith said softly.

"I'm not!" he protested. "I haven't given up anything."

"You wouldn't change for me—wasn't I anything?" she persisted.

"That wasn't a case of giving up. I had no volition. I am as I am, and it wouldn't be fair to you to pretend—"

"I gave Chan his ring back," Faith announced. "The engagement is off."

"I noticed that the ring was gone. But are you sure the engagement is off?"

Faith gave him a swift glance. Then: "You see so much, yet can be blind. Even Chan wasn't—quite so blind."

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

FAITH could not meet his eyes. "He said that if I was so—so stuck on Leicester and all its paupers I—had better go back and marry 'that rube lawyer.' He said he could see you were mad over me and that he—was beginning to suspect I must be over you."

"He's half right," said Bob, in a strained voice. "So far as I am concerned, anyway."

"Oh, was he? I'd never suspect it. I'm sure that any one of Great-grandmother Chichester's boy friends would have been on his knees by now."

"You know"—Bob now sounded half strangled—"I've been on my knees for years and years, and a lot of good it's ever done me."

Faith forced her eyes to meet his. "You—you might try it just—once more."

He, however, omitted the preliminary. "Gracious!" gasped Faith—some time after. "I doubt if even Great-grandmother Chichester got so much action in so little time. I always knew you could move fast!"

"I did not want to give you a chance to change your mind."

"Change my mind?" She was now sitting on his lap, flushed and lovely. "Why should I?"

"You said you'd only marry a man you admired and respected."

"I have a new-found admiration and respect for you, sir!"

He kissed her for that, but he was not satisfied. "And you said that you'd be afraid to marry anybody you were in love with," he reminded her almost fearfully. "That love was an illusion."

"Well, it doesn't seem so *now*," she assured him. "I—oh, darn it. I never could have married anybody else, anyway. And if that's illusion—"

She did not bother to finish, merely let him recapture her lips. And if what she felt was illusion, it was complete. Time and space were not. They quite forgot that the front door was unlocked.

Now it opened, admitting the ancient Negro. "There seems to be a spoon missing," he began. "If it isn't too much trouble I'd like to—" He stopped there, goggle-eyed. Then he withdrew hastily, tiptoeing down the hall. "Spoon," he gurgled delightedly. "If 'twas anybody but Mr. Bob I'd say there was a couple of spoons there."

But he knew Bob better than that.

"Going to miss Mr. Bob at mealtimes mightily," he soliloquized. "But it's nice to see him get a home of his own. Stick right here now, sure, and never get itchy foot like them other young roosters that go to New York." To which he added an explanatory footnote. "Town like this certainly needs smart young man like Mr. Bob more than big city does."





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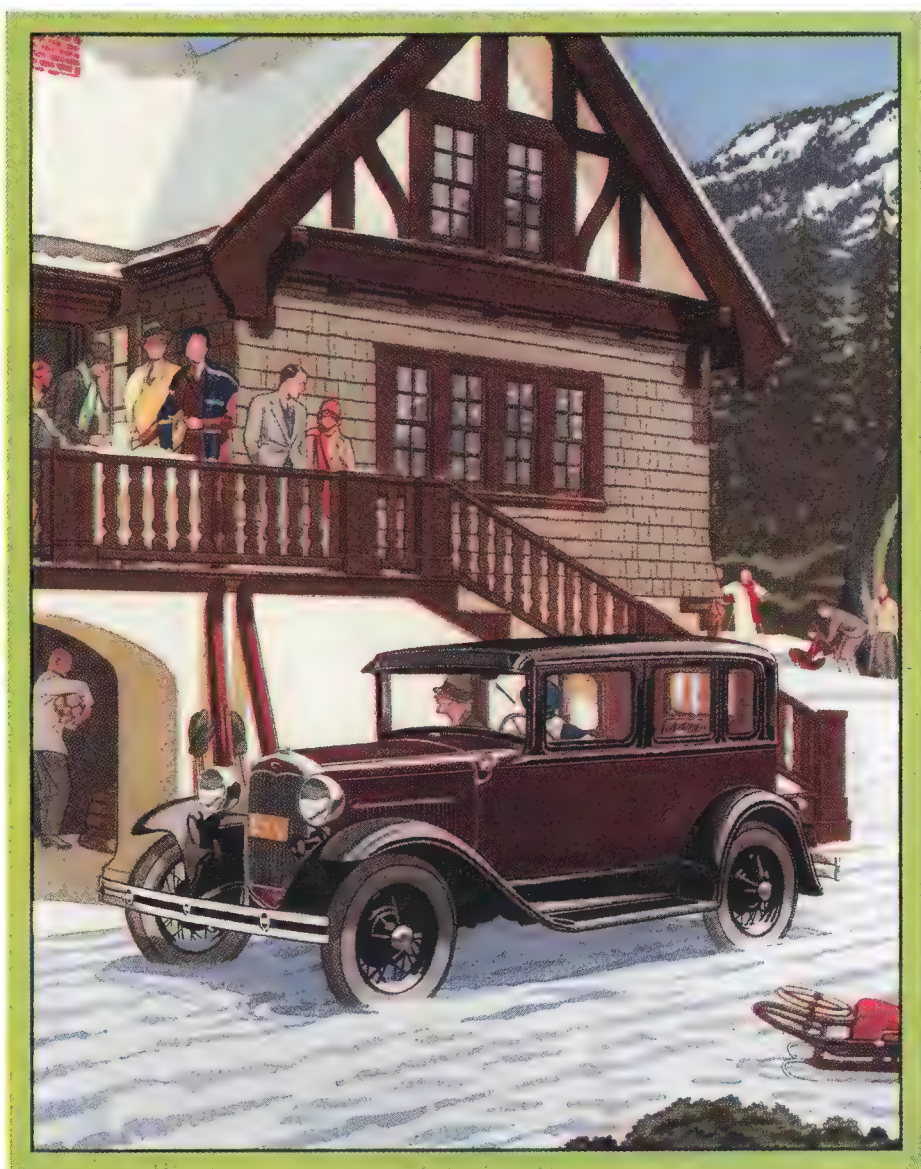
of the crankshafts. The machines for the dynamic balance tests are set on rubber foundations and are so delicately adjusted that the very air which surrounds them is first cleansed and then held at  $68^{\circ}$  by thermostatic control.

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## The Sad Troubadour by A. Hamilton Gibbs (Continued from page 46)

sobbing on the dirty sawdust. Round the room shoulders were shrugged.

The man raised his foot and kicked the girl; raised his foot again . . .

Before he could kick the second time, Giovanni, his face like chalk, sprang at the man in costume. He used his head and butted the tall man in the chest.

"Bravo!" cried Pietro.

Completely taken by surprise and off balance, the man went sprawling, rolled right over and came up again with a knife in his hand. He lurched at Giovanni and struck, but Giovanni dodged and swung his fist in the man's face.

At the sight of the knife the broad smile of pleasure left Pietro's face. Swiftly he went across the floor on the balls of his feet. As the man with the knife raised his arm again, Pietro caught him by the wrist.

THERE WAS a cry of pain. The knife dropped. Then with one great heave Pietro sent the man staggering across the room; his body crumpled to the floor. He lay there holding his wrist and weeping.

Pietro swung round and faced the rest of the drinkers. "Anyone else?"

No one came forward to take up the challenge.

Pietro shrugged. "*Ma che!* Then 'Vanni and I will have a cognac each."

Giovanni's eyes were on the girl. He took the glass that Pietro handed him, emptied it, put it down and walked over to the dragged figure. She lay on her stomach, her face hidden in her arms.

He bent down and touched her shoulder. "Come!" he said.

At the unexpected voice, the girl rolled slowly over, leaned up on one arm and looked into Giovanni's eyes.

"Come!" Giovanni said again.

Without a word the girl scrambled to her feet. He picked up his accordion and stool and led the way out.

With an expression of amazement Pietro, glass in hand, watched the girl follow his brother out of the saloon. "*Santa Maria!*" He bolted his drink, paid for both, snatched up his instrument and stool and hurried after them.

The moon had climbed above the tops of the buildings. The square was flooded with hard white light, cut here and there by the shadows of the church tower and the trees. The trio made a queer picture.

"What are you going to do?"

Giovanni smiled at his brother. "Do? See her safely out of this, that's all." He turned to the girl. "Where do you live?"

"I was living with him." She jerked her head towards the saloon.

"Do you want to go back to him?"

The girl laughed. "Am I a fool?"

"Then where can you go?"

The girl shrugged. "I don't know."

Pietro laughed. "With us, I suppose?" "All right," said Giovanni, "for tonight. Afterwards, we will see."

Pietro chuckled. "Tonight, eh? . . . A little windfall."

Giovanni glanced quickly at him, but said nothing.

They went across the square, up a dark alley, turned at right angles twice, and within five minutes reached the doorway of the palace-tenement house.

When they arrived at their large bare room at the top, the whistling gas jet showed two iron beds, a washbasin on a wooden table with an iron bucket on the floor beside it, two chairs, a cracked mirror, a window. There was nothing else.

Pietro laughed as he put his instrument in its appointed place in the corner

and covered the keys with a piece of cloth. "So!" he said. "Here we are." His gleaming eyes went from one bed to the other, then to the girl. "Well?"

She was standing just inside the door. She looked from Pietro to Giovanni, but remained silent.

Giovanni glanced up from putting his accordion away. "It is all arranged," he said. "She is going to sleep in my bed, and I shall put one of the mattresses on the floor for myself." He went across to his brother and said in a swift undertone, "Perhaps she can sing. Leave her alone and tomorrow we will find out."

"*Per Bacco!* Who saved her from that thin monkey's knife I should like to know? And besides, she's pretty! . . . Come, little one!" He advanced on the girl.

She reached for the door handle.

But like an eel, Giovanni dodged round in front and stood between them, his eyes blazing. "For the love of heaven, can't you leave her alone? This girl has been beaten and kicked. Don't you think she's had enough for one evening?"

For a moment Pietro searched his brother's eyes. Finally a slow grin spread over his face. He patted Giovanni's cheek. "All right, little 'Vanni! It is as you say. Don't get angry with me. I was only playing." He sat down and began unlacing his shoes.

As he watched him Giovanni let out a deep breath. Without another word, he pulled out a mattress from under the bedclothes, stripped off a blanket and spread them both on the floor between the two beds. The girl was still standing just inside the door, her eyes following Giovanni.

He came and touched her elbow, pointed to the bed. "Go on," he said. "You needn't be afraid." She passed within an inch of Pietro, kicked off her shoes and got into the bed.

Pietro folded his trousers carefully over the back of his chair, crossed himself, and in another moment the springs of his own bed squealed beneath his weight. Giovanni crossed the room and turned out the gas, took his shoes off, wrapped himself in the blanket and got down on his mattress. The only light in the room was a pale gleam that crept through the uncurtained window.

Presently a snore came from Pietro.

Then Giovanni propped himself quietly on one elbow and looked at the girl. Her head moved. She stared back at him, her muscles tightening. But Giovanni merely smiled, lay down again, and was presently asleep.

A BRIGHT square of gleaming blue sky was framed by the window. From outside came the clatter of wooden shoes on cobblestones, the clang of buckets and the swish of brooms, and an all-pervading smell of roasting coffee.

The girl woke with a start, all bleary with sleep. For a second she apparently didn't know where she was. She blinked from Pietro to Giovanni, who had put a hand on her shoulder to wake her.

She sat up with a jerk. "Oh, it's you!" she said.

Giovanni smiled. "We are going out for coffee," he said. "In twenty minutes we'll bring some back for you. There are water and soap and a towel."

The two went out of the room.

The door was hardly shut before Pietro caught his brother by the arm, keeping in step as they clattered down the marble stairs. "For the love of all the saints, 'Vanni, what are you going to do with

that girl? Is she an ornament that she must be treated delicately? To my way of thinking she is nothing but a stray cat, to whom, if you like, you give a bowl of milk, and then, if you are wise, kick out into the streets again. We are not collecting pets. They cost money, and what is worse, they make trouble."

"Some of them earn money," said Giovanni. "You are not blind. You have seen that a woman always draws a bigger crowd than a man. There is something about a woman that touches their sympathy. This girl is pretty, and young. You yourself said so, even when she was dirty and rumped. Think of her, tidy and clean, with those big eyes, singing the 'Ave Maria,' you holding those grand chords, and myself playing an obbligato like a violin! It would melt the heart of a stone! Who could refuse her when she went round with the hat? . . . Don't you see, my dear? Am I such a fool, after all?"

Pietro was not a showman for nothing. But he grumbled, "*Ma che!* That would be all right, if she could sing. But if not, eh? What then? Suppose she has a voice like an old crow?"

"We shall know that in an hour."

"An hour! . . . I know it now! She can't sing. You simply hope she can. What I want to know is what you're going to do when you find out for yourself. Are you going to kick her out?"

Giovanni hesitated. "Perhaps," he said. "I don't know."

It was lucky that just then they reached the café where they breakfasted each morning, for the act of dipping bread into coffee and eating it put an end to conversation for a while. When they had finished, Giovanni ordered a pitcher of coffee and milk and another slice of bread to take out.

"Now," he said, "we'll go back and find out the best or the worst."

"Anybody would think we were nursemaids," growled Pietro. "Why couldn't she come down here for her coffee?"

Giovanni made no answer. Perhaps he was too busy trying not to spill the coffee as they climbed the stairs of the tenement house. At the top Pietro pushed open the door without knocking.

The girl turned from the cracked mirror. She had peeled off her carnival costume and was dressed in a blouse and skirt. Her face, cleansed of paint, dirt and dried tears, was all that Giovanni had imagined it to be, soft, feminine, appealing. She had made both beds and folded Giovanni's blanket neatly on the mattress.

Pietro reached out for a chair, jerked it to him and sat down on it the wrong way round, his elbows resting on the back. His eyes went up and down the girl on a slow tour of inspection. "H'm!" he grunted. "So far, not so bad! And now tell us, my girl, can you sing?"

The girl's reply was swift and to the point. "Leave me in peace, great pig!" She turned her back on him and took the coffee and bread from Giovanni. "How do you put up with him? He is impossible!"

Giovanni smiled and shook his head. "You don't know my brother yet. Have patience and you will see how fine he is." He went over to his brother. "Listen, Pietro! Will you do the hotels by yourself this morning? Will you leave me to talk to her? I will join you on the Promenade des Anglais at the usual time."

"To the devil with all that!" burst out Pietro. "Either she can sing or she can't, and there's an end of it. And if





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she won't answer the question, she can go to the devil! . . . Great pig, eh? I'll show her, *Santa Madonna!*"

Giovanni laughed and fetched his brother's instrument and stool. "All that noise! *Per Dio*, you are as hard to move as an elephant! Did I not go out alone when you had the gripe, and play my fingers off all over the town and bring you back medicines and food? . . . Go on! Go on!" In spite of Pietro's growls and protestations, he shepherded him across the room and out of the door. "Promenade des Anglais!" he called after him. "I will be there!"

He smiled, lighted a cigaret and sat down facing the girl. "Now," he said, "we can talk."

The girl, her mouth full of bread and coffee, nodded and smiled. "Which means, I suppose, that you want to ask me many stupid questions. All right, I'll answer them. My name is Maria Lotti, born in Milano, aged twenty-one, came to Nice with my father and mother four years ago. They have both died. I worked in the Galleries till a few months ago when he—you know, the man you hit last night—took me out of it." She shrugged. "It didn't go very well. Last night ended it." She looked up at Giovanni with a smile. "Anything else?"

"Many things," said Giovanni. "What are you going to do?"

The girl put down the empty coffee pitcher. "If you want me, I'll stay."

"And if I don't want you?"

Her voice dropped. "Oh, well, maybe I could get into the Galleries again."

"You mean you would go to work again rather than return to the streets?"

"I have never been on the streets! Being with that man has nothing to do with the streets."

"Perhaps not. Let us forget it. Would you like to stay here?"

Eagerness came into her voice. "With you, yes! I don't like your brother."

"Would you be willing to help us earn money, to earn money for yourself?"

She clapped her hands. "Of course! I'll do anything you say."

"Can you sing?"

"Did I not say that I am from Milano?"

"That's all very fine; but could you stand up and sing to a crowd on the Promenade des Anglais, for instance?"

"Ah, that! . . . *Santo Dio!* I should die of fright!"

Giovanni rose. "Well, let us see if you have a voice, Maria from Milano!" He picked up his accordion. "Listen first," he said, "and I will play for you."

While he did so, he watched her face to see if music meant anything to her; if there was that in her which responded to the spell of it. He began with his own version of "Gitana" first, and noticed that it barely caught her attention. Abruptly he dropped into a minor key and filled the room with the plaint of Massenet's "Elégie." The effect was immediate. The girl sat motionless, barely breathing. Giovanni nodded to himself; and from the final chord swung into the prelude of Gounod's "Ave Maria," which, he knew, she would have heard a hundred times in as many churches.

"Sing!" he said.

Almost subconsciously, her hands clasped in her lap, she began to sing, Giovanni playing a muted accompaniment. At the end he nodded.

"Well," he said, "it might be worse. Your voice is fairly true, but you don't know how to use it. If I opened out my accordion it would be drowned! . . . Anyway, you can stay."

The girl caught his hand, kissed it rapturously and held it to her breast. "Oh, I'm glad!" she said. "I'm glad!"

Giovanni pulled his hand away. "Listen, Maria! It's your voice I want, not anything else . . . Now, let us work. I will teach you how to sing."

Pietro dropped heavily onto a chair in the café and banged the table with a huge hand. "*Une fine!*"

The *patron* elevated one eyebrow, reached behind automatically for the bottle and poured out a glass of cognac. He carried it, brimming, to the table and set it in front of his client. "*Eh bien,*" he said. "And how does it go?"

Pietro scowled at him. "It does not go at all!" He emptied the glass at one gulp. "Give me another!"

"Where is your brother these days?" asked the *patron*. He put the second glass on the identical spot where the first had been.

Pietro spat. "Brother! That's just it! I have no brother any more."

"Has he gone away, then? It is more than a week since he came in with you."

Pietro snorted. "Gone away? Perhaps that would be better. Perhaps it would be better if I went away myself, for good! *Santissima!* It is impossible to go on as it is. I am left out, pushed off, cold-shouldered, I, Pietro, who have looked after him since we were no higher than that!"

The *patron* nodded sympathetically. "That sounds like a woman," he said. "But you yourself know women."

"*Cristo santo Dio!*" cried Pietro. "You have said it! I know women, but they know that they are women and that I am a man! They are not stray cats like this one. *Ma che*, you've seen her, that thing he got here on the night of the carnival; that piece of stuff he picked up off the floor! Ha! It is a joke, a pleasantry! There she was, living with that thin monkey of a man, and now she is not to be touched, if you please! And it is not that I cannot look at her. Oh, no! He will not look at her himself . . . She has put some spell on him. All day he stays up there teaching her to sing. I never see him any more. I am sent away, dismissed! *Dio mio!* One of these days if I get my hands on her throat!" He thrust them out, with curving, significant fingers.

"And a good riddance until the next one, eh? There must always be women, my friend!"

"That way, yes! But not like this."

"*Tiens, mon vieux,*" said the *patron*. "Perhaps you would like to know something. The thin monkey, as you call him, has been here since. Not only that, but he asked me if I knew where the girl had gone."

Pietro's eyes narrowed. "Ah!" he said. "It's like that, is it?" He stared at the brandy thoughtfully, and then, with a laugh, swallowed it down. "He still carries that little knife, eh?"

The *patron* nodded.

"I thought as much," said Pietro. "If I were not there, he might be tempted to have another try for Vanni. And it might end badly . . . No, my friend, you will not tell him where the girl is, but you have given me an idea, all the same. I will end this thing in my own way. What time does the thin monkey come here?"

"About eleven o'clock," said the *patron*. "Eleven. Good!" said Pietro. He reached into his side pocket, dabbed francs on the table, kicked away his chair, nodded to the *patron* and went out.

At the doorway he stopped with an oath, his eyes fixed. On the other side of the square Giovanni and Maria were walking together toward the house, Vanni carrying an oblong cardboard box.

"A spell!" muttered Pietro. "That's



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what it is—the evil eye!" He made the protective gesture, and turned away.

Unaware of having been observed, the two hurried along till they reached the palace-tenement and then climbed the stairs.

Giovanni placed the box on Pietro's bed and snapped the string. "Now!" he said. "Try them on. They must fit perfectly for your debut!"

At the word "debut," Maria caught her breath in a spasm of fright. Then she laughed and clapped her hands to show 'Vanni—she always called him 'Vanni now—that her courage was high.

She threw off her hat and began to peel off her dress. "Help me!" she mumbled, her head buried in the folds of the garment. "My elbow's stuck!"

Giovanni laughed, applied a finger and thumb and released the elbow.

When she had tugged the rest over her head she unfolded layers of tissue paper from the new dress in the box with the eagerness of a child. "Ecco!" she cried. "Now you will see!"

The dress was black. It had white cuffs and a white collar, sewn with beads that sparkled.

Giovanni watched her with a smile as she climbed into it, pulled it here, patted it there, walked over to the cracked mirror and peered at herself.

"Now the hat," he said. "Brush your hair first."

Obediently she picked up the brush and smoothed her rumpled hair. Then she arranged the hat at the precise angle, and at last turned to face him for inspection.

"Well, 'Vanni?" Her voice had suddenly become tremulous. Surely, now that she was all dressed up he would look at her as though she—as though she was not just a piece of furniture.

But all Giovanni did was to walk round her, nodding gravely. "It is very good," he said. "Maria, you have worked hard and made progress. You deserve success. I wish it you with all my heart. Tomorrow is the day we have been working for. Tomorrow should be a turning point in our lives—in all our lives, for when my brother sees you like this, and hears you, he will cease to be a bear with a sore head. He will welcome you and we shall all smile and be happy . . . Now, shall we run over a few songs to see how they feel in the new dress?"

The towering Hôtel de la Méditerranée gleamed in the sun, blindingly white. It was relieved only by the band of green in the flower boxes halfway up, and by the growth of gay umbrellas that protected the idlers who sipped their preprandial drinks on the terrace. Across the street the nondrinkers sat with crossed legs in straw chairs.

Into this setting came Pietro and Giovanni with the calm of hardened professionals, and Maria in her new black dress—her heart pounding, her throat getting drier at every chair she passed. They took their stand in an opening between two blocks of chairs.

Pietro's usual flashing smile was absent. There was a sulky expression on his face, and his eyes darted here and there as though looking for someone.

Giovanni spread his stool. As he did so he whispered to Maria: "Courage! Tell yourself that none of them can either sing or play!"

"*Messieurs et mesdames!*" Pietro was wasting no time this morning. "We shall give ourselves the pleasure of playing for you the beautiful and popular melody 'Aie! Aie! Aie!' as rendered by the justly celebrated Igor and his band!"

Giovanni had barely time to slip into the straps of his accordion before his brother struck the opening chord.

As the music progressed, chairs were slued round to face the musicians; strollers paused; and presently the players were hemmed in by a close half-circle of faces—staring, staring, so it seemed to Maria, at her. The palms of her hands stuck together. Cold beads of perspiration ran down her back. She glued her eyes to 'Vanni and began to pray—a string of quick, gulping *Aves*.

That subtle rapport between the artist and his audience, without which no performance ever can attain the superlative, began to have its effect upon Pietro. Reluctance went out of his fingers, and the sulks from his face. After all, there were not any other musicians in the whole of Nice who could touch them!

The full lips began to curl once more in a smile of sheer pleasure. This was life, to hold the crowd in the hollow of your hand! One after another they played three popular numbers. After each one coins rattled into the tin cup placed suggestively in front.

At the end of the third number Giovanni caught his brother's eye and said quietly, "Now, Maria!"

For a moment Pietro looked nonplused. He had altogether forgotten the girl. It had been so good to be playing again with 'Vanni. To the devil with this cow, this—His eyes darted at her, hard as two stones. Then he turned to the crowd again with the blandest smile.

"*Messieurs et mesdames*, for your pleasure we desire to present to you today for the first time a singer who has all the music of Italy in her blood—"

Maria tried to swallow. Her throat was closed up tight. But in obedience to Giovanni's many-times-rehearsed instructions, she drove herself forward, forced a smile that immediately froze on her face, and bowed.

"—La Signorina Maria Lotti!" concluded Pietro.

From somewhere in the crowd came a laugh, a man's laugh, sneering, contemptuous.

Maria started, her eyes wide with a different fear. Had that brute come to throw his knife? She felt herself trembling . . . Or was it 'Vanni he was after; 'Vanni who had rescued her? The thought came like a revelation. She moved in front of Giovanni and stood there.

As though he had heard nothing, Pietro wound up his introduction. "She will sing for you the 'Ave Maria' of Gounod."

Looks of mild surprise, of interest even, appeared on many faces. It was rare indeed to hear anything but cheap ballads from most of the street musicians. This was something new.

The opening bars of the melody held them still, their gaze on the curiously white-faced girl whose expression was oddly dramatic, as though she was strung up to breaking point.

As GIOVANNI reached the beat at which she should come in Maria remained silent. He bent his white face over the instrument and led into the introduction again, willing her to begin when he reached the note the second time. What was the matter?

Desperately she opened her mouth. The first two phrases were easy. They were what she had been gulping to herself behind the two brothers. She sang them passionately. But then the sequence as arranged by Gounod became different from the prayer. She became lost. Her voice trailed off, withered, died . . . The obligato went on alone.

Maria burst into tears, turned wildly to 'Vanni. "I can't! I can't! . . . Oh, 'Vanni, he's there with the knife!"

A queer confusion spread over the

crowd. The front ranks laughed nervously and tried to move away. But the outer fringe, sensing something wrong, pressed in closer, vultures to the feast.

Giovanni sprang to his feet. Anything, any lie, quick, to save Maria, to save them all. "*Messieurs et mesdames!* . . . We beg your sympathetic indulgence! La Signorina Lotti has only just come out of hospital after a long and dangerous illness. Her strength is not yet sufficient. In a few more days you will hear something, I promise you! . . . Meanwhile, we will play the famous American jazz—'Lover, Come Back to Me'!"

As he said it, his fingers leaped to the opening chords, which he played with all the volume of his instrument, half turning to gather his brother into the number . . . His face went white. There was no one; only the stool. Pietro had gone. Why? Where? Gone! *Madonna*, suppose he never came back . . .

Giovanni set his teeth and went on playing.

THE bar in the Place Rossetti was doing a thriving business that night. From her high chair behind the counter, Madame, with the face and voice of a parrot and the body of an elephant, surveyed with calm eyes these grown-up children in whom liquor worked in so many different ways—making some laugh; some weep; others fight, unless they were anticipated. It paid to throw a sharp eye on each one as he came in.

And so, when the cracked note of the clock struck the half hour after eleven, her scaly eye was raised as a huge figure blocked the doorway. Without moving, she spoke to Monsieur. "Be careful of this one! He looks ugly!"

These musicians! Good for nothings, all of them! And was it not the small brother of this one who had looked in earlier in the evening with a worried expression and hurried out again?

Pietro made a place for himself at the zinc. His brute size caused the necessary displacement of lesser bodies without effort on his part. Madame's diagnosis was perfect. The aroma of drink hung round him like a cloak, and the lines of his face and mouth were set in sullen rage. He ordered brandy, and until it came his ugly glance went searching from man to man. It picked out the thin monkey at a table in the corner.

Pietro drank the brandy, and walked down the length of the room. He dropped an enormous hand on the shoulder of the man he was looking for. "Good evening, you!" he said.

The man twisted under the hand, saying nothing.

Pietro snorted. "You are not very polite, are you, when a gentleman comes to do you a favor?"

"What do you want?"

Pietro laughed. "If I wanted anything I wouldn't ask you for it! Didn't you hear me say I came to do you a favor?"

The thin man sneered. "Thank you for nothing! You've done me one already. Some day I'll pay it back."

"Better forget it," said Pietro. "You might find yourself in trouble. Listen! Do you want your girl back?"

"With all the music of Italy in her blood, eh?" The man laughed. "You looked like imbeciles, didn't you?"

Pietro caught his breath, fists clenched. "*Santo Dio!*" With a supreme effort he kept himself from striking. "It would be safer for you to answer my question. Do you want the girl?"

Like a lion and a jackal the two glared at each other.

The man drew in his breath. "Yes!" "Then come and get her! Now!" Pietro



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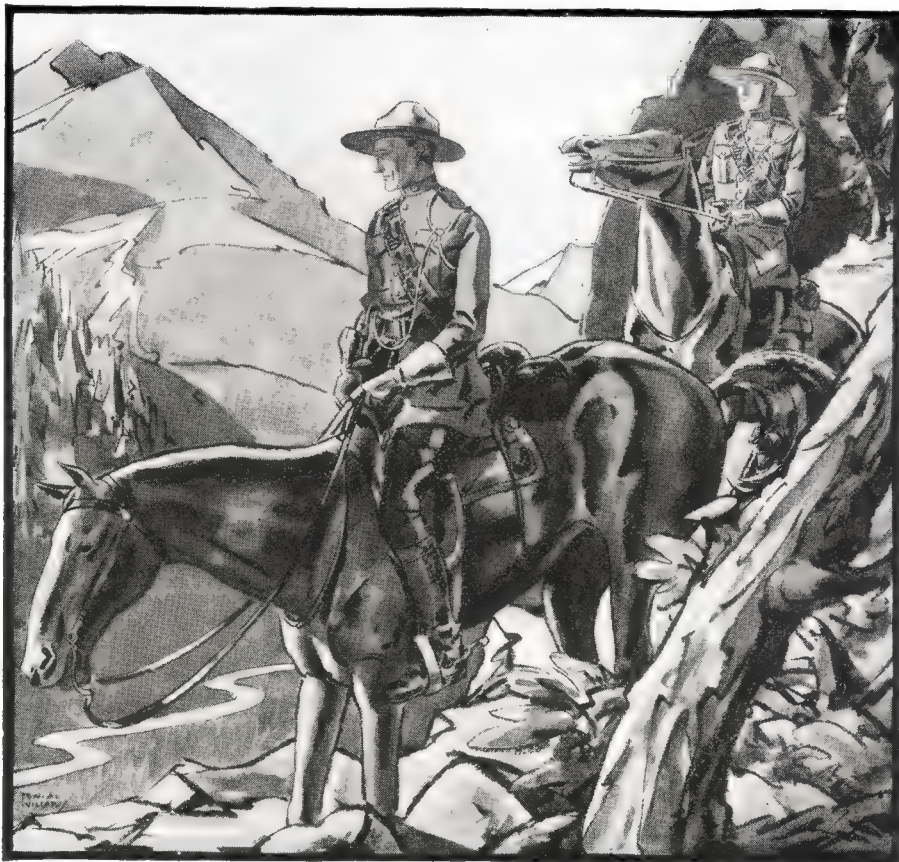
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flung the last word over his shoulder as he started to walk out.

For a moment the other man stared, open-mouthed. Then he rose and followed Pietro, remaining a pace or two in the rear, hand on knife, as though suspecting treachery.

Pietro didn't care. Once having seen that the man was following him, he didn't even look round again. He led on, head down. Like a dart the man's gibe stuck into him, rankled. They had looked like imbeciles on the Promenade! It was one other thing to pay off. And *Dio*, how he would make her pay! That stray cat who had stolen Vanni from him; who called him a great pig! That crow who thought she could sing; who had disgraced them, made them ridiculous before all the world! *Santissima!*

He went up the dark stairway without the slightest attention to the stumbling, cursing man behind him. At the top he waited till the other came panting up. A crack of light crept out from beneath the door at the end of the corridor.

Pietro caught his companion by the elbow. "You see that light?" he muttered. "She is in there. You will wait here till I call you, or till I throw her out to you—all that is left of her!"

"What do you mean, what is left of her?"

"What does that matter to you? You want the girl, don't you?"

"Yes, but I don't want a cripple on my hands. If you smash her, I'll—"

His hand made a move towards his hip. Pietro took hold of him, lifted him off the ground as though he were a child and shook him. "You little rat! You will do as you are told! You will leave your little knife where it is, or I'll drop you down the well of the stairs. Do you hear?" He crashed the man back onto his feet, so that he staggered.

Pietro spat contemptuously. These puny fools with their stupid knives! He was strong enough to break any ten of them with one hand. *Santo Dio!* He turned and advanced down the corridor.

The new dress, in folds of tissue paper, lay in its cardboard box. Maria herself, worn out by emotions, was crouched on the bed. Tears stained her cheeks, as they had on that first night. Over and over again she had assured Giovanni that but for the beast with the knife she would have got through her song. It was all his fault.

If only Vanni would take her away to another town where there wouldn't be any danger of that man, she could sing all day and all night. Why didn't they start immediately? After all, if Pietro couldn't be found, it meant that he had rattled on them, was probably on the way to Paris, and therefore there wasn't anything to keep them.

She got off the bed and knelt, bare-shouldered, at his feet, where he sat dejected on a chair. "It's just you and I now, Vanni!" she said. "I'll sing my throat out for you. Let us start, before anything happens!"

Giovanni rose hurriedly. "Don't be afraid, Maria! That man won't get either of us . . . You're wrong about Pietro. He hasn't rattled. That is impossible. He may get angry, inflamed, do and say amazing things, but under it all he is Pietro, a big child, honest and good. More than that, we love one another. He will come back. And when he comes, he will find me here!"

While he said this he had slipped away from the girl and was pacing up and down the room. It was at that moment that there came the noise of a bump, and muttered voices, at the other end of the corridor. They both heard it.

Maria rose to her feet. Giovanni leaped to the door and flung it open.

"Pietro! My big one! You have come back! I knew it! I knew it!"

But Pietro's drink-enraged eyes did not meet those of his brother. They bored past him into the room and fastened themselves on Maria's white shoulders. He pushed Giovanni out of the doorway and went in. He slammed the door shut behind him and turned the key in the lock. "Now we are all safe from interruption!" he said.

Maria's face was as white as her shoulders. She knew that look in a man's eyes. She turned swiftly to the chair by the bed and pulled on a coat.

Pietro laughed again. "That won't help you, my girl! By the time I've finished with you, you'll be glad to get out of here in anything—or nothing! Great pig, am I?" He took a pace forward.

GIOVANNI had been looking at him intently, not slow to take in the situation. He sprang in front of Pietro and smiled up into his face.

"Now, Pietro, you mustn't talk like that. You know you don't mean it. It's the brandy. You've been drinking too much. You'd better get to bed and have a good long sleep. You'll feel fine again in the morning. Come, now!"

Pietro pushed him gently off with a flat hand at the end of an arm like a bar of iron. "Vanni," he said, "you don't know women. I do. This one is evil. She has put a spell on you, and it is for me to break it! This thing has got to be ended, now, for both our sakes."

"Listen, Pietro," said Vanni. "You're wrong! Maria is sorry she called you—called you what she did. You are sorry, aren't you, Maria?"

In a choked voice the girl's answer came at once. "Yes; very sorry."

"There!" cried Giovanni. "You see!"

Pietro shrugged his shoulders. "I told you she had put a spell on you! You would believe anything she said. *Basta!*"

Under normal conditions Giovanni knew that he could handle his brother. But tonight Pietro was ungovernable, dangerous. For himself he didn't mind. It was not the first time that Pietro had come in like this. But then there had only been the two of them. Now there was Maria; and because of the girl a pang of fear set his nerves tingling.

"We've wasted enough time talking," grunted Pietro. "Go and stand over in a corner out of harm's way."

Frantically Giovanni tried to think of some immediate method of distracting Pietro's attention from the girl. Suggestion and argument had both fallen back blunted. Appeal would be equally useless in his present condition. It must be something totally unexpected . . . With a flash of inspiration he slapped his brother's face, once and again.

"Now, you shut up!" he snapped. "I've had enough of this! You're nothing but a drunken bully, and if you won't go to bed I'll throw you out of here."

So far as distracting Pietro's attention was concerned, it succeeded. Pietro fell back gasping, his hand on his smarting cheek. In all their lives neither had ever raised a hand against the other.

"Vanni!" he muttered. "Vanni!" "Go on!" cried Giovanni. "Get to bed, do you hear me?"

But Pietro didn't hear him. He was working out the fact that Vanni had struck him. *Santo Dio!* It was that woman! That woman!

She stood with her back to the wall, clutching a chair with which to defend herself.

As if Giovanni didn't exist, Pietro advanced upon her, hands outstretched, itching to tear and rend . . . There was something upon him, some hindrance. He looked down. It was Vanni—Vanni, who had been made to strike him! He plucked the small clutching body from his own and flung it away. Now he could get at her. Now he could smash that evil white body into a pulp!

Giovanni went across the floor in a tumbled heap. His head struck a corner of his accordion. Half dazed, and with the breath knocked out of him, he struggled to get up. He heard Maria give a cry; saw her raise the chair. And then Giovanni added his cry to hers as Pietro caught the chair by the leg, wrenched it out of her hand and tossed it over his shoulder. The girl cowered against the wall, her fingers curved to scratch, her eyes wide with fear and defiance.

"Pietro!" cried Giovanni. "Pietro, I implore you!" He made another desperate effort to get to his feet. It was no good. His body hadn't the strength of a mouse. "*Madonna mia!*" he prayed. "Help me now!" His scrabbling hand bumped into the accordion again.

Before jumping in, Pietro paused to get the full flavor of the moment.

And then, from the corner where Giovanni had gone sprawling, came music—music such as Pietro had never heard before; music that somehow got between him and the girl, held him in the attitude of one about to jump but unable to jump. The room, the whole world was filled with it—this divine melody which tore at him, held him, called him back . . . *Dio*, what was it? He stood transfixed.

With a bump like an egg on his forehead, that was getting every moment more purple, Giovanni, on one knee, bent low over his accordion and let his soul flow through his fingers. It was the music of his dream; the music that was to hold the heavenly choir rapt on folded wings. He didn't know what he was playing. It was nothing that he had ever learned. It was as though the whole universe were filled with pity, tenderness, yearning.

The imminence of brutal murder, of Maria's being done to death by Pietro, was sponged from his mind. He was possessed; his soul and body nothing but a sounding board for the expression of the music that dominated him—gradually dominated also the wild savage that was in Pietro, dug down beneath the tightly packed overlay of lust and jealousy, and touched at last the artist, the musician, the germ of nobility that Giovanni had always said was there.

SLOWLY Pietro's arms dropped. The veins of his neck went down. As the music went deeper and deeper into him, tears flowed down his cheeks.

At last Giovanni stopped, spent. There was no sound as he looked blankly up.

Maria had sunk down on the bed, her face buried in the pillow.

Pietro took a deep breath, choked, turned, went across to his brother and took him in his arms, accordion and all. "Vanni! Little Vanni!" He kissed him on both cheeks, patted him, hugged him. "Vanni! It was like the voice of God speaking to me! Forgive me! I didn't know. I am ashamed."

With a queer far-away smile Giovanni looked up at his brother. Then he stroked the cheek that he had struck. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Pietro, but I knew you were to be got at somehow if only I could find the way. It was Maria who found it for me!"

He took his brother by the hand and



led him—a child leading an elephant—over to the bed. "Maria! Look, this is Pietro. You haven't met him before, only that other Pietro who wasn't real at all. This one is the brother I've told you about. Look at him!"

The girl sat up. Her eyes found 'Vanni first. Then they went to Pietro.

Pietro threw out his hands. "Maria! It is over! I was a great pig, as you justly said. But now, as 'Vanni has told, I am born again! Will you allow me to stay? Will you allow me to become one of the trio? It is for you to say, Maria!"

Giovanni smiled. "But of course she will say yes. Won't you, Maria?"

The girl nodded. "Of course," she said. Pietro bent down and kissed first one cheek and then the other, noisily, ceremoniously. "Santo Dio! But this is good! To be taken in again! To be friends! To be one of you!" He beamed upon them. Then, suddenly, "Ah, *santis-sima!* I had forgotten. One little moment!"

He turned and ran to the door, found it locked, to his complete surprise, opened it and disappeared down the corridor.

Giovanni sat down beside the girl and looked into her eyes. "Maria!" he said. "It was because of you that I was able to play like that. You!" He put his hand on hers.

Maria raised it to her breast. Giovanni smiled and, this time, made no attempt to withdraw his hand.

Out in the corridor Pietro pointed down the stairs, glaring at the thin monkey of a man. "Go!" he said. "You can't have your girl! You've lost her! She's ours!"

The thin man stared at him, and then slunk down the stairs.

Pietro laughed and spat after him.

## Virtue

(Continued from page 37)

theaters and restaurants. London. They were going to have the time of their lives.

London. It swallowed them. A strange, turbulent city, not hostile but indifferent, and they were lost in it. They had no friends. They had nothing in common with the acquaintances they made. They were more lonely than in the jungle. They went to see their families, of course, but it wasn't the same as it had been; they did feel a bit out of it.

Because I remembered what Morton had looked forward to when, the road finished and off his chest, he went on leave, I could not but feel a pang as I thought of him dining by himself in a dismal club where he knew nobody, and then going to see a play with no one by his side with whom he could enjoy it. That evening I was dining with friends and going to the theater, and the next day I was going abroad.

"What are you doing tonight?" I asked.

"I'm going to the Pavilion."

"Why don't you come and have supper with me? I'm taking some people to the Haymarket and we're going on to Ciro's afterwards."

"I'd love to."

We arranged to meet at eleven and I left him.

I was afraid the friends I had asked him to meet would not amuse Morton very much, for they were distinctly middle-aged, but I could not think of anyone young that I should be likely to get hold of at the last moment. I could trust the Bishops to do their best for him and, after all, it must be jollier for him to have supper in a club with a

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good band than to go home to bed at eleven because he had nowhere else to go.

I had known Charlie Bishop first when I was a medical student. He was then a thin little fellow with sandy hair and blunt features; he had fine eyes, dark and gleaming, but he wore spectacles. He had a round, merry, red face. He was fond of the girls. I suppose he had a way with him, for with no money and no looks, he managed to pick up a succession of young persons who gratified his roving desires. He was clever and bumptious, argumentative and quick-tempered. He had a caustic tongue.

Looking back, I should say he was a rather disagreeable young man, but I do not think he was a bore. Now, halfway through the fifties, he was inclined to be stout and he was bald, but his eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles were still bright and alert. He was dogmatic and somewhat conceited, argumentative still and caustic, but he was good-natured and amusing.

He was by profession a pathologist. I gathered from what I sometimes heard that his views were unsound.

I do not believe that he was popular with the other members of his profession—he made no secret of the fact that he looked upon them as a set of incompetent idiots; but he had his job—it brought him in six or eight hundred a year, I think—and he was indifferent to other people's opinion of him.

I liked Charlie Bishop because I had known him for thirty years, but I liked Margery, his wife, because she was very nice. I was extremely surprised when he told me he was going to be married. He was hard on forty at the time and so fickle in his affections that I had made up my mind he would remain single. When he told me he was going to marry Margery Hobson I asked him why. He grinned.

"Come to lunch tomorrow and have a look at her. She's easy on the eye."

Charlie was a member of a cock-and-hen club which at that time I used a good deal and we arranged to lunch there. I found Margery an attractive young woman. She was then just under thirty. She was a lady. I noticed the fact with satisfaction, but with a certain astonishment, for it had not escaped my notice that as a rule Charlie was attracted by women whose breeding left something to be desired.

She was not beautiful, but comely, with fine dark hair and fine eyes, a good color and a look of health. She looked honest, simple and dependable.

I took an immediate liking to her. She was easy to talk to, and though she did not say anything brilliant she understood what other people were talking about; she was quick to see a joke and she was not shy. She gave the impression of being competent and businesslike. She had a happy placidity that suggested a good temper.

They seemed extremely pleased with each other. I had asked myself when I first saw her why Margery was marrying this irritable little man, but I discovered soon that it was because she was in love with him.

They chaffed each other a good deal and laughed a lot, and every now and then their eyes met more significantly and they seemed to exchange a private message. It was really rather touching.

A week later they were married at a registrar's office. It was a successful marriage. Looking back now, after sixteen years, I could not but chuckle sympathetically at the thought of the lark they had made of their life together. I had never known a more devoted couple.

They had never had much money. They never seemed to want any. Their life was a picnic that never came to an end.

They lived in the smallest apartment I ever saw, in Panton Street—a small bedroom, a small sitting room and a bathroom that served also as a kitchen. But they had no sense of home; they ate their meals in restaurants, and only had breakfast in the apartment. It was comfortable, and Margery, with the help of a charwoman, kept it as neat as Charlie's untidiness permitted, but there was not a single thing in it that had a personal note.

They had a tiny car, and whenever Charlie had a holiday they took it across the Channel and started off, with a bag each for their luggage, to drive wherever the fancy took them. Breakdowns never disturbed them, bad weather was part of the fun, and if they lost their way and had to sleep in the open they thought they were having the time of their lives.

Charlie continued to be irascible and contentious, but nothing he did ever disturbed Margery's lovely placidity. She could calm him with a word. She still made him laugh. She typed his monographs on obscure bacteria. Once I asked them if they ever quarreled.

"No," she said; "we never seem to have anything to quarrel about. Charlie has the temper of an angel."

"Nonsense," I said; "he's an overbearing, aggressive and cantankerous fellow. He always has been."

She looked at him and giggled, and I saw that she thought I was being funny.

"Let him rave," said Charlie. "He's an ignorant fool and he uses words of whose meaning he hasn't the smallest idea."

They were sweet together. They were happy in each other's company and were never apart if they could help it. Even after the long time they had been married, Charlie used to get into the car every day at luncheon time to come west and meet Margery at a restaurant.

People used to laugh at them, not unkindly, but perhaps with a little catch in the throat, because when they were asked to spend a week-end in the country Margery would write to the hostess and say they would like to come if they could be given a double bed. They had slept together for so many years that neither of them could sleep alone.

When a man marries, his wife sooner or later estranges him from his old friends, but Margery on the contrary increased her husband's intimacy with them. By making Charlie more tolerant she made him a more agreeable companion. Whenever I was in England I saw them.

When we met that evening for a snack before going to the play I told them I had asked Morton to come to supper.

"I'm afraid you'll find him dull," I said. "But he's a decent boy and he was kind to me when I was in Borneo."

"Why didn't you let me know sooner?" cried Margery. "I'd have brought a girl along."

"What do you want a girl for?" said Charlie. "There'll be you."

"I don't think it can be much fun for a young man to dance with a woman of my advanced years," said Margery.

"Rot! What's your age got to do with it?" He turned to me. "Have you ever danced with anyone who danced better?"

I had, but she certainly danced well. "Never!" I said heartily.

Morton was waiting for us when we reached Ciro's. He looked very sunburned in his evening clothes. Perhaps it was because I knew that they had been wrapped away in a tin box with moth



balls for four years that I felt he did not look quite at home in them. He was certainly more at ease in khaki shorts.

Charlie Bishop was a good talker and liked to hear himself speak. Morton was shy. I gave him a cocktail and ordered some champagne. I had a feeling that he would be glad to dance, but was not sure whether it would occur to him to ask Margery. I was conscious that we all belonged to another generation.

"I think I should tell you that Mrs. Bishop is a beautiful dancer," I said.

"Is she?" He flushed. "Will you dance with me?"

She got up and they took the floor. She was looking particularly nice that evening. She was not a pretty woman, but her kindness, her wholesome air, her good health, gave you, if not the illusion that she was, at least the feeling that it didn't at all matter. When she came back to the table her eyes were bright and she had a heightened color.

"How does he dance?" asked Charlie. "Divinely."

"You're easy to dance with," said Morton.

Charlie went on with his discourse. He had a sardonic humor and he was interesting because he was himself so interested in what he said. But he spoke of things that Morton knew nothing about, and though he listened with a civil show of interest I could see that he was too much excited by the gayety of the scene, the music and the champagne to give his attention to conversation. When the music struck up again his eyes immediately sought Margery's. Charles caught the look and smiled.

"Dance with him, Margery. Good for my figure to see you take exercise."

They set off again and for a moment Charlie watched her with fond eyes.

"Margery's having the time of her life. She loves dancing and it makes me puff and blow. Not a bad youth."

My little party was a success and when Morton and I, having put the Bishops into a taxi, walked towards Piccadilly Circus he thanked me warmly. He had really enjoyed himself. I said good-by to him. Next morning I went abroad.

I was sorry not to have been able to do more for Morton and I knew that when I returned he would be on his way back to Borneo. I gave him a passing thought now and then, but by the autumn when I got home he had slipped my memory.

After I had been in London a week or so, I happened to drop in one night at the club to which Charlie Bishop also belonged. He was sitting with three or four men I knew, and I went up to them. One of them, Bill Marsh, whose wife, Janet, was a great friend of mine, asked me to have a drink.

"Where have you sprung from?" asked Charlie. "Haven't seen you about lately."

I noticed at once that he was drunk. I was astonished. Charlie had always liked his liquor, but he carried it well and never exceeded. In years gone by, when we were young, he got tight occasionally, but probably more than anything to show what a great fellow he was, and it is unfair to bring up against a man the excesses of his youth. But I remembered that Charlie never had been nice when he was drunk: his natural aggressiveness was exaggerated then, and he was apt to be quarrelsome.

He was dogmatic now, laying down the law and refusing to listen to any of the objections his rash statements called forth. The others knew he was drunk and were struggling between the irritation his cantankerousness aroused in them and the good-natured tolerance which they felt his condition demanded.

He was not an agreeable object. A



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man of that age, bald and fattish, with spectacles, is disgusting drunk.

"Well, Charlie, old boy, we'd better be toddling along," said Bill Marsh. He turned to me. "Charlie's staying with us for a bit."

I was more surprised still. But I felt that something was wrong and thought it safer not to say anything.

"I'm ready," said Charlie. "I'll just have another drink before I go. I shall have a better night if I do."

It did not look to me as though the party would break up for some time, so I got up and announced that I meant to stroll home.

"I say," said Bill, "you wouldn't come and dine with us tomorrow night, would you, just me and Janet and Charlie?"

"Yes, I'll come with pleasure," I said.

It was evident that something was up.

The Marshes lived in a terrace on the east side of Regent's Park. The maid who opened the door for me asked me to go into Mr. Marsh's study. He was waiting for me there.

"I thought I'd better have a word with you before you went upstairs," he said as he shook hands with me. "You know Margery's left Charlie?"

"No!"

"He's taken it very hard. Janet thought it was so awful for him alone in that beastly little apartment that we asked him to stay here for a bit. We've done everything we could for him. He's been drinking like a fish. He hasn't slept a wink for a fortnight."

"But she hasn't left him for good?" I was astounded.

"Yes. She's crazy about a fellow named Morton."

"Morton. Who's he?" It never struck me it was my friend from Borneo.

"Hang it all, you introduced him, and a pretty piece of work you did! Let's go upstairs. I thought I'd better put you wise."

He opened the door and we went out. I was thoroughly confused.

"But look here——" I said.

"Ask Janet. She knows the whole thing. It beats me. I've got no patience with Margery and he must be a mess."

He preceded me into the drawing-room. Janet Marsh rose as I entered and came forward to greet me. Charlie was sitting at the window, reading the evening paper. He was sober and he spoke in his usual perky manner, but I noticed that he looked ill. We had a glass of sherry and went down to dinner.

JANET WAS a woman of spirit. She was tall and fair and good to look at. She kept the conversation going with alertness. When she left us to drink a glass of port, it was with instructions not to stay more than ten minutes.

Bill, as a rule somewhat taciturn, exerted himself now to talk. I tumbled to the game. I was hampered by my ignorance of what had happened, but it was plain that the Marshes wanted to prevent Charlie from brooding, and I did my best to interest him.

Charlie seemed willing to play his part—he was always fond of holding forth—but he spoke without life. He was an empty shell, and I had the feeling that though for the sake of his host he forced himself to speak, his thoughts were elsewhere.

It was a relief when a knocking on the floor above indicated that Janet was getting impatient. We went upstairs and played family bridge. When it was time for me to go, Charlie said he would walk with me as far as the Marylebone Road.

"Oh, Charlie, it's so late, you'd much better go to bed," said Janet.

"I shall sleep better if I have a stroll before turning in," he replied.

She gave him a worried look, then glanced brightly at her husband. "I dare say it'll do Bill no harm."

I think the remark was tactless. Charlie gave her a sullen look.

"There's absolutely no need to drag Bill out," he said with some firmness.

"I haven't the smallest intention of coming," said Bill, smiling. "I'm tired out and I'm going to hit the hay."

I fancy we left Bill Marsh and his wife to a little argument.

"They've been frightfully kind to me," said Charlie, as we walked along. "I don't know what I should have done without them. I haven't slept for a fortnight."

I EXPRESSED regret but did not ask the reason, and we walked in silence. I presumed that he had come with me in order to talk to me of what had happened, but I felt that he must take his own time. I was anxious to show my sympathy, but afraid of saying the wrong thing. I did not know how to give him a lead. I was sure he did not want one. He was not a man given to beating about the bush. I imagined that he was choosing his words. We reached the corner.

"You'll be able to get a taxi at the church," he said. "I'll walk on a bit farther. Good night."

He nodded and slouched off. I was taken aback. There was nothing for me to do but stroll on till I found a cab. I was having my bath next morning when a telephone call dragged me out of it, and with a towel round my wet body I took up the receiver. It was Janet.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" she said. "You seem to have kept Charlie up pretty late last night. I heard him come home at three."

"He left me at Marylebone Road," I answered. "He said nothing to me at all."

"Didn't he?"

There was something in Janet's voice that suggested that she was prepared to have a long talk with me.

"Look here," I said quickly, "I've been having my bath, and I'm dripping all over the carpet."

"Oh!" I felt disappointment in her tone. "Well, when can I see you? Can you come here at twelve?"

It was inconvenient, but I was not prepared to start an argument. "Yes; good-by." I rang off before she could say anything more.

I was devoted to Janet, but I knew that there was nothing that thrilled her more than the misfortunes of her friends. She was only too anxious to help them, but she wanted to be in the thick of their difficulties.

I could not help, then, chuckling in my heart when at noon I was shown into Janet's drawing-room and observed the subdued eagerness with which she received me. She was very much upset by the catastrophe that had befallen the Bishops, but it was exciting, and she was tickled to death to have someone fresh whom she could tell all about it. Janet was conscious that the matter was serious, and she would not for a moment have regarded it flippantly, but she was determined to get every ounce of value out of it.

"I mean, no one could have been more horrified than I was when Margery told me she'd finally made up her mind to leave Charlie," she said, speaking with the fluency of a person who has said the same thing in the same words a dozen times at least. "They were the most devoted couple I'd ever known. It was a perfect marriage. Of course, Bill and

I are devoted to each other, but we have awful rows now and then. I mean, I could kill him sometimes."

"I don't care about your relations with Bill," I said. "Tell me about the Bishops. That's what I've come here for."

"I felt I must see you. You're the only person who can explain it."

"Oh, don't go on like that! Until Bill told me last night I didn't know a thing about it."

"That was my idea. It suddenly dawned on me that perhaps you didn't know, and I thought you might put your foot in it too awfully."

"Supposing you begin at the beginning," I said.

"Well, you're the beginning. After all, you started the trouble. You introduced the young man. That's why I was so crazy to see you. You know all about him. I never saw him. All I know is what Margery has told me about him."

"At what time are you lunching?"

"Half past one."

"So am I. Get on with the story. I shall leave here at twenty minutes past one at the latest."

"Then I shall just have to race through it. What do you think of Gerry Morton? What's he like?"

"All right. Rather the Kipling type, you know. Keen on his work. Empire-builder and all that sort of thing."

"I don't mean that!" cried Janet. "I mean, what does he look like?"

"More or less like everybody else, I think. I can't picture him to myself very distinctly. He looks clean."

"Are you a novelist or are you not?" said Janet. "What's the color of his eyes?"

"I don't know."

"You must know. You can't spend a week with anyone without knowing if his eyes are blue or brown. Is he fair or dark?"

"Neither."

"Is he tall or short?"

"Average, I should say."

"Are you trying to irritate me?"

"No. He's just ordinary. There's nothing in him to attract attention. He's neither plain nor good-looking. He looks decent. He looks a gentleman."

"Margery says he has a charming smile and a lovely figure."

"I dare say."

"He's absolutely crazy about her."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"I've seen his letters."

"You mean she's shown them to you?"

"Why, of course."

It is always difficult for a man to stomach the want of reticence that women betray in their private affairs. They have no shame. They will talk to one another of the most intimate matters without embarrassment. Modesty is a masculine virtue.

But though a man may know this theoretically, each time he is confronted with women's lack of reserve he suffers a new shock. I wondered what Morton would think if he knew that not only were his letters read by Janet Marsh as well as by Margery, but that she had been kept posted from day to day with the progress of his infatuation.

According to Janet, he had fallen in love with Margery at first sight. The morning after they had met at my supper party at Ciro's he had rung up and asked her to have tea with him at some place where they could dance.

While I listened to Janet's story I was conscious, of course, that she was giving me Margery's view of the circumstances, and I kept an open mind. I was interested to observe that Janet's sympathies were with Margery.

It was true that when Margery left



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her husband it was Janet's idea that Charlie should come to them for two or three weeks rather than stay on in miserable loneliness in the deserted apartment, and she had been extraordinarily kind to him. She did what she could to console him. She was terribly sorry for him.

But all the same she was definitely on Margery's side. The affair thrilled her. She had been in it from the beginning when Margery, smiling, flattered and a little doubtful, came and told her that she had a young man, to the final scene when Margery, exasperated and distraught, announced that she could not stand the strain any longer and had moved out of the apartment.

"OF COURSE, at first I couldn't believe my ears," she said. "You know how Charlie and Margery were. They simply lived in each other's pockets, they were so devoted to each other. I rather envied her sometimes. They had no money and they lived in a huggemugger way, but they were frightfully happy. Of course, I never thought anything would come of it.

"Margery was amused. 'Naturally, I don't take it seriously,' she told me, 'but it is fun. I haven't had any flowers sent me for years. I had to tell him not to send any more because Charlie would think it so silly. He doesn't know a soul in London and he loves dancing and he says I dance like a dream. It's miserable for him going to the theater by himself, and we've done two or three matinees together. It's pathetic to see how grateful he is when I say I'll go out with him.'

"I must say," I said, 'he sounds rather a lamb.' 'He is,' she said. 'I knew you'd understand. You don't blame me, do you?' 'Of course not, darling,' I said; 'surely you know me better than that. I'd do the same in your place.'

Margery made no secret of her outings with Morton, and her husband chaffed her good-naturedly about her beau. But he thought him a civil, pleasant-spoken young man and was glad that Margery had someone to play with while he was busy. It never occurred to him to be jealous. The three of them dined together several times and went to a show.

But presently Gerry Morton begged Margery to spend an evening with him alone, and at last she went to Janet and asked her to ring up Charlie one day and ask him to come to dinner and make a fourth at bridge. Janet invented some cock-and-bull story that made it seem important that he should consent.

Next day Margery and she met. The evening had been wonderful. They had dined at Maidenhead and danced there, and then had driven home through the summer night.

"He says he's crazy about me," Margery told her.

"Did he kiss you?" asked Janet.

"Of course," Margery chuckled. "Don't be silly, Janet. He is awfully sweet and he has such a nice disposition. Naturally, I don't believe half the things he says."

"My dear, you're not going to fall in love with him!"

"I have," said Margery.

"Darling, isn't it going to be awkward?"

"Oh, it won't last. After all, he's going back to Borneo in the autumn."

"Well, I can't deny that it's made you look years younger."

"I know; and I feel years younger."

Soon they were meeting every day. They met in the morning and walked in the park together or went to a picture gallery. They separated for Margery to have luncheon with her husband,

and after luncheon they met again. Margery did not tell her husband. She thought he would not understand.

"How was it you never met Morton?" I asked Janet.

"Oh, she didn't want me to. You see, we belong to the same generation, Margery and I. I understand that."

"I see."

"Of course I did everything I could. When she went out with Gerry she was always supposed to be with me."

I am a person who likes to cross a t and dot an i. "Were they having an affair?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Margery isn't that sort of woman at all."

"How do you know?"

"She would have told me."

"I suppose she would."

"Of course, I asked her. But she denied it and I'm sure she was telling me the truth. There's never been anything of that sort between them at all."

"It seems odd to me."

"Well, Margery is a good woman."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"She was absolutely loyal to Charlie. She wouldn't have deceived him for anything in the world. She couldn't bear the thought of having any secret from him. As soon as she knew she was in love with Gerry she wanted to tell Charlie. I begged her not to. I told her it wouldn't do any good and it would only make Charlie miserable. And after all, the boy was going away in a couple of months; it didn't seem much good to make a fuss about a thing that couldn't possibly last."

But Gerry's imminent departure was the cause of the crash. The Bishops had arranged to go abroad as usual. Charlie was busy with maps and guides. He looked forward to his holiday with the bubbling excitement of a schoolboy.

Margery listened to him discussing the adventure with a sinking heart. They were to be away four weeks, and in September Gerry was sailing. She could not bear to lose so much of the short time that remained to them.

As the interval grew shorter and shorter she grew more and more nervous. At last she decided that there was only one thing to do.

"Charlie, I don't want to come on this trip," she interrupted him suddenly, one day when he was talking to her of some restaurant he had heard of. "I wish you'd get someone else to go with you."

He looked at her blankly. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter. I don't feel like it. I want to be by myself for a bit."

"Are you ill?"

His concern drove her beyond her endurance. "No. I've never been better in my life. I'm in love."

"You? With whom?"

"Gerry."

He looked at her in amazement. He could not believe his ears. She mistook his expression.

"It's no good blaming me. I can't help it. He's going away in a few weeks. I'm not going to waste the little time he has left."

He burst out laughing. "Margery, how can you make such a fool of yourself? You're old enough to be his mother."

She flushed. "He's just as much in love with me as I am with him."

"Has he told you so?"

"A thousand times."

"He's a liar, that's all." He chuckled. He thought it a huge joke.

I dare say Charlie did not treat his wife in the proper way. Janet seemed to think he should have been tender and compassionate. *He should have understood.* I saw the scene that was in

her mind's eye: the stiff upper lip, the silent sorrow and the renunciation.

Women are always sensitive to the beauty of the self-sacrifice of others. Janet would have sympathized also if he had flown into a violent passion, broken one or two pieces of furniture, or given Margery a sock in the jaw. But to laugh at her was unpardonable.

Anyhow, the excursion to Holland was given up and the Bishops stayed in London through August. They were not happy. They lunched and dined together every day because they had been in the habit of doing so for so many years, and the rest of the time Margery spent with Gerry.

The hours she passed with him made up for all she had to put up with, and she had to put up with a good deal.

Charlie had a ribald and sarcastic humor and he made himself funny at her expense and at Gerry's. He persisted in refusing to take the matter seriously. He was vexed with Margery for being so silly, but it never occurred to him that she might have been unfaithful to him. I commented upon this to Janet.

"He never suspected it even," she said. "He knew Margery much too well."

The weeks passed and at last Gerry sailed. He went from Tilbury and Margery saw him off. When she came back she cried for forty-eight hours. Charlie watched her with increasing exasperation. His nerves were much frayed.

"Look here, Margery," he said at last, "I've been patient with you, but now you must pull yourself together. This is getting past a joke."

"Why can't you leave me alone?" she cried. "I've lost everything that made life lovely to me."

"Don't be such a fool!" he said.

I do not know what else he said. But he was unwise enough to tell her what he thought of Gerry, and I gather that the picture he drew was virulent. It started the first violent scene they had ever had. She had borne Charlie's gibes when she knew that she would see Gerry in an hour or next day, but now that she had lost him forever she could bear them no longer. She had held herself in for weeks; now she flung her self-control to the winds.

**P**ERHAPS she never knew exactly what she said to Charlie. He had always been irascible, and at last he hit her. They were both frightened. He seized a hat and flung out of the apartment. During all that miserable time they had shared the same bed, but when he came back, late that night, he found that she had made herself up a shakedown on the sofa in the sitting room.

"You can't sleep there," he said. "Don't be so silly. Come to bed."

"No, I won't; let me alone."

For the rest of the night they wrangled, but she had her way and now made up her bed every night on the sofa. But in that tiny apartment they could not get away from each other.

He tried to reason with her. He thought her incredibly stupid and argued with her interminably in the effort to show her how wrong-headed she was. He could not leave her alone. He would not let her sleep, and he talked half through the night, till they were both exhausted. He thought he could talk her out of love.

Then one day, coming home, he found her crying bitterly; the sight of her tears distracted him; he told her how much he loved her and sought to move her by the recollection of all the happy years they had spent together. He wanted to let bygones be bygones; he





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to say  
about  
the  
"Good  
Old Days"



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promised never to refer to Gerry again. Could they not forget this nightmare?

But the thought of all that a reconciliation implied revolted her. She told him she had a racking headache and asked him to give her a sleeping draft. She pretended to be asleep when he went out, next morning, but the moment he was gone she packed up her things and left. She had a few trinkets that she had inherited, and by selling them she got a little money. She took a room at a cheap boarding house and kept her address a secret from Charlie.

It was when he found she had left him that he went to pieces. The shock of her flight broke him. He told Janet that his loneliness was intolerable. He wrote to Margery imploring her to come back, and asked Janet to intercede for him; he was willing to promise anything. Margery was obdurate.

"Do you think she'll ever go back?" I asked Janet.

"She says not."

I had to leave then, for it was nearly half past one.

Two or three days later I got a telephone message from Margery asking if I could see her. She suggested coming to my rooms. I asked her to tea. I tried to be nice to her, but in my heart I thought her a silly woman and I dare say my manner was cold.

She had never been handsome and the passing years had changed her little. She had still those fine dark eyes and her face was astonishingly unlined. She had still the charm of perfect naturalness and of a kindly humor.

"I want you to do something for me if you will," she began, without beating about the bush.

"What is it?"

"Charlie is leaving the Marshes to-day and going back to the apartment. I'm afraid his first few days there will be difficult; it would be nice of you if you'd ask him to dinner or something."

"I'll have a look at my book."

"I'm told he's been drinking heavily. It's such a pity. I wish you could give him a hint."

"I understand he's had some domestic worries of late," I said, perhaps acidly.

Margery flushed. "Of course you've known him ever so much longer than you've known me. It's natural that you should take his part."

"My dear, to tell you the truth, I've known him all these years chiefly on your account. I never much liked him, but I thought you were awfully nice."

She smiled at me and her smile was sweet. "Do you think I was a good wife to him?"

"Perfect."

"He used to put people's backs up. A lot of people didn't like him, but I never found him difficult."

"He was awfully fond of you."

"I know. We had a wonderful time together. For sixteen years we were perfectly happy." She paused and looked down. "I had to leave him. It became quite impossible."

"I never see why two persons should go on living together if they don't want to."

"You see, it was awful for us. We'd always lived in such close intimacy. We could never get away from each other. At the end, I hated the sight of Charlie."

"I don't suppose the situation was easy for either of you."

"It wasn't my fault that I fell in love. You see, it was quite a different love from the one I'd felt for Charlie. There was always something maternal and protective in my love for him. Gerry was different." Her voice grew soft and her face was transfigured with glory. "He

gave me back my youth. I was a girl to him and I could depend on his strength and be safe in his care."

"He seemed to me a nice lad," I said. "I imagine he'll do well. He was young for the job he had when I ran across him. He's only twenty-nine now, isn't he?"

She smiled. She knew what I meant. "I never made any secret of my age to him. He says it doesn't matter."

I knew this was true. She was not the woman to lie about her age.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-four."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I've written to Gerry and told him I've left Charlie. As soon as I hear from him I'm going out to join him."

I was staggered. "You know it's a primitive colony he's living in. I'm afraid you'll find your position awkward."

"He made me promise that if I found my life impossible after he left I'd go out to him."

"Are you sure you're wise to attach so much importance to the things a young man says when he's in love?"

Again that really beautiful look of exaltation came into her face. "Yes; when the young man happens to be Gerry."

My heart sank. I was silent for a moment. Then I told her the story of the road Gerry had built. I dramatized it, and I think I made it effective.

"What did you tell me that for?" she asked when I finished.

"I thought it a good story."

She shook her head and smiled. "No; you wanted to show me that he was young and enthusiastic, and so keen on his work that he hadn't much time to waste on other interests. I wouldn't interfere with his work. You don't know him as I do. He's incredibly romantic. He looks upon himself as a pioneer. I've caught from him something of his excitement at the idea of taking part in the opening-up of a new country. It is splendid, isn't it? It makes life here seem humdrum and commonplace. But it's lonely there. Even the companionship of a middle-aged woman may be worth having."

"Are you proposing to marry him?"

"I leave myself in his hands. I want to do nothing that he does not wish."

She spoke with so much simplicity. There was something so touching in her self-surrender, that when she left me I no longer felt angry with her. Of course I thought her foolish.

I supposed Gerry would go through a bad quarter of an hour when he received Margery's letter. My sympathies were not deeply engaged in the matter, and I was only curious to see how he would extricate himself from the pass he was in. I thought Margery would suffer a bitter disappointment—well, that would do her no great harm—and then she would go back to her husband; and I had no doubt the pair of them, chastened, would live in peace, quiet and happiness for the rest of their lives.

The event was different. It happened that it was impossible for me to make any engagement with Charlie Bishop for some days, but I wrote to him and asked him to dine and go to a play with me one evening in the following week.

We arranged to meet at our club and dine at seven because the piece we were going to began at a quarter past eight. I arrived. I waited. He did not come. I rang up his apartment, but could get no reply, so concluded that he was on his way. I hate missing the beginning of a play and I waited in the hall. To save time, I had ordered dinner.

At a quarter to eight, I did not see why I should wait for him any longer, so walked up to the dining room and



ate my dinner alone. He did not appear. I put a call through from the dining room to the Marshes and presently was told by a waiter that Bill Marsh was at the end of the wire.

"I say, do you know anything about Charlie Bishop?" I said. "We were dining together and going to a play and he hasn't turned up."

"He died this afternoon."

"What!"

My exclamation was so startled that two or three people within earshot looked up. The dining room was full, and the waiters were hurrying to and fro.

"Where are you speaking from?" asked Bill.

I suppose he heard the clatter that surrounded me. When I told him, he asked me if I could come round as soon as I had finished my dinner. Janet wanted to speak to me.

"I'll come at once," I said.

I found Janet and Bill sitting in the drawing-room. He was reading the paper and she was playing patience. She came forward swiftly when the maid showed me in.

"I brought Margery here and put her to bed. The doctor has given her a sedative. She's all in. Isn't it awful?" She gave a sound that was something between a gasp and a sob.

The Bishops had never kept a servant but a charwoman went in every morning, cleaned the apartment and washed up the breakfast things. She had her own key. That morning she had gone in as usual and done the sitting room. Since his wife had left him, Charlie's hours had been irregular and she was not surprised to find him asleep. But the time passed and she knew he had his work to go to. She knocked at the bedroom door. There was no answer. She thought she heard him groaning.

She opened the door softly. He was lying in bed, on his back, and he was breathing stertorously. He did not wake. She called him. Something about him frightened her. She went to the apartment on the same landing. It was occupied by a journalist. He opened the door.

"Beg pardon, sir," she said, "but would you just come and 'ave a look at my gentleman. I don't think 'e's well."

The journalist walked into Charlie's apartment. There was an empty bottle of veronal by the bed. "I think you'd better fetch a policeman," he said.

A policeman came and rang through to the police station for an ambulance. They took Charlie to Charing Cross Hospital. He never recovered consciousness. Margery was with him at the end.

"Of course, there'll have to be an inquest," said Janet. "But it's obvious what happened. He'd been sleeping badly for the last three or four weeks and I suppose he'd been taking veronal. He must have taken an overdose by accident."

"Is that what Margery thinks?"

"She's too upset to think anything, but I told her I was positive he hadn't committed suicide. I mean, he wasn't that sort of man. Am I right, Bill?"

"Yes, dear," he answered.

"Did he leave any letter?"

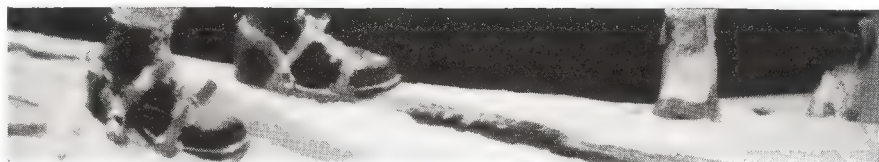
"No, nothing. Oddly enough, Margery got a letter from him this morning—well, hardly a letter, just a line. 'I'm so lonely without you, darling.' That's all. But of course that means nothing and she's promised to say nothing about it at the inquest. I mean, what is the use of putting ideas in people's heads? Everyone knows that you never can tell with veronal; it was obviously an accident. Am I right, Bill?"

"Yes, dear," he answered.

I saw that Janet was determined to



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believe that Charlie Bishop had not committed suicide. And of course it might be that she was right. It is unreasonable to suppose that a middle-aged scientist should kill himself because his middle-aged wife leaves him, and it is extremely plausible that, exasperated by sleeplessness, and in all probability far from sober, he took a larger dose of the sleeping draft than he realized.

Anyhow, that was the view the coroner took of the matter. It was indicated to him that of late Charles Bishop had given way to habits of intemperance which had caused his wife to leave him, and it was obvious that nothing was further from his thoughts than to put an end to himself. The coroner expressed his sympathy with the widow and commented strongly on the dangers of sleeping drafts.

I hate funerals, but Janet begged me to go to Charlie's. Several of his colleagues at the hospital had intimated their desire to come, but at Margery's wish they were dissuaded and Janet and Bill, Margery and I were the only persons who attended it.

We were to fetch the hearse from the mortuary and they offered to call for me on their way. I was on the lookout for the car and when I saw it drive up went downstairs, but Bill got out and met me just inside the door.

"Half a minute," he said. "I've got something to say to you. Janet wants you to come back afterwards and have tea. She says it's not good for Margery to mope and after tea we'll play a few rubbers of bridge. Can you come?"

"Very well."

But we did not play bridge, after all. Janet was smart in her deep mourning and she played the part of the sympathetic friend with amazing skill.

We returned to the house. There was a telegram for Margery. She took it and went upstairs. I presumed it was a message of condolence from one of Charlie's friends who had just heard of his death. Bill went to change, and Janet and I went up to the drawing-room and got the bridge table out. She took off her hat and put it on the piano.

"It's no good being hypocritical," she said. "Of course, Margery has been frightfully upset, but she must pull herself together now. A rubber of bridge will help her to get back to her normal state. Naturally, I'm dreadfully sorry about poor Charlie, but as far as he was concerned I don't believe he'd ever have got over Margery's leaving him and one can't deny that it has made things much easier for her. She cabled to Gerry this morning."

"What about?"

"To tell him about poor Charlie."

At that moment the maid came into the room. "Will you go up to Mrs. Bishop, please, ma'am. She wants to see you."

"Yes, of course."

Janet went out of the room quickly. Bill joined me presently and we had a drink. At last Janet came back. She handed a cablegram to me. It read:

For heaven's sake await letter

Gerry

"What do you think it means?" she asked me.

"What it says," I replied.

"Idiot! Of course, I've told Margery that it doesn't mean anything, but she's worried. It must have crossed her cable telling him that Charles was dead. I don't think she feels much like bridge, after all. I mean, it would be rather bad form to play on the very day her husband has been buried."

"Quite," I said.

"Of course, he may telegraph in answer to her cable. He's sure to do that, isn't he? The only thing we can do now is to sit tight and wait for his letter."

I saw no object in continuing the conversation. I left. In a couple of days Janet rang me up to tell me that Margery had received a cablegram of condolence from Morton. She repeated it to me.

Dreadfully distressed to hear sad news  
Deeply sympathize with your  
great grief Love

Gerry

"What do you think of it?" she asked me.

"I think it's very proper."

"Of course he couldn't say he was as pleased as Punch, could he?"

"Not with any delicacy."

"I don't know what'll happen to Margery if he lets her down now," Janet went on. "Of course, it remains to be seen if he's a gentleman."

"Rot!" I said, and rang off quickly.

In the course of the following days I dined with the Marshes a couple of times. Margery looked tired. I guessed that she awaited the letter that was on the way with sickening anxiety. Grief and fear had worn her to a shadow; she seemed fragile now and she had acquired a spiritual look that I had never seen in her before.

She was gentle, grateful for every kindness shown her, and in her smile, unsure and timid, was an infinite pathos. Her helplessness was appealing. But Morton was several thousand miles away. Then one morning Janet rang me up.

"The letter has come. Margery says I can show it to you. Will you come round?"

Her tense voice told me everything. When I arrived Janet gave it to me. I read it. It was a careful letter, and I guessed that Morton had written it a good many times. It was very kind and he had evidently taken pains to avoid saying anything that could possibly wound Margery; but what transpired was his terror. It was obvious that he was shaking in his shoes.

He had felt, apparently, that the best way to cope with the situation was to be mildly facetious and he made fun of the white people in the colony. What would they say if Margery suddenly turned up? He would be given the order of the boot pretty quick.

## P

PEOPLE thought the East was free and easy; it wasn't, it was more suburban than Clapham. He loved Margery far too much to bear the thought of those horrible women out there turning up their noses at her. It was no place for a woman, anyhow.

He told her how much she meant to him, but she mustn't bother about him, and he couldn't help thinking it would be better if she went back to her husband. He would never forgive himself if he thought he had come between her and Charlie. Yes, I am sure it had been a difficult letter to write.

"Of course, he didn't know then that Charlie was dead. I've told Margery that changes everything."

"Does she agree with you?"

"I think she's being unreasonable. What do you make of the letter?"

"Well, it's plain he doesn't want her."

"He wanted her badly enough two months ago."

"It's astonishing what a change of air and a change of scene will do. Already it must seem to him a year since he left London. He's back among his

old friends and his old interests. My dear, it's no good for Margery to kid herself; the life there has taken him back and there's no place for her."

"I've advised her to ignore the letter and go straight out to him."

"I hope she's too sensible to expose herself to a terrible rebuff."

"But then what's to happen to her? Oh, it's too cruel! She's the best woman in the world. She has real goodness."

"It's funny, if you come to think of it; it's her goodness that has caused all the trouble. Why on earth didn't she have an affair with Morton? Charlie would have known nothing about it and wouldn't have been a penny the worse. She and Morton could have had a good time and when he went away they could have parted with the consciousness that a pleasant episode had come to a graceful end. It would have been a jolly recollection and she could have gone back to Charlie, and continued to make him the excellent wife she was."

JANET gave me a look of disdain. "There is such a thing as virtue, you know."

"Virtue be hanged! A virtue that only causes havoc and unhappiness is worth nothing. You can call it virtue if you like. I call it cowardice."

"The thought of being unfaithful to Charlie while she was living with him revolted her. There are women like that."

"Good gracious, she could have remained faithful to him in spirit while she was being unfaithful to him in the flesh. That is a feat of legerdemain that women find easy to accomplish."

"What an odious cynic you are!"

"If it's cynical to look truth in the face and exercise common sense in the affairs of life, then certainly I'm a cynic and odious, if you like. Let's face it. Margery's a middle-aged woman, Charlie was fifty-five and they'd been married for sixteen years. It was natural enough that she should lose her head over a young man who made a fuss over her. But don't call it love. It was physiology."

"She was a fool to take anything he said seriously. It wasn't himself speaking, it was his starved soul; it's monstrous that she should seek to ruin his life by holding him to the wild promises he made then."

"It was an accident that Margery took his fancy; he wanted her, and because he couldn't get her, wanted her more. I dare say he thought it was love; believe me, it was only physiology. It's her virtue that caused the whole trouble."

"How stupid you are! Don't you see that she couldn't help herself? She doesn't happen to be a loose woman."

"I prefer a loose woman to a selfish one, and a wanton to a fool."

"Oh, shut up! I didn't ask you to come here in order to make yourself absolutely beastly."

"What did you ask me to come for?"

"Gerry is your friend. You introduced him to Margery. If she's in the soup it's on his account. But *you* are the cause of the whole trouble. It's your duty to write to him and tell him he must do the right thing by her."

"I'm hanged if I will," I said.

"Then you'd better go."

I started to do so.

"Well, at all events, it's a mercy that Charlie's life was insured," said Janet.

Then I turned on her. "And you have the nerve to call me a cynic!"

I will not repeat the opprobrious word I flung at her as I slammed the door behind me. But all the same, Janet is a very nice woman. I often think it would be great fun to be married to her.





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## *A winter's tale*

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## Back Streets by Fannie Hurst (Continued from page 76)

their way into the basket of the bisque boy. That was all.

One day, on an impulse he had never repeated, he had sent up a small case of engraved flat silver of conventional design. Another time, during an epidemic of influenza following the war, he had bought her a Hudson seal coat.

Otherwise, the same old devices, which Walter never disapproved, of eking out with additional income from handiwork had continued. Strange, strange Walter, you, stinting me out of your plenty!

As she sat there beside him in the stale air of a warm May evening, it struck her how easily she might hate him, whose family wore so conspicuously the scalps of his munificence. The double house on Fifty-third Street. The summer home at Rye. The prominence of his place and Corinne's in the listed names of patrons. The munificence of education, travel, sports and expensive activities surrounding his children.

Lately, too, in a gallery formed by the merging of the fourth stories of the two houses, Walter had gathered the nucleus of an important collection of the Italian and Dutch masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Already he had expended a fortune in two or three pictures alone which would have meant affluence for Ray for the rest of her life.

Yes, as she sat there beside him in the warmish May evening, it struck her again how easily she might hate him.

It was that summer, just before the closing of the Saxels' town house and the departure of the household for Rye, that Walter did what was to her something of redeeming sweetness.

One evening he brought her an eight-weeks-old French poodle.

"Why, Walter, I wouldn't take anything for this! Oh, my little sweetie!" "I thought he would be company for you this summer."

"Walter, you're a darling!"

It was the first admission he had ever made of his cognizance of how dull her summers must seem since the completion of the house at Rye. With two of his children given to riding and driving over the countryside, and the beach so much more restricted, it had seemed the wise thing for Ray to take quarters at White Plains, eight miles away. This time she found residence in a boarding house on the main street.

ALWAYS, it seemed, her summers—anyway, those that they spent in America—were to be lived on the heated strip of a small town's main street. In White Plains they were long summers, arranged something like this: Occasionally of an early Sunday morning, especially if there were house guests at "Seascape," Walter drove over from Rye before they were up, and sat with her for an hour or so, always with the door open. Strained visits, with figures constantly moving across the open door and the hot smell of sun and soft asphalt coming through the lace curtains.

Right! In such a summer, a dog would be a blessed touch of companionship during days that for tediousness could sometimes be trying almost beyond endurance. Relief from them lay in the trips to the city which she took by train, there to meet Walter in the cool, shrouded seclusion of the flat, on several occasions remaining over the week-end while the city streets lay baking outside, and the high tide of her contentment mounted to the stars.

"Walter, let me stay in town this

summer. It's easier for you to come to me here. I do not mind the heat. Besides, it is dull and hot for me at White Plains."

"I want you near me," he said doggedly. "I've a sense of something like amputation when you are in another town. Part of me is missing."

That was among the dear things he said which she embalmed in her memory and kept there. It made White Plains bearable and even pleasurable. The little dog was going to be a help. He was half shaven, after the manner of French poodles, with pompons above his ankles and an absurd tuft of pompadour which had to be caught with a bit of ribbon to keep a jungle of black wool out of his eyes. "Jean Jacques" was the name on the pedigree, but Ray rechristened him "Babe."

Before she left for the country, she was already pressing out ribbons for him and keeping them folded in a glove box upon which she had embroidered a poodle in black wool French knots.

Once she caught herself talking a lingo which went like this, "Muvver's angel sweet companion. Love oo," and drew up sharply. Oh, that was awful! "I'll sell you to the ragman if ever I do that again! Get out!"

He lay with his nose between his paws and stared at her, and staring, blinked.

"Wait until I get you to the country, I'll take you for real walks," she told him when conscience smote her at her hurried method of taking him for a brief run up and down the sidewalk. There was less and less reason for wanting to go out, particularly as the streets became glaring and dusty.

Except for the special foods she bought for Walter, she telephoned for provisions. She even telephoned the department stores for wire shades or cretonne for the small objects she offered on commission to the Woman's Exchange.

Her income from this work averaged about forty dollars a month. Emma, now a sophomore, had written her:

Dearest Aunt Ray:

You send me too much. I've saved enough to live one whole month without your sending me anything. Oh, Aunt Ray, I am so happy here. Señora Gomez thinks I ought to major in Spanish. The public schools now feature it in their commercial courses and there is a big demand for teachers of Spanish. And just think, Aunt Ray, I have you to thank for everything!

Silly girl; she was not of blood kin, and yet she seemed to have the Schmidt failing of lacking shrewd talent in money matters. Another girl would have pocketed the surplus without a word.

There were three hundred dollars, besides, salted away in a savings bank for Emma. It was part of the sum Ray had won on a racing tip.

Dear Emma (Ray wrote back), I want you to take the extra money and buy yourself a nice spring outfit. The snapshot of you is good, but I do not like that middy blouse. Buy yourself a good-quality suit. Keep yourself neat and study hard. Remember, no one can ever take away your education, once you get it. Knowledge is power.

Your loving Aunt Ray

She recited to Walter extracts from Emma's letters as they came from time to time, and showed him the snapshot. "She is not pretty, Walter, but just a

fine good girl, and sweet." It was remarkable, the consistency with which his interest failed to awaken.

"That's fine. Looks like a mighty nice girl." This without even putting on his glasses, without which he had practically no reading vision left. Sometimes it seemed to her that he was not even clear as to who Emma was.

Well, it was just as well. Emma was the only concern she had that was privately her own. Emma, and now Babe.

THE move to the country that summer came a month earlier than usual, because there was talk of Walter's taking August to go to Aix-les-Bains for the cure. Three weeks at the French spa, he declared, would drive out the demon rheumatism. Corinne, of late, had been taking the treatment, too.

"Walter, you eat too much rich food. I cannot watch over you at home and at banquets, but I think I'll cut down on your favorite meat dishes here."

"Nonsense!" he said. "I have a doctor to advise me about my health. If you find cooking for me a hardship, say so."

She was so hurt that it was a full minute before she could trust herself to reply. "Why, Walter, I didn't mean—"

"Of course you didn't. You never do. Only, the next time, think before you speak. One would think, to hear you, that I'm a gourmand."

"I only mean, dear—"

"It's all right. Forget it."

She could not. Tears pressed against her throat for the rest of the evening, though five minutes afterward he was eating with unassailed relish the rich foods she had prepared for him.

That summer, Walter's son Richard had a roadster which he drove like a streak about the countryside and which had come to be a familiar sight in White Plains. Frequently, it drew up before an ice-cream parlor across the street from Ray's boarding house, a resort popular with the youth of miles around. Sometimes Richard would hop out. He was the handsome one of the family, slim and far more impressive in his dark beauty than Irma, who was just plump and pretty.

Sometimes the roadster was so crowded that youngsters sat piled on one another's laps. On two occasions Corinne, with her beautiful white waved hair uncovered and trim under a net, had been in the car. The youngsters had swept her into the ice-cream parlor in a circle of deference. As usual, there had been pearls on her placid breast, and to Ray, standing behind the lace curtains of her room, the monogram on the cushion at her empty place in the automobile and her folded wrap of gray cloth and chin-chilla were testimonial to the ordered rightness that had marked this life.

The second time that Corinne arrived at the ice-cream parlor, Irma and Felix were also in the car. From behind the lace curtains, it was impossible to get a full glance at Felix. But it was difficult to conceive that the outline of a small boy was the symbol of the knife that had turned and turned in her heart . . .

In many ways, it was the most difficult summer of all, what with Richard rampant over the country in his roadster and the possibility of encountering him on all sides. It made venturing away from the town itself an indiscretion. More and more it began to seem unlikely to Ray that here, there, everywhere—at concerts, theaters, spas, gaming tables, casinos—the imprint of



her figure had not, by now, begun to sink into the family consciousness.

One night, something occurred at a charity fête held on the lawns of the Selfridge estate at Rye that caused her heart to stop in its beat.

The admission fee was nominal—one dollar. Ices were sold from booths, and bricks in the contemplated hospital were hawked on all sides by young girls carrying brick-shaped coupons in baskets flung by ribbons over their shoulders. From a platform strung with lanterns entertainment and speeches were offered.

"Now, here is your ticket, Ray. All you need do is taxi over, keep your cab waiting and come around the grounds long enough to hear me. I expect to go on about ten-fifteen. It's an important occasion for me, Ray. Certain people of particular value to me will be present. Tell you more about it another time. Has to do with a country-club situation that is important to me."

## How well Ray knew!

The Saxel family, one of the large estate holders, active locally, pioneers in generous cooperation in township improvements, had not been asked to join the new Exmoor Country Club. Reason, racial. The unpretty fact of the matter was that the Saxels were standing outside the closed portals of the Exmoor Country Club, wanting in, conniving, even bargaining for social tolerance. It was as if, seeing it happen, a priceless and venerable something were tarnishing before her very eyes.

But all that was beside the point. In addition to the social wedge which this occasion seemed to offer Walter for Corinne and the children, he wanted Ray there as commentator.

"Walter, somehow, it seems so conspicuous, my going there—alone."

"Nobody will notice you in a crowd. I've reasons for wanting to inspire local confidence. I'm going to open the drive myself with fifty thousand. You show up in time to hear the addresses."

"I'll need a gardenish sort of dress."

"Get it."

Get it! Never the proffered wherewithal to make the getting of it a less laborious scouting-about for remnants to be put together by ingenuity. Why, the cost of that gray chinchilla-trimmed wrap of Corinne's was three times the cost of Ray's entire wardrobe. The thought evoked a rattle of chilly laughter.

"If you don't want to come—"

"Don't be silly, darling."

"Want you to take notice of a John Estabrooke. President of Exmoor. I'll be having something to talk over with you about him in a few days. Funny thing, dear, what it does for me to have you tied to the old apron string. I need the feeling of you around. Don't let me down, Ray."

"I'm not letting you down, darling, only where we take such elaborate precautions as a rule, it does seem—"

"Let me worry about precautions."

And yet something happened on that occasion which, while it had no quality of definiteness, was to riddle her with dreads.

The afternoon preceding the evening of the fête, there were thundershowers. They will have to postpone it, Ray thought with a surge of relief. But about four o'clock, a hot sun came pouring through dissolving clouds. And that night the clipped lawns of the Selfridge estate were dry underfoot, and there was little evidence of recent rains.

It was true, the tall, nondescript-looking woman in printed voile attracted little, if any, notice in the milling

crowds. Once there, Ray felt glad she had come. A watery moon flattened and made gray the lawns, baring them for the laying-on of eccentric shadows cast by tree and building. It was a night the color of a gray moth, with spotted wings. Japanese lanterns strung from tree to tree were the spots.

It was while Ray was standing toward the rear of the camp chairs that had been ranged in rows before the platform, securely tucked into the overflow of stondees, that the something happened which gave her the sensation that someone had caught her heart in his hand on its frightened rebound.

Richard was there. Preceding his father's address, during some expert banjo playing, Ray could see him standing in one of the side aisles. Then she saw Irma push her way to his side.

Ray saw the plump white hand, with its bracelet of seed pearls she had helped Walter select, placed on Richard's arm. His listening, inclined ear; then the startled face of Walter's son swinging to find hers.

It was a face that even in moonlight darkened as it gazed, with a flush that made it look as if it had been slapped. That was all, because without a second glance, without waiting for Walter, explaining it to him later on the plea of sudden illness, Ray slipped through the crowd.

Never a word to Walter of the fear that from that day on was nesting in her heart, but except to take the Babe for his early and late walks, or to go to town when a week-end with Walter presented itself, she did not leave her rooms again until, some five days after a ship had sailed, bearing "Mr. and Mrs. Walter Saxel and son, chauffeur and maid," a Mrs. Ray Schmidt, destination Cherbourg, embarked on a smaller boat. "Let me go as your maid," people were always saying to Ray when they heard of her periodic trips abroad.

That was well and good from the outside, looking in. Actually, these trips—there had been six of them in all—amounted to little in the way of travel. Once, because she had never seen London, she had gone over alone for a few days from Paris. Another year she had taken a tour of the larger cities of the Continent; but in the main her European trips were no more than a matter of changing quarters from the New York flat to a European hotel or *pension* within easy reach of the large hosteleries patronized by the Saxels.

Paris, glimpsed from an occasional day's tour or from hotel rooms that looked on a court, was not the bewitching city of cafés, galleries, shops, bridges, towers, Madeleine, Louvre, Montmartre, Seine, Champs Elysées and Bois. Not the Paris that she, Ray, would so have loved.

At Aix-les-Bains, Walter's favorite spa, it was better. The pretty French spa, within sight of the first towering heads of the Alps, seemed to reduce to minimum fears, dreads, old nervousnesses. A false security about that, though, because here the centrifugal life of the place emanated from the nucleus of the casino, the bathhouses, the park in the public square which contained the drinking springs.

Mornings, at eleven, during the season, there were band concerts in this square, and it was part of the prescribed routine for the whole of the visiting township to forgather there.

Afternoons at four, music, tea and dancing helped conceal the fact that many of the men and women, so seemingly care-free over tea or cocktail, actually were racked with infirmities or the threat of them. In addition to the

English and Americans, there were always, to Ray's endless amazement, maharajas, South African potentates and Mohammedan princes.

Oh, there was no use talking, no use denying it to herself, solitude, the quiet reaches of the long, long days she had learned to spend passively within hotel rooms, had not succeeded in downing within her a love of the light, the movement, the gaming, the dining, the winning in the semipublic resort. Evenings, from her rooms she could see the lights of the casino. There was something about the spectacle that was a clutch of excitement through her very being.

It was one thing just to avoid the public square and popular tea haunts where she might encounter Corinne or one of her children; it was another deliberately to deny herself the diversion, sometimes the profit, and always the pleasurable excitement of the casino.

At Monte Carlo, where the casino was almost a small city, it had all been much simpler. Here at Aix-les-Bains, on those evenings when Ray knew Corinne was to be present, she never ventured into the rooms where the larger stakes were being played, but took her smaller hazards at the polyglot tables where the croupiers dealt in the pea-shot sums of the *pension* and boarding-house crowds.

Hours on end, fascinated, Ray would stand in the heavy fringe of onlookers surrounding these high tables, watching with bright magnetized eyes the spectacle of chance as it held the circles around the green baize cloth in attitudes of strain, expectation, hope, frustration.

The girls on the fringe of these men and women who played and won and lost in terms of hundreds of thousands of francs were like rouged ghouls of these nightly occasions, hovering at the elbows of the men whose stacks of chips or notes or coins were highest. It was almost an ethic that the male winner must feed into their greedy jeweled talons the spume of his gains.

Ray's head reeled with their perfumes as their jeweled arms reached over shoulders to place bets. Spangled birds of paradise pecking at spangled offal. Sometimes a stray five-hundred-franc note, or a chip flung over a shoulder would find itself in Ray's hand.

At first, this had come as a shock to her, but gradually, as it became apparent that even the smug married women plucked at these backward-flung notes, it became part of the evening's high pitch. True, it was not for the birds of nondescript plumage like Ray that these notes actually were intended. But a hand, reaching in quickly, could flip one. Grabber, keeper!

THEN, horrible and inevitable to these tables was the outer fringe of the outer fringe: elderly women, with bands of black velvet worn to cover the cables in their necks, their talons, covered with gold rings, clutching onto evening purses. Their weaving, witch-like hands and dry-as-powder fingers were what made it horrible to clutch for spoils. The necky reaching from the last rows gave Ray a sick feeling.

One evening, on a hundred-franc stake, she had gone home with a thousand francs. But usually her luck was more evasive. Small risks, small winnings, if any, but a general average profit, because she was conservative and would quit with a narrow surplus.

This year Walter and Corinne had come over without the older children, leaving Richard to his work in the banking house and Irma visiting the Mordecai Pooles, said to be the wealthiest family



# "You were wonderful tonight!"

IT WAS like old times to hear him say it. Not in months had Bob said one word about her clothes. And she couldn't blame him. For when Betty and Bob were married she had all the lovely dresses any girl could want. What happy times they had that first year—and what a shock it was when she felt the first urgent need of a really nice dress, and the money for it wasn't to be had!

She simply couldn't wear last year's frock—styles had changed so much. If only she could make something herself. But Betty had never learned—it had been so easy to buy things up to now.

And then—just when she was so discouraged—Betty made the discovery so many girls are making every day. Near by was a wonderful sewing school that seemed to be meant for girls like her—a school with every convenience, and clever electric machines to use, and a sympathetic teacher to show her step by step just what to do.

No wonder she sang over the breakfast dishes in the days that followed. For her heart was gay with hope and her head was whirling with plans. After just a few lessons at the school she made a simple dress—then another at a mere fraction of its cost in the shops. Then began the really great adventure—a design chosen ever so carefully, precious fabric that she loved to touch, hours of sheer delight at home watching it grow as she had dreamed it would. And then—this night at the club dance with Bob, happier than she had been in two whole years.

• • •

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of Spanish Jews in America. During the summer two or three times an amusing and daring thing happened between Walter, at play at the baccarat table, and Ray, on the fringe.

Without ever the slightest note of recognition between them, he had tossed her some of his chips, and leaning over his shoulder, she had placed them. On the evenings that Corinne did not join him at the casino, always of course with discretion, this was amusingly possible.

Sometimes, as Ray watched Walter, the miracle of the consistency of her love for this man, which had so long ago passed her understanding, smote her. It was as if, with her very breathing, she could say over and over to herself, Darling, darling, darling.

Somehow, she had to be grateful for the miracle of caring like that. (Darling, Darling.) Caring so invulnerably made her feel snug, even when the sense that she was waiting, and yet there was nothing for which to wait, was heaviest upon her. (Darling, Darling.)

It was one of the easy summers. The Friedlanders from Mannheim and Frankfurt am Main, an impressive group with contingents of daughters, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, maids and nurses, had joined their American cousins at the Bernascon that year. There was scarcely an hour of the day or evening that Corinne was not occupied with the German women. It left Walter more than ordinarily free to have luncheon in the tiny suite in the hotel buried beneath the hill that shouldered the Bernascon.

And what a luncheon could be served there, on a table drawn up beside a window which looked out upon a small garden where guests could sit under tin umbrellas and sip coffee or liqueur. It was like a picnic. It threw Ray into a gay, irresponsible mood. And away from the banking house, away from the more formal routine of the Bernascon, something let down in Walter. He became younger. It was as if the reincarnation of their youth had leaned into these bright, fleeting days.

Not even the usual daily sheaves of cables from the banking house came through to him. As Walter himself put it, it was a case of taking a complete rest, or having one forced upon him.

Ray suspected that part of his docility to this complete business detachment, which was not characteristic of him, was the result of a scare which had been thrown into him by an attack of acute indigestion which had laid him low during several days of the sojourn at Paris. As a matter of fact, the cause of the sharp gastric attack was easily traceable to his inability to resist the compensations of the table. Just the same, he was chastened that summer; went through a double term of the cure with a shamefaced regard for his diet that, because it was so boyish, hurt her.

Sometimes, in the evening, when the women were attending a concert or grand opera at the fine opera house adjoining the casino, Ray and Walter ventured, by way of one of the horse-drawn barouches, for a drive along tranquil old roads over which trees met to form leafy tunnels. The trotting horse, the rounded back of the driver, the lazily flicking whip, the distant hills, Walter's fingers laced into hers, fireflies, were part of the remote reality seen through eyelashes that recently had been kissed by Walter.

"Walter"—fingers interlaced—"I love you."

"I love you, Ray."

Clip. Clip.

"Walter," she asked him during one of these drives, "have you any regrets?"

He had been lying back, with his head

against her shoulder. "About what?" he asked her, without moving.

"Us."

Clip. Clip.

"When you ask me that, Ray," he said quietly, after a long pause, "you might as well ask if I have any regrets because I have hands, or because my children are healthy, or because there is a sun. You have held my life together, Ray. What force I have never would have been disciplined without you. I don't always admit it, even to myself, but practically everything I am, or everything I have accomplished, has been you. I know that, Ray, and when I am sane, I admit it. Me, have regrets!"

The blood began to whirl in her ears of the suffusing sweetness of what he said, and yet what she had hoped for was that he would turn the question: Have you any regrets, Ray?

It was not only that assurances to the contrary were bubbling at her heart to be spoken, but the question would have reflected a solicitude for her that she wanted terribly.

What, after all, had she given up in an entire lifetime that could compare with the stolen sweetness of such an evening as this? The only ill that can ever befall the perfection of what we have, she told him over and over again, is that anyone else be hurt by what we are doing, and we must never let that happen. He knew what she meant, and invariably kissed her fingers. But if only he had leaned to her with the question: Ray, have you any regrets?

"No, I have no regrets, Ray, except for the lie. It has been hard. I have suffered. But I have no regrets, Ray."

(I. I. I. I. I. I.)

"Nor I."

"I have needed you, Ray, every inch of the way."

(I. I. I. I. I. I.)

"And I you."

"I have been happier with you than I deserve."

(I. I. I. I. I. I.)

What if suddenly she should throw his hand from her lap, leap from the slowly moving vehicle and run laughing down the road, thumbing her nose at him, screaming her derision? That would be madness, the escape of the sense of madness that sometimes pressed against the wall of her being when she felt herself, as now, beating vainly against the walls of his being, as if he were so much mortar and stone...

He lifted her hand suddenly and pressed it against his brow. "I've a headache. I like to feel your hand. I'm tired, Ray. It rests me to be with you."

For an hour longer they rode at snail's pace along the quiet, tree-laced road, and presently he fell asleep with his head against her numb shoulder, her palm against his brow.

The engagement of Irma, to Mordecai II, eldest son of Mordecai Poole, founder and president of the North American Coffee Company, and their coming to Aix-les-Bains with Richard brought to an abrupt ending a summer which was filled with the perfections of occasions such as these. Though it was through Walter's eyes that Ray had beheld the progress of this love affair, nevertheless, when it actually precipitated itself, it came as a shock to him.

"Why, Walter, you act as if something dreadful had occurred, instead of something which you had been not only expecting, but hoping for."

They had been seated in Ray's sitting room, reading aloud from a paper the announcement of the engagement party.

At this remark, one of the familiar



gusts of anger, swept him. "You talk as if I'd been trying to marry her off!"

"Nonsense, Walter! But you know yourself, when Irma decided to stay at home this summer to visit the Pooles and come over later with Richard, you suspected what was going to happen."

"You women have a set of mental processes that are beyond me. You and her mother had this thing arranged in your minds before the two ever met. If I had my way she wouldn't be thinking of marriage for another five years."

Ray sat very still at that, flushing with a flood of bitterness and strange pleasure—"you and her mother."

Yes, much of what he said was true. She realized it now. Ever since, through the eyes of Walter, she had beheld Irma and young Poole skiing or dancing together, the dream of this alliance had nestled in her mind.

It was right and fitting that a Saxel should marry a Poole. Ray beheld Irma moving along to a destiny as sure and normal as Corinne's. Irma would marry young, well, and within the clan. There would be issue—issue of Walter's issue.

How passionately she, Ray, had desired that marriage now came over her in a kind of slow anger. Why? In order that the wall which over twenty years ago before had closed Walter in might continue to shut her out. Why? In order that for Corinne, who had everything, there might be even more.

The coming of the young people and the subsequent arrival of Mordecai Poole, Senior, and his young second wife, put an abrupt end to their easily managed scheme of things. The Saxel-Friedlander-Poole party now occupied a fine old building, also hotel property, known as the Villa, usually given over to visiting royalty. Here, they took up a sort of carnival family life, sufficient unto themselves, yet in evidence everywhere.

Saxels, Friedlanders, Pooles, everywhere! It made the days long again and dull again and empty of Walter. It caused the old creeping inertia to grip. It once more afforded Ray time for writing long letters to Emma, stitching blouses for her by hand, and on occasional pickings from the casino, tucking a bill or a trinket into a letter.

A summer hitherto all too fleeting seemed suddenly to pause and stand still. Sometimes, since she did not speak French, whole days passed without more than a friendly pantomime with those who served her, or the sound of her own voice caressing the Babe.

It was during this period, literally to kill the time and make less tedious that after-dinner period, that she set about smoking. There was something about the gesture of sitting beside a demitasse with the smoke coming from her nostrils that manufactured a sense of well-being. According to law and order, she had dined well, wine well and was at peace with herself and her world.

Oh, everything was as it should be! The weight at her heart was not resentment; it was ache. It was right of Walter meticulously to absent himself, these days following the announcement of his daughter's betrothal. No one quicker than she to realize the folly of a careless move. Besides, demands were upon him.

One evening he did manage to leave the baccarat table for an hour and hurry to her hotel. She had been bathing the Babe and, seated on the bedroom floor beside a tin tub of soapy water, was rubbing him dry with an old towel.

Somehow, the spectacle of her there in an old red negligee made him tender. She was for darting into fresh clothes

# It's about time you knew the truth about the difference in Laxatives

**T**HERE are different laxatives in the world. They have different names. They are composed differently. They act differently. Now, what do you know about them? What do you know about the laxative YOU are using?

## Let's see what doctors say:

**H**ERE are a few of the requirements that doctors set down as important about laxatives:

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach—disturbing the digestive processes.

A laxative should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

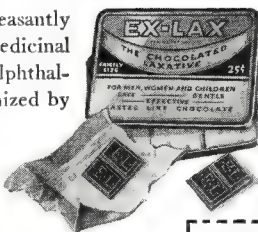
A laxative should be mild and gentle in action. It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines—which would weaken the natural functions.

It should not form a habit.

It should not gripe.

## Is there such a laxative?

**T**HERE is! And it's Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is an exclusive scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is recognized by the medical profession internationally, and that checks on every point a doctor looks for in a laxative.



And it is the special Ex-Lax way of combining delicious chocolate with the phenolphthalein—in the right quality, the right proportion, the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions are getting from Ex-Lax.

## Helping Nature to help herself

**EX-LAX** acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally, but surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not "whip" them! It does not gripe—nor form a habit.

Ex-Lax melts in the mouth, releasing the phenolphthalein gradually—important for best results.

Ex-Lax is a laxative that for 24 years has brought relief and comfort into millions of homes. If you are taking the wrong kind of laxative now, you owe it to yourself to try Ex-Lax. You will never change to another laxative again.

Your druggist sells Ex-Lax in 10c, 25c and 50c boxes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

## First step in treating a COLD

**C**LEAN out your system with Ex-Lax. It relieves your body of the poisonous waste matter. Yet it does not weaken, neither does it disturb digestion.

## FREE SAMPLE COUPON

The Ex-Lax Company, Dept. CM 21  
P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**

—an exclusive formula  
of phenolphthalein and delicious  
chocolate—forming the perfect laxative



and adjusting the room into the order in which she liked always to greet him.

"Stay the way you are, Ray. Don't move. I like it."

She sank back on her knees and heels. "Walter, I had no idea you could get away."

"Neither had I. Couldn't, I guess. Just came. It's the women who are making it this way. No need to call together a league of nations because two young people get engaged!"

"You poor dear tired one! Let me get you something cool to drink."

He waved her back. "Stay that way. I like it."

"Why, Walter," she said, looking up at him through eyes that were filled with a sense of his mood of tenderness, "I think you're paying me a compliment."

"I don't know about that, but I do know that it rests me to be here—like this—quiet. If I had my way, I'd stay here for a month and rest—like this."

"You wouldn't, darling," she said, thinking of the discomforts of her mode of living; "but it's nice of you to think you would. You're fed up, but it will soon be over."

"Can't be too soon for me. The gabble. Good Lord, the gabble of the women! Their insanity after things. I want to be quiet. I can be quiet here with you."

"My dear."

"Now, mark my word, Ray—it's a promise to myself—next year you and I are coming abroad somewhere. Just you and I. It can be managed. Some place high and cool and clean, and away from feverish people. Switzerland! A chalet that looks out over snow-capped mountains. It's coming to me, Ray. I need it."

Even as warmth flowed over her and she laid lips to the hand stretched over his knee, there was that old rhythm at her again. I. I. I. I. I. I. It's coming to me. I need it.

What about her? The walking in the shadow. The lurking up the side streets. The loneliness that was filled with so many dreads and fears and cautions.

What about me! What about me! Presently, without protest, he let her prepare him a drink of fresh limes, a touch of almond oil and grenadine.

"Ah, fine! Beats your French liqueurs. This tastes like me in carpet slippers."

He was right. How sweet and sure and snug and bright it would be, back there in the flat which was recalled to him by the drink he had so frequently imbibed there! For that matter, how sweet and right to be here together.

"Take off your coat, dear; you're warm."

"I must go back. They'll miss me. I'm playing baccarat with old Poole."

"Oh, Walter, I had hoped—"

"No. Besides, there's a trip to Anancy planned for early tomorrow."

She held out his hat, wanting to say: What about me? It's been six days of sitting here alone. It's not that I'm complaining—I understand so well—but sometimes, sitting here alone, the fear comes over me—honestly, the fear of getting crazy with the sameness of this suspense. Take me to Switzerland now! I need the change. It's coming to me. Of course, she said nothing of the sort.

"I'll be waiting, dear."

At midnight, against her discretion, but because of restlessness and the unutterable weariness of solitude that was born afresh out of her hatred of seeing Walter go, Ray climbed into a brown lace evening dress, threw on a chiffon scarf and hurried out to the casino.

For an hour she stood at one of the five-franc *boule* tables, placing one-franc pieces until she had lost twenty. Then, for another hour, fascinated as

always, she stood watching the small ebb and flow of these backwater tables.

A different picture from the weaving magnificence of the grand salons beyond. And yet it caught her, even here—the lure that used to capture her fancy at the tables in back rooms Over the Rhine.

"If I had money, I'm afraid I'd be a big gambler," she once told Walter.

"If you had money, you might fly away from me," had been his strange retort. Strange, and yet later, trying to analyze it, she used it often to explain the penury of his attitude towards her.

Standing there, watching the petty ebb and flow of the franc, the eager, greedy hands of the reaching women which, somehow, could appear so much more greedy than the reaching hands of the men, desire to play caused her to feel in her spangled purse for a coin.

She ached to be part of that high-tension moment when the *boule* ball skedaddled into place. Ball-bearinged little demon of destiny!

THERE were no coins left in her purse, but a gray-haired man tossed two francs over his shoulder as if thus to propitiate the stroke of luck that had just swept him twenty.

It was while Ray was in the act of placing the two-franc piece on the red, that her eyelids, as if magnetized, were literally dragged to meet eyes like two lighted tunnels that were regarding her from across the table. The eyes of Irma. The young, despising, incredulous, wounded and mercilessly appraising eyes of the daughter of Walter. Beside her, gazing in innocence at the game, stood Corinne. Mother and daughter, and as the daughter of Walter continued to impale with her glance the frozen eyes of Ray, her arm stole up and lay in a kind of challenging protection along the bare, white shoulders of her mother.

As Ray pushed her way out of that scene of sudden terror, it seemed to her that the streets came running in spokes to the door of the casino, ready to fold her into their merciful oblivion.

There was no surprise about it. Ray had been sitting for practically the whole of the ensuing day playing *solitaire* beside her window. Hour after hour, her eyes revolving over the layout of cards, she forced herself to pit her mind against the small scheme of the game, the idea being not to allow herself to dwell upon the incident which had turned heart, legs, arms, into sands which were running away, leaving nothingness.

Was it possible that all through these years she had ever dreamed it could be other than a fool's paradise? Two years before, at that garden party at Rye, she had known just what she knew now. No. No. No. It was not so simple. Truth of it was, she had never really allowed herself to think.

Besides, there was nothing to do about it. The thing to do was not to think; to pull herself together, as if it had never happened; to keep the young, hurt, angered and loathing face of Irma from moving across the lay of the cards, making Ray feel hot and stifled and full of the sense of a need to do something.

And of course there was nothing to do. Presently, when Walter came, everything would go on precisely as it had before. The only possible precaution was to be more careful. That was easy. Just a little more careful—and then he came, and there was no surprise about it.

Suddenly he was there. How like his father, as he had stood with one indecisive foot on the curb of the C H and D depot! Precisely so Richard stood now,

one foot scraping back and forth as he hesitated.

In the midst of the calamity of what was happening to her, the irrelevant consciousness smote Ray that, as luck would have it, she was wearing the old red negligee and that the Babe was licking a bonbon she had just tossed him.

Precisely the picture to burn itself into Richard's young mind! The florid, wall-papered room. One of her chemises hanging up to dry. Cigarette stubs strewn.

This was the kind of scene dished up to boys from college, on larks.

"I'm sorry," he said, as she rose, clutching her negligee together.

It was simply incredible, this flesh of Walter's flesh, there, a man, speaking. Was ever before such an interview as this one about to take place? Son of her spirit, son who should have been of her flesh, standing, an abominating stranger, before her.

What made it so fantastic was that terrible impulse to take his face between her hands. And yet, through it, Ray realized how she must appear to him. To the boy, she was the anathema of anathemas. His foolish old father's relic of an indiscretion.

All his life, now, he would be branded with the memory of this day. Ray wanted to efface the day for him. She wanted to efface the horrible reality of herself, seated there holding together the red negligee, and the Babe on the chair beside her, licking his bonbon.

(My poor boy. Oh, my poor boy.)

"Let us have this thing out, Miss—Mrs. Schmidt, by beginning in the middle. You're sensible, I'm sure."

So this was the curious thing called the "new youth." This brittle, unembarrassed young voice.

"I hate like the dickens barging in here, you understand that? As a matter of fact, you have every right to throw me out. Don't, please. But I'm sure you won't. Lay off Father, Mrs. Schmidt."

She just sat . . .

"All well and good to say these matters are a man's own. So they are, up to a point. For years we've been letting it happen up to that point. We think it is up to you now to save him from making more of a spectacle of himself than he has in the past. Remove this embarrassment from my sister's position."

"You mean—?"

"You know what I mean. I suppose I should shame you with the anomalous position in which you have placed my mother, and, for that matter, us children. But I'm not here as a moralist or as my father's keeper. I'm here because a concrete situation has arisen which makes it imperative that I request or, if I must, demand that you terminate this ridiculous situation."

YOUNG upstart, for whom her heart had been bleeding ever since he entered the room; young keg of broken glass sitting there making brittle sounds about life and the secret places of the inner shrine known as heart.

"You cannot, Mrs. Schmidt, continue to make my father the laughingstock of the world. For years we have had to close our eyes to the shadow of you moving along the background of our lives. Everybody except my mother knows. It is not square, Mrs. Schmidt, to continue to make my father, who is a public figure now, a comic strip."

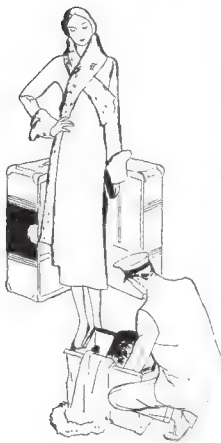
Corinne did not know. CORINNE DID NOT KNOW.

"And now, as you probably are aware, my sister is about to marry. The Mordecai Pooles aren't any more prudish than the next ones, but Mrs. Schmidt,



# An Innovation of World-Wide Importance to Women

That Banishes All Chafing, All Discomfort from Women's Hygiene



**A New and Totally Different Sanitary Protection . . . Pure Rayon Cellulose Filled**

**Soft and Gentle as Fluffed Silk And . . . Effective Hours Longer**

**T**HERE is now an *utterly new* and *totally different* hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an innovation of world-wide importance.

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Patented under U. S. Patents (U. S. Pat. No. 1702530) it is different from any

other pad. It is unique in its results. When you buy your first box of Veldown just open one of the pads and examine it. You will note that it is filled with pure Rayon Cellulose. Soft as fluffed silk.

You will see from its construction why *it cannot chafe or irritate*. Hence, no more discomfort, no more irritation from wearing a sanitary pad! Consider what this means.

Its softness is the gentle softness of Fluffed Silk. Its "feel," gives you a contrast that will turn you forever from the irritating old ways. Try it. What you find will amaze you.

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This new invention also makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods now known or ever known to women.

Thus it can be worn in complete *safety* and protection *hours longer* than other

sanitary methods. Consider, too, what this means.

It is specially treated with a deodorant of great power—and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

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Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. Use six. Then—if you don't feel that it is a **Vast and Great Improvement** on any other pad you have ever worn, return the box—and receive your full purchase price back.

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220 E. 42nd Street, New York City

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# Veldown

**FOR EVERY WOMAN**



surely you must realize that in the face of my sister's engagement, this public nastiness cannot go on."

If only the floor, yawning, would swallow her up before the merciless, unhurt, disgusted eyes of this perfect-shouldered, lean-thighed polo player, sitting there on his high horse. Why, this very quality of his sophistication had been born out of her concern for him. She, Ray, from the back alleys of his life, had steered his development and education away from the softening influences of Corinne. His self-confidence and power of assertiveness had been born in his contacts and competition in schools and colleges which she had selected for him. How dared he grind her pain to pulp!

"You must get out of the picture, Mrs. Schmidt, permanently. This you must do out of regard for my father; out of a sense of the jeopardy in which you place my mother. I wonder if you realize what this would do to her. She worships my father. You dare not destroy that."

(Destroy. Me destroy? Boy, in this strange story of your father and me, I have been at his elbow, conserving every inch of his life. Boy, don't destroy me or you destroy him!)

"Remember, Mrs. Schmidt, I have not come here to plead in the name of morality. I may criticize him, but I do not judge. At school and college the noised-about legend of my father and his shadow was something I accepted as a humiliation that was to be part of my life. So did my sister. We even learned to understand and tolerate . . . But now, she is about to be married, Mrs. Schmidt, and you have not the right to jeopardize her future. Go away permanently."

(Boy, boy, let me talk. Let me find words to say the unsayable. Don't you know your father needs me terribly? Try to see the terribleness to him of what you are asking.)

"You must go away, Mrs. Schmidt, without my father's knowing. And then, after the break is over I promise you I will see to your—er—remuneration."

Oh, the shame of the despair she was permitting this young god to behold! She began to cry, and because he was horribly embarrassed, he closed the door and stood with his back against it.

"I wouldn't do that. Why is it that the mention of money is what always creates hysteria in a situation like this? All right; if the mention of anything so gross between my father and you is repellent, I rescind. You have the privilege of changing your mind later. Only go, Mrs. Schmidt! Save him from the destruction and the ridicule you have it in your power to bring down upon him—and his. If you don't go—"

Her crazy impulse was to turn upon him, impishly. What-if-I-don't? What-if-I-don't! There—bah!—and shoot out her tongue. And yet, somehow, it was not thinkable for her to hear the end of that threat.

"I'll go," she said. "I'll go."

Neither was it strange to her that Walter should walk in then. The room was a stage, and he had been dropped his cue, that was all. How like they were, those two. The blood that bound them was the thick blood that bound clans and made imperishable a certain heritage of Jewishness.

Walter had it, staring cold-eyed at his son. Richard, who had been on his high and terrible horse two minutes before, was his father's son, now, so smitten with horror and surprise that Ray again wanted to take his sleek head between her hands and place her lips against the look of small boy that had come over the face of young cock-o'-the-walk.

"Get out!" said Walter to his son.

"I'm not ashamed, Father, of what I'm doing."

"Get out!"

"I've the right to be here."

"You have no right here. This is my right—the only right I have ever placed before the million-and-one rights of my family. You have no rights here—none of you; this corner of my life belongs to me—safe, free from every one of you—the only privacy, sanctum, home, I have ever dared claim for my own. Get out!"

The ridiculousness of the going Richard, like a small boy, whipped!

"Walter, don't humiliate him. He's right. He's right."

He caught her to him. He kissed her throat. Horrible to her, he clutched the hem of her red negligee, kissing that. He was trying to say something but he had no words and he had no voice.

"I promise you, Walter," she said finally, in answer to his half-coherent mouthings, "not while I live—never will I leave you—never—never."

EXCEPT for the growing complexity of the precautions, things were little altered by what had seemed to be crisis while it was happening.

Once more in the New York flat, with its scores of tiny knickknacks: the graduated row of imitation ivory elephants; the gilt filigree parlor set, the size of a postage stamp. Bisque figures. A layout that had not changed with the years, except that the once-modern apartment building had slid back into the quiet limbo of old-fashioned walk-up.

For the most part, except for the almost insane confinement to home, she kept up a pretty good front. And as if cognizant of this, Walter was gentler.

"Never you mind, Ray. This much I've made up my mind to. This coming summer we're going to take that Switzerland trip together, just the way I've been planning it for years. Corinne wants to go West with Felix and the Friedlander aunts. While they're on that trip, it will be three weeks at Aix and two in Switzerland for us. Pretty nice?"

"Oh, Walter—pretty nice! Heaven!"

Sometimes, never betting more than five or ten dollars, and not infrequently coming home with a killing that amounted to forty or fifty, Ray accompanied a Mrs. Hopper, one of the girls, who drove a small roadster manufactured by the firm for which her "friend" was city manager. Warm afternoons at Belmont Park or the Aqueduct were pleasant. Ray came to know dozens of the women habitués by sight.

For the most part, the women who frequented the races as a matter of livelihood and routine were, with exceptions, a plucked-looking lot. Women with rouged wrinkles, silver mesh bags, and about their eyes and lips a look of fever.

"You cannot beat this game," they were fond of confiding to one another, as day after day, season after season, year after year, city after city, they fostered the feverish dream of one day beating it. A circle of withering women with faces that crawled with lines. And among them Ray herself.

It was around this period that there came a letter from Emma:

Dearest Aunt Ray:

Commencement is May twenty-seventh. I know it will please you to know that I graduate *cum laude* and already have a teaching position in the high school of Vandalia. The salary is fifty dollars a month to start. I know it will make you very happy, after all you have done for me, to see me beginning to be in a position not only to help Mama and

Papa, but to repay you some day, dear Aunt Ray, for all you have done.

Oh, Aunt, if only you could come to my commencement. I think that would make me the happiest girl in the world. We are a class of twenty-two, and it is to be an unusual commencement this year, because Kessler Hall is to be dedicated, and Mr. Kurt Kessler, the automobile magnate who donated it, is to be present.

Thank you again for the extra twenty-five dollars you sent me last month, dear aunt. Mama is coming, and perhaps Curtis, because knowing you would want me to, I sent her that money for the trip.

Oh, Aunt Ray, do try to come.

Your appreciative niece,

Emma

Why not? The prospect caught her up in a gale of excitement. See Emma graduate! Kurt would be there. Dear old Kurt, for whom she had not a regret; only the warm desire for the thrill of reunion with a dear friend. "I understand and shall always regard you as my friend," he had written her after the debacle at Youngstown. And he would. That was Kurt all over.

There would be girls in white dresses under black cap and gown and boys in those absurd dots of caps, and she would share with Freda the distinction of having claim to the sweet Emma Hanck.

"Walter, would you mind if I went to Emma's graduation?" she asked that night.

"Went where?"

It was as if he never could identify, at first mention, this niece.

"Emma Hanck. My stepsister's girl. She's graduating. I'd like to go."

"It's all right with me," he said briskly. And then, as if the idea had penetrated after the words, paused and regarded her. "Leave me?"

"Silly, just for four or five days."

"Why, of course." But something in his voice was dropping. "Just you go."

"I'll be back before you can say Jack Robinson, Walter. Emma means a lot to me. I want to see her graduate."

"Natural that you should."

"In a way, I feel about going just like an old mother-hen who doesn't want to leave the chickens, but goodness alive, Walter, what is five days? Sometimes I don't even see you in five days."

"Five days is nothing. Go ahead. We're going to see plenty of each other in August when we get to the Alps."

"Oh, Walter! I don't dare dwell on it, for fear it's too good to be true."

"Wait and see."

So it was arranged and a letter dispatched to Emma, and another to Freda.

"WHAT are you taking a trunk for?" he asked her one evening. "One would think you were going on a trip around the world instead of an overnight ride."

"Oh, Walter, I've made myself three new summer dresses, and there is one for Emma, and they are so crispy I hate to cram them into a suitcase."

"Going out to make a killing, eh?"

She looked at him, eyes wide. "What a rotten thing to say!"

"There you go again! Can't take a joke. The Lord certainly left out a sense of humor when he made women."

"Walter, it isn't that I can't take a joke, it's just that there are some things so impossible to conceive that it hurts even to hear them said."

"I'm a dog," he said, "and you're too good for me!"

Fortunately, what happened occurred



# HOWARD GREER *designs* His Original Models over Gossard Foundations



"I prefer to design my frocks over Gossard foundations because, when the figure is at its best, I am inspired to create my best gowns," says Howard Greer, one of the foremost designers in America.

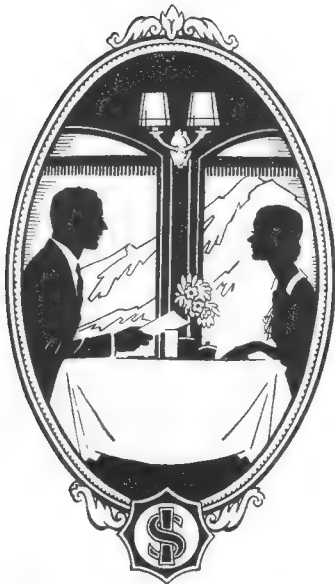
Howard Greer, formerly associated with Paul Poiret and Captain Molyneux in Paris, started his own shop in Hollywood in 1927. Mr. Greer designs gowns for famous movie stars...as well as the socially prominent women of California and society celebrities spending their playtime at California resorts.

GOSSARD  
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Beauty*

Just as the famous designer, Howard Greer, creates his best designs over Gossard foundations, fashionable women appear at their smartest when they wear a Gossard moulding foundation under their frocks. The photograph shows a Greer gown of pale blue crepe and one of Gossard's "MisSimplicity" combinations of peach satin and lace. The diagonal "cross-pull" of the straps that button in back, mould the figure to fashionable lines

Model 6658





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two days before her departure, so there was time to wire Emma and Freda.

May had come in stickily that year and according to newspaper headlines there were already heat prostrations and beaches were doing a thriving business.

Because Walter had asked for it, there had been Wiener Schnitzel for dinner, a dish which Ray seldom prepared except at his request because of the unease he professed after eating it.

"What, darling! Another helping? You know who has to pay the piper!"

That night there had been red cabbage too, which she concocted into a delicacy.

"Walter, darling, I really shouldn't have served that rich cheese cake. Let's not have dessert, dear."

"That's right. Tell me what to do. You know how I enjoy it," he said, cutting into the creamy surface of the pale yellow cake.

"I didn't mean it that way, dear."

"It's delicious, Ray," he said. "Have some?" It offended him to see her hold back. "What's the matter? Getting the diet craze of crazy women? You're too much of a toothpick as it is. Here, let me give you a piece."

"But Walter, I've had so much—"

"To please me."

"To please you," she said, passing her plate.

After dinner, while she cleared the table, he sat smoking a cigar. Suddenly it seemed to Ray that there was a cry from him, sharp as the explosion of a cap-pistol, and as she turned, he slumped in his chair, clutching the front of his shirt.

As it came to her afterwards in flashes of remembrance, it seemed to her that they were both remarkably quiet about it.

"Walter," she whispered, and flew to him.

"I can't breathe," he said thickly. "Air."

She tore open a window and rushed with a tumbler of water. "Drink this, Walter."

He was gasping now, and in evident pain.

"Walter. I'll call a doctor."

"No. No. No."

Locked in the same fear that must have smote him as he writhed, she smoothed back his hair. "Then lie down, sweetheart. Relax against me."

"I can't," he said stiffly. "I wonder if I'm going to faint."

"No, darling, you're not. You're just in pain and short of breath."

"That's it. I'll be all right."

"Could you drink a little water now?"

"No. Just let me lie quietly. I'll be all right."

Three of the small knickknack clocks which cluttered up the room began suddenly to tick roundly and out of time with one another. It seemed to Ray that long eternities of this terrible waiting wheeled in between their tiny spans.

If only she dared risk his excitement, or his anger, or his—fear, by calling a doctor! Between the eternities of those clock-ticks, she visualized the headline: "Head of Banking House of Friedlander-Kunz Dies in Woman's Apartment."

It was as if she had shocked him out of an impending stupor, because he opened his eyes.

"Walter, I will get a doctor."

"I'm all right," he said.

"Drink this, then, darling," she said, and held the tumbler against his shuddering lips. He was sick then, and terribly humiliated, his fastidiousness offended. And she had to assume the singsong voice of one talking to a child.

"Now it's all over, and we're well again, and it's forgotten. So! There! Pillow

under his head. There! Collar loosed. There! Better, darling?"

"Must—eat more carefully."

"Everybody should, darling."

"Wouldn't have had it happen for the world."

"Why not, dearest? Here to share bad times."

"Lord knows you have—mostly." He began to whimper like a child. "Don't leave me, Ray."

"Why, of course I won't, Walter."

"I haven't let on, but I wouldn't be surprised—if that isn't what has upset me. Of course, if your heart is set on going—"

"Why, silly darling, it's worth everything that you want me here."

"I need you so, Ray. Don't leave me. Don't go to Miami."

"Oh, my darling!"

"Sure you're not disappointed?"

"On the contrary, I'm happy."

"Couldn't stand your going."

Crouched there, smoothing his damp brow, Ray was working it all out in flashes. Emma should have the fifty dollars the railroad fare would have cost. Just as well. The child would need a good outfit to start teaching. It would have been nice going out, but it was ineffably sweet, being needed. Strange that she, the fancy one, should always be the one to be let in for the plain facts of his life. It was as if, for Corinne, he had troubled to keep up illusion. Not that Ray wanted illusion, here at the very core of his life where she belonged. "Sweet darling," she said to him as he slept. And even as he floated off, half hearing, his hand closed around her forefinger, holding on.

Late in June, Felix was thrown by his pony, and the western tour was canceled. So once more a default of summer plans, dismaying but not surprising! Corinne was going to Aix with Walter.

"It's just as if some kind of fate were forever fixing summers for us the way we don't want them, Walter."

"Fact," he said. "I've been banking on this summer's being very different."

The thought of the dreariness of the indoor life at Aix came flowing over her.

"Walter, supposing this year I don't go over? It's hard, under the conditions, being at Aix. I'll stay home this trip."

The familiar look of hurt and personal affront came in a scowl between his eyes. "I hadn't realized before that a trip to Europe was a hardship."

"Now, Walter dear, please don't get sarcastic. You know I didn't mean it that way. I think it's wonderful, of course. It's the conditions I'm talking about. Walter dear, have you ever thought what it means to be cooped up a prisoner in a small town like Aix, sometimes not seeing you for days and afraid to go out?"

"Yes, naturally, but I've been fool enough to believe it might be worth it."

"Of course it is worth it, darling, and you know it, but—"

"I see. But it's not worth it to you."

In the end, she had to plead her way back into precisely the estate from which she had sought to extricate herself.

"Walter dearest, it isn't that I don't love to be near you; it is because I do so value it that I can't bear the thought of chancing—"

"Funny way of showing it!"

"Why, Walter, I love Aix. I love being there just because you are there. I love being anywhere you are, even if I only see you one hour out of a month. I only meant, Aix being so small—"

"Oh, I see. You want me to enlarge it, eh?"

Oh. Oh. Oh. Tears were in her eyes,



but when she attempted to take hold of his coat lapels, he pushed her away.

"None of that."

"Very well," she said; "but just the same, I'm going to Aix this summer. I won't be punished for saying a thing that had no meaning."

"You are not going."

"I am."

"We'll see."

"Walter!" she cried. "Oh, you make me mad! So mad. So mad."

Finally, after hours of this, he submitted to being kissed, and finally, thawing, took her into his arms.

"You're a bad girl. I oughtn't to let you lick me every time. You sail on July sixth, one week after we leave. Tell you what I'm going to do, Ray. Something you'll like."

"What?"

"Corinne has got it into her head that after the cure she wants to take that Norway and Sweden trip with Irma and Mordecai. I've already begged off. While they're at that, we're going to have our holiday in the Alps, after all."

"Oh, Walter!"

It was easy to be happy after that, regardless of whether the trip to the Alps actually would materialize.

By a perversity as benign as it was unexpected, this proved to be a summer of pleasure and pleasurable surprise.

First of all, for two weeks Corinne remained in Paris shopping with the Friedlander spinsters, while Walter hurried to Aix-les-Bains ahead of them.

Long, perfect afternoons of drives or walks. Evenings in and out of the casino at will. Dinner in Ray's suite.

And even up to the day before the arrival of Corinne, Felix, Richard and the young Pooles, they ventured the celebration of a day's motor trip to Geneva, where Ray purchased a small silver wrist watch for Emma, and to a delight that was almost childish, was presented with an identical one from Walter, who told the salesman to wrap two; a delight, however, which was to precipitate one of their bitterest quarrels.

"From the way you behaved before that clerk," he told her on the drive back, "one would think you had never been presented with anything before."

It was on the tip of her tongue to blurt out, "But I haven't, Walter; at least so seldom—" but she did not.

"You don't understand German. I do. I heard what one of the clerks said."

"What could he have said, Walter? I was only being appreciative."

"Never mind what he said, but it made me small."

"I'm sorry, dear. What did I say that was wrong?"

"Nothing. It was all subterfuge, which I dislike. Your subtle way of conveying larger dissatisfactions by petty pleasures. I don't know about what—but perhaps because you're not covered with gems."

"Walter Saxel, if I knew the way I'd get out of this car and walk home. You're insulting! If there is one thing I am not, and you know it, it's the thing you—you are insinuating," she said, and began to cry.

"Oh, Lord, must I always live in a world of women who turn on the water-works at the drop of a hat?"

"Drop of a hat! You've slapped me in the face. You've hurt me to the core."

"I know. I know. What about me? Innuendoes because I didn't indulge in the conspicuous pastime of buying you an emerald brooch!"

"Well, I'll say this for you, I've never known you take any such chance." It was out!

"I see," he said slowly. "I see a great

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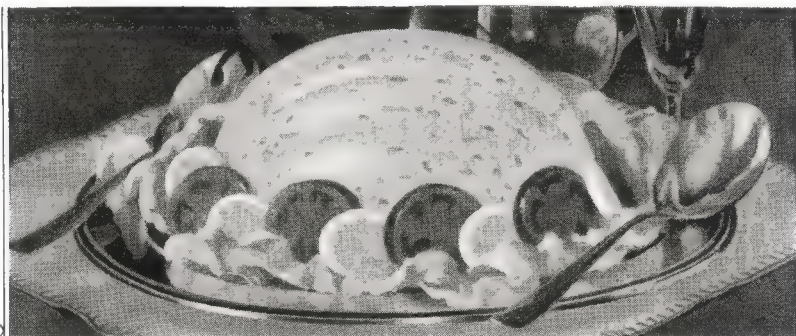
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## CHICKEN MOUSSE (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · Yolks of three eggs · ¼ teaspoonful salt · ¼ teaspoonful paprika · 1 cup hot chicken stock · ½ cup cold cooked chicken · ½ cup almonds · ½ teaspoonful salt · Few grains cayenne · 1 cup heavy cream.

Beat yolks of eggs slightly, add salt, paprika, and chicken stock slowly. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens; then add gelatine, which has soaked in cold water about five minutes. When gelatine has dissolved, strain mixture, and add chicken (using white meat), and blanched almonds, each finely chopped or ground, and forced through a sieve. Season highly with salt and cayenne. Set bowl containing mixture in larger bowl of ice water, and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove to platter, and garnish top with round and flower shapes of lemon or tomato jelly, and sprig of parsley; garnish around base with cubes of jelly, or slices of tomatoes.



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## Hair Tonic

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deal now that I have never seen before."  
"Walter, I didn't mean that! You goaded me to it. Have I ever mentioned money to you in all these years?"

"You've never had occasion to."

Oh, how she could have unloosed then! The unspoken hurt of years of unnecessary deprivations. The second-rate hotels. The need to contribute to her table budget out of winnings and pickings from petty traffic with the Woman's Exchange. The necessity, always, to speculate with last year's homemade clothes. His unobservance of her birthdays. Oh, there were sore, hurt, bleeding places that he was having the temerity to prod.

She was crying quietly.

"Well, this is the sort of holiday a harassed, busy man looks forward to!"

"I'm sorry, dear. I was so innocent of harm, just happy—over the sweetness of the gift."

"Funny way of showing it! A child could see through the sarcasm of the way you acted."

"I—I—oh, what's the use! What's—the—use!" And racked with the scalding tears, knowing them to be only an irritant to him, she tried to check them, and trying, cried the more. "Walter, whatever I am that is bad, I am not that. If I had wanted the things that money could buy, I could easily have—"

"Meaning I don't supply them?"

"No, darling, no! I mean, if I were a gold digger— Don't you see, dear, that's why the little watch made me as glad as something more valuable might have made another person?" She could have bitten off her tongue, but to her surprise he jerked her into his arms and kissed her.

"Don't say any more, Ray. I know I'm a dog and you're an angel. Try to understand, dear. Of course I could deck you with diamonds. But I won't! I want you like this—mine—alone—simple—plain. If I'm a selfish dog, I'm a selfish dog. But I'm going to take care of you in a different way. A way that will never cause you to regret the happiness you have given me. When I get back to America my first act will be to take care of my will. I take a solemn oath, Ray, it will be my first act."

"That is darling of you, Walter. It will mean a lot—that kind of security against the future. But for now, this is all I need or ask or want, darling; and please believe me when I tell you that the little watch—"

"Don't hurt me any more by rubbing salt into the wound of my rottenness. We'll have a good dinner tonight, Ray, and after that—after that—"

"Dearest dear."

"It's our last free evening before our holiday in the Alps. You won't see much of me during the next few days. Corinne and the children arrive on an early morning train—no casino tonight, dearest; just us—alone."

"Dearest dear."

Sweet was the cleansed air after their quarrel, and pressed against her eyelids and along her throat and against her hair were his kisses as he bade her good night...

It was two mornings following that her Paris edition of a New York paper arrived as usual by mail, and she opened it up to read a first-page headline that, read and reread as she would, did not penetrate beyond causing the wildest impulse to risibility she had ever known.

HEAD OF BANKING HOUSE OF FRIEDLANDER-KUNZ DIES SUDDENLY AT AIX-LES-BAINS  
WALTER SAXEL, Banker-Philanthropist, early this morning stricken by acute indigestion. Dies in wife's arms before medical aid can arrive.

Death comes as shock to financial world. Survived by wife and three children.

Somebody had stuffed up a rat hole. She was in that rat hole. That was one way it seemed to her. Then again, she was one of those Russian dolls made out of painted wood with a hemispherical base, so that, topple over as she would, back up she came. That was wonderful. It was not of her own volition that she rose again after each impact. It was just that she was humanly resilient.

She would never have dreamed she had within her the capacity for so much resistance. She would never have dreamed anyone had. The capacity of human beings, the capacity of herself, to go on breathing when the body was little more than a mausoleum!

The mausoleum moving about her room, warming the Babe's food over a spirit lamp, washing out silk stockings.

The mausoleum was careful to henna her hair, even though she had not been out for four days now. But they might come after her. Need her. They—meaning, perhaps, a doctor, to say it had all been a mistake. They—meaning Richard, to tell her something that had been left by Walter for him to tell her privately. They—meaning— Well, anyway, they might want her. Corinne might!

What loneliness must have fallen, like a felled tree, across the heart of the babied Corinne! Walter's solicititudes, his indulgences, his generosity, born partially, at least, of the carking sense of treason that must have been his, had been so constant. His image must hang aching and glorified in her heart.

If only Ray could go to her, instead of sitting bottled like the rat that has been corked into its hole! Terrible to sit there passive. Terrible. Terrible. And yet that is how he would have wished it.

The paper had carried a subsequent paragraph.

Private services for Walter Saxel, the New York banker-philanthropist, were held in the villa of Hôtel Bernascon on Friday... Brief address delivered by the Honorable James Reedy, ex-Ambassador of Turkey, lifelong friend of the deceased. Tributes were also paid by Monsieur Felix Gateau, president of the Bank of Exchange, and Mr. David Kane, New York banker... The remains, accompanied by Mrs. Saxel, Richard and Felix Saxel, Mr. and Mrs. Mordecai Poole II, will be taken to New York for interment.

How soon dared she venture out? He would have wanted her to be so sure. And yet it had been two days since that article appeared. Three, since the service. Curious, though, how fragments of old memory clung to a numbed brain in a mausoleum. Three years before, a friend of Walter's had died of a stroke at Aix-les-Bains, and there had been over a week of the agony of procedure. Around dead bodies to be shipped there revolved elaborate paraphernalia of state. Permit; document; laws of lighterage.

Poor Corinne. Walter had become freight. Poor Corinne. And so passed the days. The days of the trying to thaw a mind that would not function.

Walter must be lying in a box now, his head on one of those shirred white satin pillows. His body laid out. God, somewhere, had released the dove of his spirit into the blue ozone of eternity.

There had been a poem something like that back in high-school days...

The fifth day Ray ventured out with the Babe. This must be the way fever patients ventured along after long illness. The legs trembled. The hands felt white



# WHY MEN, WOMEN GET "Traffic Nerves"



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to an end



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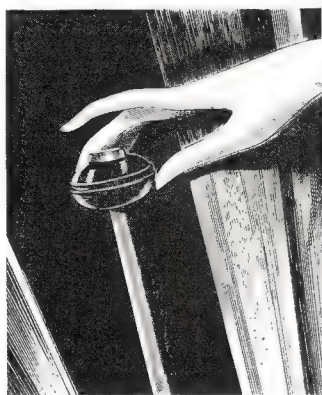
Neurologists put a more serious aspect on the situation. Traffic tension is a very real contribution to motor dangers, accidents, nervous troubles.

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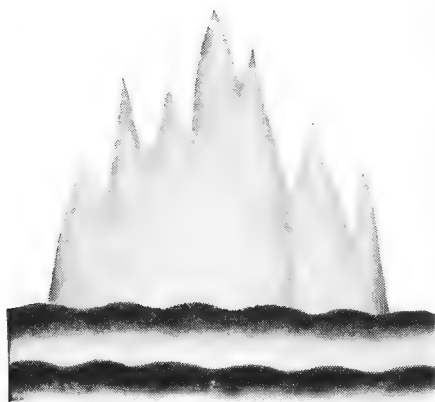
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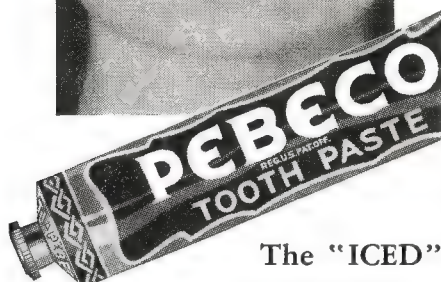
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and thinner. When she reached the square, there was everyone moving about apparently happy, in a world that did not contain Walter.

Here it was! Out here was a world that did not contain Walter. He was gone. Walter was dead. Walter was on his way to be buried. Strange that she had never fully realized it before! Walter was dead. Somehow, the busy, unheeding scene of folk reading, basking, chatting, proclaimed it more loudly than the silence of the last four days. Walter was dead.

She sat down on a bench, the Babe anchored by his leash to her wrist. The legs trembled so after fever—no, no. After Walter.

Walter was dead. Ray's hands, lying palms upward on her lap, opened slowly, as if of their colossal emptiness.

All the little clocks ticking at counteraction and all the multitude of tiny objects made a hubbub in the flat, so that it was a week or two after her arrival in New York before Ray could bring herself to strip the place of even a portière.

Without the tiny commotion of the knickknacks it would become so empty. The first curtain down would make it grin like a skeleton. The removal of pictures from the walls would reveal blotches the size of the frames.

With her pickings at the casino during the summer and the monthly allowance Walter had given her at Aix-les-Bains just a week before the calamity, Ray still had two hundred and seventy-five dollars. The final month's rent would reduce that to one hundred and ninety. Frightening, but not too much so. Only a matter of getting her bearings.

Time was the great factor. That was the reason for holding out against the surrender of the flat for smaller quarters. Here, she was traceable. The giving-up of the telephone would be like the breaking of a cable that connected her with the very sources of life. The will had been published. A benign will with regard to both family and charitable disbursements. A beautiful will.

There was neither surprise nor disappointment in the omission of any provision for her. He had never got to it. But somehow, some way, safe from Corinne, there must lurk among his affairs consideration for her—if only she could hold out against the pressure of time and dwindling resources!

He had never failed her—quite. That long-ago summer of her despair and shocking plight, a roll of bills caught in the woodwork had been evidence that he had not failed her. Dear darling.

If she could hold out just a second month. She could, of course. There was still the surplus in her purse.

Curious, the sense of stability it gave her so resolutely to feel that somewhere in Walter's affairs there lurked that consideration for her. Meanwhile she dismantled the flat slowly; almost the taking-down of a towel rack was a rite—splashed with tears.

The justification of her intuition came one warm forenoon when she was engaged in folding away in a trunk an elaborate lace tablecloth off which she and Walter had dined countless times.

It was the morning that the landlord was expected, so when she opened the door to a ring the sight of Richard there gave her, nearly as anything she could remember, the impulse to faint.

"I'll come in, if I may," he said.

Presently, she and this strangely older Richard were seated on the sofa.

"My father would have wished this——" he began. Harshly, she thought.

"Wished what?"

"That I come for this purpose."

"What purpose?" (Dear heart.)

The thing to do was not to be pitied by him. Being staccato helped.

Under his small mustache he kept biting his full red lips. He was being crucified, sitting here in this flat. Knowing how revolting it would be to him if he knew of it, Ray tried not to say to herself, "Dear heart."

"I guess you know everything."

"From the papers," she said, on a moan.

"It came suddenly, absolutely without preparation. At ten minutes before five, scarcely dawn, my mother called me from the adjoining room. I had arrived the evening before with her from Paris. When I reached the bed he was sitting up, the color of wax. First thought a stroke. Sent my mother rushing across the hall to my sister's room for restoratives, while I tried those at hand.

"In those few moments while we were alone—I don't know how well I can explain this to you, Mrs.—Miss Schmidt—he wanted to speak to me. But his lips seemed locked. In those few minutes, Father was trying to say something to, or about, you. He had that look on his face that he had when he found me at your hotel in Aix. Father died with that look on his face for you."

(How funny! My lips won't move.)

"The point is, what Father was to us makes his every wish, spoken and unspoken, law. Naturally there was no provision in his will. There were no—er—arrangements between you?"

"No."

"He would want you provided for. I know that from something he said to me in an interview—after Aix. Secretly, between us, I want to continue Father's—er—arrangement with you."

(Silly dear darling, don't do that with your face as if what you just said was so horrible. It is beautiful to me—more beautiful than anything has ever been.)

"You are good."

"I am fulfilling an obligation."

"I suppose," she said slowly, "that according to the way people look at these things, I should refuse. But I'm not going to. It's like having something left of him. That he thought of me at the end puts me with those he loved."

"How much did my father— What was the arrangement?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"A week?"

"No. Every month."

"You mean—everything?"

"Yes. It had to be more the past few years."

"Oh, my Lord!" he said.

It made her feel that she would like the floor to open up and swallow her.

"If it seems too much, don't bother."

He drew up in front of her. "I need to go now. It's all right. Every first of the month, the money will be left for you in cash, in a plain envelope in your letter box downstairs. You will understand the need for secrecy."

She wanted to put her hand on his arm, to tell him to be careful of his darling neck at the international polo meet, in which, from the newspapers, she knew he was going to play; she wanted to draw him down for just five minutes onto the couch beside her. If only he would stay five minutes!

She dared not ask, because as she stood wanting so terribly to put her hand on his sleeve, the door had closed behind him.

In Fannie Hurst's Concluding Installment—Next Month—Ray Schmidt, bereft of Walter, turns to gambling to assuage her grief



## Tabloid News

(Continued from page 25)

disappeared, and Homer asked what had become of him, and they said he'd gone away because his mother had died in Appleton and that he wouldn't be back until next summer.

So Homer went out and bought a cheap hand bag and wrote a note and put it inside and asked one of the waitresses to give it to Frieda, the big blond girl.

Just before he died he told me that he thought he must have been going crazy all that time. Up to the very end he couldn't make out whether he'd been crazy all those years he'd been married to Etta and only began to be sane when he took to lying in the sun among the dunes.

At night he always went to the tabernacle with Etta, but that night right after the second hymn he told Etta he would have to get some air. So she stayed and he went outside and walked down to the boat landing, and there in the shadow of some bushes stood Frieda waiting for him and carrying the hand bag he'd sent her.

At first he thought he was going to die of excitement and of fear. He began to shake all over. His teeth chattered and he waited for a little while till he got control of himself before he went forward to meet her.

For a long time they stood looking at each other in the darkness talking awkwardly about the cheap hand bag and the moon. He said it was kind of as if all that he'd missed all these years had been rolled up and burst out of him at last. There was so much he wanted to say that he couldn't say anything at all.

They sat down on the grass and all he could do was sit and look at her. The moonlight came through the trees on her hair. I guess she was a pretty swell looker. The people I talked to at the trial told me so. She wasn't very bright and she didn't have any ambition or she could have had almost anything she wanted.

While he was looking at her, he suddenly remembered Etta sitting at the tabernacle waiting for him to return, and he said to Frieda, "Will you meet me tomorrow afternoon?" And he told her where to meet him, among the dunes not very far from where he'd seen her and the boy.

He didn't sleep any that night and went off early to spend the day among the dunes. It was a brilliant day, late in September, with wonderful sunlight, but it seemed to him the time would never pass until he'd see Frieda coming along the shore.

She came at last, dressed all in white in her waitress' clothes, with her gold hair shining against the blue lake.

And for the first time in his life Homer knew what it was to be free and happy. When he told me about it, it all sounded simple and beautiful. I wanted to cry.

Two days before the hotel closed, Etta came up from the front porch and found a note pinned to the pillow. It said that Homer had gone away and that she needn't try to look for him and that she'd never see him again. He wrote that he'd taken the money that was in the bank at Hanover and left her and the children the hardware store, which would keep them all well enough.

At first they thought he'd committed suicide and Etta fainted and screamed a good deal. They tried dragging the water by the boat landing, but about six

## HE "WALKS TO WORK" ON A STREET CAR . . . YET HE HAS 'ATHLETE'S FOOT'



Health Service has reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from ringworm at some time."

**It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes by redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply, and wherever it penetrates it kills the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine your feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors. If the infection does not yield quickly, see your doctor.

### SPECIAL WINTER TREATMENT

"Athlete's Foot" doesn't spread so easily in winter. But the germ can hibernate in your home. Now's a good time to rid yourself of sources of re-infection. Do these things now:

- (1) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. on your toes every morning and evening.
- (2) If you wear socks or stockings that can be boiled, boil them 15 minutes to kill this hardy germ.
- (3) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. generously inside your shoes at night.

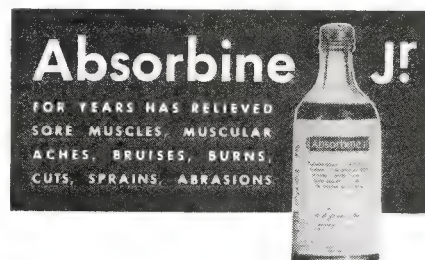
Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 266 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

**H**E talks a lot about exercise. His feet are willing, but his will is weak. And so, when he gets to the corner on his way to the office, he just can't resist the street car.

Yet this active follower of the trolley tradition has a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." Just this morning, he noticed again that nagging symptom—that unwholesomely white, unpleasantly moist skin condition between his toes. And it seemed to be spreading. There's an itching, too. It bothers him and embarrasses him. It takes his mind off his work. Yet he doesn't even know what it is.

**Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?**

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public





o'clock one of the waitresses said it wasn't any use because he'd run off with Frieda.

Then Etta screamed and fainted a lot more and took the next train for Hanover, and about two days later the newspapers ran them to ground in a little town up in northern Michigan and printed a lot of stuff about the elopement, so they had to run away again. They kept running from town to town till the newspapermen got tired hounding them, and at last they disappeared.

Etta tried to have them arrested, but nobody could or would do anything about it. She wouldn't divorce him. She just got more and more righteous and martyred and worked harder than ever for Prohibition and the anti-cigarette law and a lot of stuff like that. It made an awful scandal in Hanover, but it died down pretty soon.

I was glad because I'd always wanted to see Homer have a little fun in life, but I couldn't say anything. He'd been a stranger to me for twenty years, all dried-up and sour from living with Etta. I couldn't understand how he did manage to do it until two years afterward when I opened the paper one morning and read that a girl called Frieda Hemysers had been killed with some man and that Homer Dilworth, who had been living with her, was arrested for both murders; and a week later I got a letter from a town called Mitchellville, in Missouri, where they had him in jail.

It was from Homer himself, asking me to come and see him and help him. I went right off, and that was when he told me everything.

I expected to find a dried-up man on the verge of old age, but when they opened the door of the cell I saw a vigorous man of about thirty-five or forty. I couldn't have believed it was Homer except that he looked like himself when he was young.

He must have grown fifteen years younger since I last saw him on the street in Hanover. He was always a good-looking fellow and he'd got handsome again, just as I said, like an apple tree that suddenly blossoms in October.

And when he spoke, it was harder still to believe that he was Homer Dilworth.

He looked at me and sort of grinned and said, "Well, Jim, I guess you thought I was the last person in the world you'd ever find in a fix like this." I saw that he had a kind of manliness about him he'd never had even in the days before he married Etta, because then he was always kind of soft and good.

He told me to sit down on his cot. He didn't seem to be discouraged. He just said, "I did it, Jim. I didn't mean to do it, but I did it. They can do with me whatever they like."

The funny thing was that he didn't seem to care.

He told me he'd sent for me because I was the only one he knew who'd understand. It wasn't any good sending for church people because they'd just lecture him and pray over him, and he didn't want to see Etta, even if she would have come.

She never did come and she wouldn't let any of the children come to see him. And in the two years since he'd run away with Frieda they'd had to go from place to place, so they'd never stopped anywhere long enough to make friends.

In the end he went back thirty years, to that last afternoon we'd gone swimming together, and sent for me.

He told me all the story of what happened to him at La Vallette up to the time he ran off with Frieda, and then he told me what happened afterward—how they were followed from town to town by newspapermen, and then how they'd always get found out and be forced to move on. He said they'd been to twenty-seven little towns in two years.

He had the money he'd drawn out of the bank, and when that gave out he worked, sometimes as dishwasher, sometimes as farm hand, doing anything he could find to do. And he was happy all the time because Frieda was easy-going and good-natured.

He spoke about her as if she wasn't dead at all. Sometimes he was jealous of her, and once or twice they'd quarreled when she spoke to a man younger than himself.

It seemed he was frightened of younger men. He knew that he was getting old and that some day he'd lose her to a younger man because she was still young. It got to be a kind of obsession with him.

And finally they came to that little town in Missouri, and nobody found them out. He had a job checking off grain bags and hogs at the river landing and it looked as if they were going to be safe and happy at last, because there weren't even any men in the place more vigorous than himself.

They had a little house and were furnishing it from a furniture catalogue. And then one day he came home when she was out and found a letter addressed to "Miss Frieda Hemysers care of Mrs. John Slade," which was the name they were living under.

It was postmarked "Appleton, Wisconsin," and when he asked her about it she said it was from the boy who'd wrestled the baggage at the hotel in La Vallette, the same one he'd seen with her among the dunes. Later, when he asked her what was in it, she said she'd burned it and told him there was nothing in it—the fellow only wanted to know how she was.

But the thing stuck in Homer's brain. It wasn't, he said, that he was jealous. He had a kind of funny affection for the boy, even though he'd never spoken to him.

He kind of felt that Frieda really belonged to the boy if he wanted her. It was all mixed up in his head and he kept trying to think it out.

And then one day the river boat was a day late and he went back to the house an hour or two after he'd left it. He opened the back door but there wasn't anybody in and when he called Frieda's name she didn't answer, so he went to their bedroom and found the door was locked, and all at once he knew what had happened.

For a moment he just stood still, feeling that he was going to die. He turned cold all over, and then for a moment he couldn't see. It seemed to him that it was the end of everything, because he'd got to feel that all his life that went before was nothing at all and that he'd been alive only since he ran off with Frieda.

In his brain the thought was born that the only thing to do was to finish it then and there, and to finish it, he'd have to kill Frieda and the man who was in there with her, and then himself.

The funny thing was how clearly he remembered it all, because he was certainly insane at that moment. He took a chair and smashed down the door, and then, with a revolver, he just fired blindly into the dark room until the revolver clicked empty. And when he tried to shoot himself there wasn't any bullet left.

It was an awful moment when he stood there in the doorway. The emptiness of the pistol seemed to bring him to himself, and suddenly, because he was really a good man, he wanted to save them both.

But it was too late. Frieda was unconscious and dying, and the man was dead.

It was only then that he discovered it was the boy who had wrestled the baggage at La Vallette. He'd come all the way to Missouri to find her and run off with her.

It made him sick, and the funny thing was that the remorse he felt wasn't so great because he'd killed two people, but because the two people were Frieda and the boy. If he'd known that Frieda had the boy with her, he'd have gone away quietly and left them together forever.

They were young and love belonged to them. He was old and finished, and he was left alive. And it was terrible, too, that he'd killed the two people who had set him free. They were the two who had given him life and he'd killed them. For a moment he said he had a horrible feeling that instead of killing the boy, he shot himself as he was thirty years before.

After a long time he got up and laid the two bodies on the bed and covered them with a sheet, and then went into the kitchen and put his head into the oven of the stove and turned on the gas. One of the neighbors who ran in to borrow some eggs from Frieda found him there.

He wasn't dead yet. They dragged him out and brought him to and then found the bodies.

I stayed with him at the trial and up to the very end.

He didn't make the least effort to save himself. If Frieda had been his wife they'd have let him off maybe with manslaughter, but of course, all their story came out at the trial and he didn't have a chance.

But Homer didn't give them any satisfaction. He was sorry he'd killed Frieda and the boy, but he wasn't repentant about anything else, and he was glad of the two years of happiness he'd had with Frieda. He just sort of smiled when the judge sentenced him.

I took his body back to Hanover and buried it alongside my grandfather, because Etta wouldn't have anything to do with it. In Hanover, he became a great Example. The wages of sin is death, they said, but they never said anything about the wages of the way Homer was brought up, or the wages of living with Etta.

Last week Martha and I drove out to Ontario to see about buying our winter apples and before I thought about it we were passing old Sammis' house. The roof had fallen in and it was almost hid by bushes, and the pasture where Homer and I had lain in the sun was muddy and frozen. The cattle stood with their heads together and their tails toward the November wind.

**Coming Soon in Cosmopolitan—a Rex Beach story of a hazardous hunt for pearls in the Dutch East Indies**



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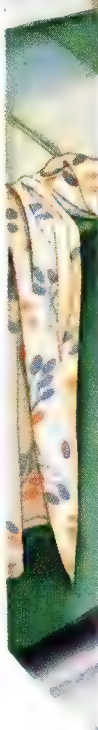
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**F**ULL RANGE Radio reception is General Electric's contribution to the radio listeners of America. Behind General Electric Radio are years of General Electric prominence in radio research. Without General Electric contributions, the radio of to-day would be impossible.

*Full Range* Radio embraces the three essentials of good reception—*Full Range* Sensitivity, *Full Range* Selectivity, and *Full Range* Tone.

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# GENERAL ELECTRIC

## FULL RANGE RADIO



## Ukridge and the Home from Home (Continued from page 31)

of shareholders. Somebody lent the cook a handkerchief, and the scullery maid soothed the butler, and then we settled down to bend our brains to it.

Of course, in a mixed gathering like that, it was to be foreseen that there would be a certain amount of dithering. Some of the suggestions offered were, frankly, goofy. And in saying this, I have in mind principally the boy who cleaned the boots.

This stripling was a small, freckled lad who appeared to have spent the formative years of his life reading sensational fiction. You will scarcely credit it, Corky, but his idea of solving the problem was that we should all dress up as ghosts and scare the cash customers out of the place. And it will give you some inkling of the state to which I had been reduced by much thinking, that I actually toyed with the notion. Then the impracticability of the scheme of having a mob of nine specters of mixed sexes surging about the house swept over me, and I asked him to try again.

This time he advised appointing a quorum to meet my aunt at Southampton and kidnap her and keep her imprisoned in a cellar somewhere till further notice. An attractive by-product of this course of action, he pointed out, was that, if we cut a toe or a finger off her from time to time, she could be induced to sign large checks which would do us all a bit of good.

At this point, the butler very properly took the child by the left ear and slung him out. And after that things began to clarify. And finally it was agreed upon that a friend of the butler's should come to the house, posing as an inspector of drains, and condemn the system of the Cedars as unfit for human consumption.

He had generally found, the butler said, that ladies and gentlemen were sensitive to adverse criticism directed at the drainage systems of the houses which they occupied: and his friend, he thought, would be happy to undertake the job for a pound down, his expenses both ways from Putney, and a glass of beer. And, nobody having anything better to suggest, this ruse was decided upon.

On the following morning, accordingly, I went about sniffing in a suggestive manner and asking my guests if they hadn't noticed an odd smell: and in the afternoon the butler's pal rolled up and got down to the agenda.

**I** MUST pay a marked tribute to the butler's pal. In my opinion, he did his work well. There were moments when even I was almost deceived. He had just that rather dingy look and that drooping mustache which seem somehow to go with drains-inspecting. Add a black notebook and a peaked cap of vaguely official aspect, and you have a convincing picture.

But the trouble in this life, Corky, is that you never can be sure when you won't come up against the Man Who Knows, the nib, the specialist, the fellow who has studied the subject and has no illusions. By seven o'clock, when our chap left, sniffing to the last, five of my six guests had been reduced to so admirable a state of mental collapse that it was plainly only a matter of moments before they started packing. And it was at this juncture that the sixth guest, a fellow of the name of Wapshott, returned.

Now, in assembling my little family, Corky, I had taken no steps to ascertain their particular walks in life, contenting myself with bankers' references and the

like. Imagine my concern, then, when this bloke Wapshott, on learning what had occurred, flung up his head like a war horse at the note of the bugle and announced with flashing eyes that, until his retirement from business six months before, he himself had been an Inspector of Drains and well known as one of the keenest minds in the profession.

Opening his remarks by relating a striking compliment which had been paid to his acumen and intuition by somebody high up in the Drains world in the summer of the year '06, he said with considerable heat that if anyone was going to tell him there was anything wrong with the system at the Cedars, he would eat his hat. He exhibited the hat—a plush fedora.

"Show me the man," he said warmly, "who says I have been living three months in a house without knowing if the drains were all right, and I will give him the lie in his teeth." And he went on to speak for a while of drains he had met, of drains which had tried to deceive him, and of the pitiful lack of success which such drains had enjoyed.

Well, we couldn't show him the man, because he had had his glass of beer, trousered his quid, and left an hour before. But eager voices described his methods of procedure, and Wapshott simply scoffed. He absolutely scoffed, Corky.

Apparently, there is a technique in drains-inspecting. The expert can recognize the touch. For all his peaked cap, for all his notebook and drooping mustache, it was now plain that the butler's pal had betrayed his amateurishness in a dozen ways. He had done the wrong things. He had asked the wrong questions.

"The fellow was an impostor," said Wapshott.

"But what could his motive have been?" asked Lady Bastable. "Such a nice, respectable-looking man, too. He reminded me of the Mayor of Huddersfield."

Colonel Agnew gave tongue. "Advance man of a gang of burglars," said the colonel. "Regular thing with these fellows. They send a chap on first to spy out the land, and then they come charging in, having been thoroughly informed of the topography of the house."

For a moment, Corky, it seemed as if this suggestion were about to solve everything. The company reacted noticeably. Two of the City blokes looked at each other in a sickly way, and Lady Bastable turned green at the gills.

"Burglars!" she cried. "I shall leave immediately."

And the two City blokes began to mumble something about how lonely and remote these houses on Wimbledon Common were and how difficult it would be to find a policeman if you wanted one.

And then the colonel—silly ass—went and spoiled the whole thing. "Madam," he said, "be British! Gentlemen, be men! Are we to be scared from our home by a few paltry burglars?"

Lady Bastable said she didn't want to be murdered in her bed. The City blokes said nor did they—in their own beds, that was to say. And I tried to push the good work along by saying that I couldn't imagine anything rotter than being murdered in your bed. But the colonel had now got it thoroughly up his nose. You can never trust these old Indian Army men, Corky. Heroes, all of them, and it gets them disliked.

"You little know these scoundrels if you think such a thing possible," he said. "A craven crew. Show them an army revolver, and they run like rabbits."

Lady Bastable said she hadn't an army revolver.

"I have," said the colonel. "And my bedroom door is across the passage from yours. Rely on me, madam. At the first cry from you, I shall be out of my door and blazing away like billy-o."

That turned the scale. The company decided to stay on. And there was I, with all the weary work to do over again.

But it is at just these times when the ordinary man would be nonplused, Corky, that your old friend comes out strongest. Peril seems to sharpen his intellect. Of course, you may say that I ought to have thought of it from the first, and I admit the criticism is justified. Still, it wasn't an hour after the discussion I have just outlined before I got the idea which seemed to solve the whole problem.

I saw now that by fooling about and planning elaborate schemes to cast discredit on the drainage system of the Cedars I had been merely scratching the surface. What I needed was to go right to the root of things. I've studied human nature pretty closely, and I know one thing—viz., that however firmly he may be settled in, you can always dislodge the stoutest limpet by telling him there is infectious illness in the house.

**C**OLONEL AGNEW might brandish his army revolver and speak sneeringly of burglars, but I was prepared to bet that if informed that the scullery maid was down with scarlet fever he would be out of the place so quick that you would only see a sort of blur going down the drive.

I put this to the butler, as a knowledgeable man, and after myself, the heaviest shareholder, and he agreed with me *in toto*. He recalled to my mind the occasion when my aunt Julia, woman of chilled steel though she is, had left the home on learning that one of the housemaids had mumps and had kept on going till she reached Bingley-on-Sea.

It was arranged, therefore, that the scullery maid should steal off privily to her mother's next morning and that the butler, after going about looking grave for a day or two, should come to me at a moment when I was surrounded by my little flock and spring the big news.

I previewed the scene over and over again, and could find no flaw in it.

"Might I have a word with you, sir?"

"Yes, Barter. What is it?"

"I regret to have to inform you, sir, that Jane is far from well."

"Jane? Jane? Our worthy scullery maid? Indeed, Barter? This is most regrettable. Nothing serious, I trust?"

"Yes, sir. I am afraid so, sir."

"Speak out, Barter. What is it?"

"Scarlet fever, sir, the doctor informs me."

Sensation, followed by immediate stampede of all. I didn't see how it could fail.

However, it is always the unforeseen that pops up and upsets things. At tea time on the following day, just as Barter had dished up the crumpets and withdrawn, shaking his head ominously, a wireless came from my aunt, dispatched in mid-ocean. And I want you to note this wireless very carefully, Corky, and tell me if it did not justify me in doing what I did. It ran as follows:

Arriving in Paris Tuesday

That was all. "Arriving in Paris Tuesday." But it was sufficient to cause me to alter my entire plan of campaign.

Up to this point, my every nerve had been strained to the task of dislodging



# WHICH of these Mistakes in English do You make?



After you have talked with a person, what impression do you leave? Your English helps or hurts you, and poor English hurts you more than you will ever know.

HOW often do you hear others say "I didn't see him since . . .," "these kind," "she don't care," "nowheres." Persons who make these mistakes are never sure of themselves. They seldom know, for example, whether or not to spell "judgment" with an "e" after the "g" or "recommend" with one or two "c's" or "m's." They often hesitate to use simple words like "finance" and "penalize" for fear of pronouncing them wrong. They are inclined to overwork commonplace words such as "wonderful," "clever," "adorable," and "marvelous" until their speech and writing become dull and lifeless. How grossly their careless mistakes and hackneyed language misrepresent them!

## What does Your English Tell About You?

Yet are you sure that your mistakes in English do not offend others as much as these offend you? Unfortunately, if you make mistakes you are unconscious of them. Others do notice them, however, and misjudge you accordingly. Even if you are not guilty of the slips mentioned above, is it not possible that you make other equally unpardonable blunders without realizing it?

Every time you talk or write your English either handicaps or helps you. It has more to do with your progress in life than you yourself may fully realize. To be on the safe side always, find out now about the discoveries made by Sherwin Cody, the famous authority on English. After many experiments he finally invented and patented a simple method through which over 70,000 persons have already benefited. You are invited to learn, in detail, what it can do for you.

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the clientele. I now saw that to do so would be a grave blunder.

Consider the facts, Corky. After deducting expenses and paying off my fellow shareholders, every extra week these people remained at the Cedars meant thirty-odd quid in my kick. It would be madness to hoof them out until the moment arrived. And this wireless showed that the moment was far distant.

You see, when my aunt Julia goes to Paris, she always stays there at least a couple of weeks even at normal times, with the home she loves beckoning to her to return. How long, therefore, would she stay if she received a telegram informing her that the Cedars was ravaged with scarlet fever? I was convinced that I could reckon on being able to run my Home from Home for at least another month. Which month would bring me in the colossal sum of about a hundred and twenty solid o'goblins.

There seemed to be no alternative. I went round to the local post office next morning, and wired her at the Crillon, where she always stayed, and came back, feeling at peace with all the world.

At dinner that night, no one had occasion to rally me on my preoccupation. It had just occurred to me that when the time came to announce the scarlet fever I not only could send these birds racing out of the house but probably would be in a position to mulct them in heavy damages for breaking their legal agreements. The result was that I sparkled as never before. The evening was voted by all one of our best and jolliest.

The following day passed off equally well. Dinner was a perfect joy-feast. And the others having retired to rest, I fished out a cigar and mixed myself a drink and went and sat in the study, trying to estimate how far ahead I should be when at length the good thing had to be closed down.

And I may tell you, Corky, that I was in extremely sunny mood, as a man may well be who has snatched victory from the jaws of defeat and by his level head and vision has placed himself in a position to amass enormous wealth.

Such were my meditations, old horse, and they were getting juicier and juicier every moment, when suddenly from somewhere upstairs there came the sound of a shot. And then another. Two shots in all. And something seemed to tell me that they were to be chalked up to the credit of Lieutenant-Colonel B. B. Agnew's army revolver.

And sure enough, after a while, as I stood at the door listening for further manifestations, along came the colonel, waving the weapon.

"What was all the shooting for?" I asked.

The colonel was looking pretty pleased with himself. He followed me into the study and took a chair.

"Didn't I tell you," he said, "that that chap who pretended to inspect the drains was the advance man of a gang of burglars? I was just dropping off to sleep when I thought I heard a noise on the stairs. I took my revolver and, stepping softly, went out into the passage. And there, at the head of the stairs, was a shadowy figure, creeping along. It was too dark to distinguish anything but a dim outline, but I blazed away."

"Yes?" I said. "Yes?"

The colonel clicked his tongue, annoyed. "I must have missed," he said. "When I switched on the lights, there was no corpse."

"No corpse?" I said.

"No corpse," said the colonel. "I attribute it to the fact that the visibility was not good. In fact, we were in almost total darkness. I had the same experience

once in Purundapore. Well, I looked around for a while, but I could see it was no use. The passage window was open, and I have no doubt the miscreant made good his escape that way. There is ivy on the walls, and he could have scrambled down without difficulty."

"Did the fellow say anything?"

"Yes," said the colonel. "Odd that you should ask that. Just after I had fired the first shot, he said something that sounded like 'Bah! Bah!' speaking in a curious, high-pitched voice."

"Bah bah?" I said, a bit puzzled. It didn't seem to me to make sense.

"That is what it sounded like."

"A loony burglar."

"He may have been snarling."

"Do burglars snarl?"

"Frequently," said the colonel.

He helped himself to a liberal spot and sucked it down with the air of a man who has borne himself in a fashion well befitting an ex-officer of a proud regiment.

It struck me that it was strange that the house was so quiet. I should have thought my lodgers, hearing shots in the night, would have been buzzing about a bit, making inquiries.

"Where are all the others?" I asked.

The colonel chuckled tolerantly. "Lying deuced low. Well, well," he said, "I suppose we mustn't blame them. Physical courage is a thing that comes naturally to some, not so readily to others. I was surprised myself that nobody seemed to have taken any notice of the little affair, so I went the rounds and found them all snug in bed. The bedclothes weren't actually over their heads, I admit, but it was a very near thing in one or two cases. Poor Lady Bastable was particularly upset. Apparently she has mislaid the key to her door. And now what? Shall we search the house?"

"There doesn't seem much sense in that, does there? You say the bird escaped by the passage window."

"I think he must have. Certainly, he disappeared with the most extraordinary rapidity. One moment he was there; the next he had vanished."

"Well, I think one last spot, then, and to bed."

"Perhaps you're right," said the colonel.

So we had a final one, and then parted for the night. At least, we didn't part immediately, because we were sleeping on the same floor. My room was at the head of the stairs, next to Lady Bastable's, and the colonel dosed at the end of the passage.

I thought it only courteous as a host to tap at Lady Bastable's door as I passed, with a view to inquiring how she was making out. But there was such a yelp of fear from within at the first impact of my knuckles on the wood that I didn't proceed further in the matter.

The colonel had passed on to his well-earned slumber, so I went into my room and, donning my pajamas, turned in. I was a little disturbed, of course, at the thought that burglars had been busting into the Cedars, but it didn't seem likely that they would come back as long as they thought the good old colonel's ammunition was holding out: so, dismissing the matter from my mind, I switched off the light and was soon asleep.

And there, Corky, if there was any justice in the world, if Providence really looked after the deserving as it ought to, the story should have ended. But did it? Laddie, not by a jugful.

How long I slept, I couldn't tell you. Possibly an hour, it may have been. Possibly more. I was aroused by a hand shaking my shoulder, and sitting up, I perceived that there was a female in my room. I couldn't see her distinctly, and I was just going to express my opinion of



this lax and Bohemian behavior in a respectable house, when she spoke.

"Shush!" she said.

"Less of the 'Shush!'" I replied warmly. "What are you doing in my room?"

"It is I, Stanley," she said.

Corky, it was my aunt!! And I don't mind telling you that for an instant Reason rocked on its throne.

"Aunt Julia!"

"Don't make a noise."

"But listen," I said, and I dare say my voice was a bit peevish, for the injustice of the whole thing was rankling considerably. "You said in your wireless that you were going to Paris. 'Arriving in Paris Tuesday,' you said."

"I said, 'Arriving on Paris.' The Paris was the boat I traveled by. And what does it matter?"

What did it matter! I'll trouble you, Corky! I ask you, old horse. Here was I, right up against it, with all my nicely reasoned plans gone phut, simply because this woman hadn't taken the trouble to write distinctly. From time to time in the course of my life I have had occasion to think some bitter things about Woman as a sex, but never had my reflections been bitterer than then.

"Stanley," said my aunt, "Barter has gone mad."

"Eh?" I said. "Who has?"

"Barter. I arrived late at Southampton, but I was anxious to sleep in my own bed, so I hired a motor and drove here from the docks. I let myself in with my latchkey and crept upstairs as quietly as possible, and I had just got to the top of the stairs when Barter suddenly appeared and shot a pistol at me.

"I called out, 'Barter! Barter!' and he paid no attention whatever. He shot at me again, and I ran into your room and hid in the cupboard. Mercifully, he did not follow me. He must be off his head. Have you noticed anything odd, Stanley, about Barter, while I have been away?"

Corky, you have often expressed admiration of my ingenuity and resource . . . What? Well, if it wasn't you, it was somebody else. At any rate, I have frequently received unstinted compliments for those qualities. But I can tell you I never deserved them so much as at that moment.

For, hanging on the very brink of destruction, as it were; faced by the fact that my aunt was actually on the premises and that those premises housed a retired colonel, the widow of a knight from Huddersfield, and four assorted City blokes, I nevertheless kept my head and saw the way out.

"Yes, Aunt Julia," I said. "I have noticed something odd about Barter. He has been going round looking grave and shaking his head in an ominous way, as if he were brooding on something. The man is unquestionably potty. And this, Aunt Julia," I said, "is what you must do. This house is obviously not safe for you while he remains on the premises. You must leg it, and instantly. Don't linger. Steal out now on tiptoe and execute a noiseless sneak downstairs and out the front door. There are taxis at all hours of the night at the corner. Take one and go to a hotel. Meanwhile, I will be dealing with Barter."

"But Stanley!" she said. And she spoke in a quavering, startled-fawn sort of voice which was music to my ears. I could see that she was deeply impressed by my intrepid courage, and it seemed to me that the episode might well end in my not only escaping disaster but actually making a substantial touch. There is nothing that appeals to women more than the old bulldog grit in the male.

"Leave the whole thing to me," I said. "This is man's work. Aunt Julia. The



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great thing is to get you away in safety."

"But how will you manage, Stanley? What will you do? He has a pistol."

"That'll be all right, Aunt Julia," I said heartily. "I have the situation well in hand. I shall send for him in the morning, apparently to discuss some trivial domestic matter connected with his butling. 'Ah, Barter,' I shall say, nonchalantly. 'Come in, Barter.' And then, when his attention is diverted, I shall make a sudden spring and overpower him. You may leave it all to me."

Well, it was too dark to see the worshipping look in her eyes, but I knew it was there. I went to the door and peeped out. All was quiet in the passage. I led her out.

And then, just as we were moving nicely, Corky, what do you think?

"I can't go to a hotel without a suitcase," she said. "There should be one in the cupboard in my room. And I can probably find some things to put in it."

Corky, my heart stopped. Your old friend's heart stopped. You see, naturally, she being the only female in my troupe, I had given Lady Bastable the best bedroom. My aunt's bedroom, in fact—the very one which my aunt was now reaching for the door knob of. Her clutching fingers were within half an inch of the handle.

Well, I did my best. "You don't want a suitcase, Aunt Julia," I said. "You don't need a suitcase."

But it was no good. For the first time there crept into her manner something of the old austerity.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "I am certainly not going to sleep in my clothes."

Next Month P. G. Wodehouse tells the story of the Honorable Freddie Threepwood, who proves to be a High-powered Salesman

## No One Man *(Continued from page 61)*

me, and he won't do it! He refuses the very first thing his poor wife asks him."

"My poor wife!" he said, reveling in the word.

"A poor wife, but your own." She smiled, but like a worried hostess trying to put a difficult guest at ease. If they could have left this terrible car, this tumbrel to the guillotine, and dallied alone in the Paradise through which they rolled so fast, she might have been truly a bride.

These grottoes of leaves and boughs, these small bridges to lean on and loiter across, these soft swards to lie on and stare up at the blue through a green lattice while a wooer and the brook murmured syllables of equal inarticulateness and delight—they were beautiful in her eyes and they made her hungry for love.

Why was love made so dangerous—why must it be either lawless or a mere allurements into the snares of marriage, with all its woes, its long solitudes, its longer boredoms, its wrangles and conflicts, the peril of children, children that one could not even select or govern? Her dread of children was not all selfishness by any means. It was partly altruism for the unborn, and an extreme distrust and dislike of herself.

She felt sure that if she ever had a child, it would inherit all her faults, especially her cantankerous unwillingness to be guided. Or if it were so spiritless as to accept her guidance, how could she trust herself to lead it straight? What did she know about all the mysteries a mother ought to master before she accepts her frightful responsibilities?

She was so frightened, so tangled in perplexities that she gave a good imitation at last of the terrified bride of

And with these words she turned the handle and shoved her arm in and found the electric-light switch and bunged it on. And simultaneously from within there came the scream of a lost soul. Lady Bastable taking it big. And immediately after that there was a sound like a mighty, rushing wind and out came the colonel from the room across the way and resumed his revolver practice where he had left off.

The thing was extraordinarily like the big scene in one of those mystery plays.

Well, Corky, I came away. I didn't wait. I could see no profit to be derived from lingering on. I nipped into my room, brushing aside the bullets, reached hastily for my mackintosh, and legged it down the stairs, leaving them to settle things among themselves. I got out of the house. I found a cab. I took the cab. I came here. And here I am.

And one thing, Corky, I want to say to you very seriously, as a man who has been through the mill and knows what he is talking about. Be very wary, old horse, of these opportunities of making easy money. As in the case I have just related, they too often have strings tied to them.

You are a young fellow in the spring-time of life; eager; sanguine; alert for every chance of getting something for nothing. When that chance comes, Corky, examine it well. Walk round it. Pat it with your paws. Sniff at it. And if on inspection it shows the slightest indication of not being all you had thought it; if you spot any possible way in which it can blow a fuse and land you eventually waist-high in the soup, leave it alone and run like a hare.

tradition—only her terror was not the traditional terror.

The car went swooping up and around long hills and down again, and finally it rolled into the gateway of the hotel. She felt like a convict who comes at last to Sing Sing and sees before him the big gate that will open and close and be locked for—just from now on.

She had a respectable onset of fear now, and it took all her courage to creep from the car. The hotel staff had heard of the wedding and the reservation and had prepared to take full toll of a bridegroom's extravagance. The faces of the pages and porters who conducted Joe and Nep and their baggage to their rooms all wore the same smirk, like a uniform.

The bridal safari took an unconscionable time disposing of the bags and earning the tips, but at last the door closed on the last smirk, and Joe clicked the key in the lock. Then he turned with his arms outspread. Mainly to please dear old Joe, Nep ran into his arms.

"Blessed beloved!"

"Dearest Joe!"

"My wife!"

"Husband!"

"Angel!"

"Devil!"

They laughed, but leaned together so that the head of each hung over the other's back; thus neither saw the other's eyes. They were afraid of exposing their eyes and what they might reveal, and especially what they might not reveal.

The première of a honeymoon is literally a first-night performance of a troupe of two, or perhaps a dress rehearsal without audience, but with all possible anxiety as to the run of the play. For it is a play, and the bride and groom are



actors. No matter who they are or how much or how little they love, there is unnaturalness, artifice, line-reading, the effort to lift themselves to great performances of most ancient rôles.

Nep wanted ever so much to make Joe happy and to be just what he wanted her to be. But she hated acting and she could not even pretend to be happy herself. She was not happy. She was soon miserably unhappy. She found that she could not flame domestically. Desperately she tried to, but could not.

She was beautiful in Joe's eyes, honest and eager and brave, and plainly determined to make him happy. Yet he was desperately unhappy because he could not but realize how far they were from any ecstasy. He tried to be brave and assure himself that they would gradually grow happier together as they grew closer together. He did not know whether to tell her this or not. But a vague and inescapable conviction clamored in his soul that theirs was not a true marriage and would never be. His imp of skepticism taunted him with the thought that Nep merely tolerated his love with patience and with sympathy.

His misery was an anguish and she understood it. She suffered for him and upbraided herself for giving so fine a man so deep a sorrow. She was ashamed of herself and not a little terrified to find herself so fireproof. She had thought that she was dangerously inflammable, and she was not at all. She was humiliated and distraught.

Doubtless there have been infinitely many honeymoons of just that tragic realization. Innumerable couples have accepted their misfortune as irretrievable and the world as a hopelessly unhappy place, resigning themselves to lives without any bliss, except perhaps from time to time a stolen and illicit rapture. It is only of late that the victims have been permitted to feel that such a marriage is not a marriage, or that they have a right to a release and a new chance with other partners.

The thought of divorce did not occur to Nep for a long time. For days she told herself that Joe was a perfect husband. She lavished on him all the kindness her heart could muster. But her honesty, or her cruel selfishness or whatever one wants to call it, kept reiterating the harsh fact that she was not a success as a wife.

Her defeat was in her victory: she had conquered Joe, but she had not been conquered. She studied him and herself and their situation, instead of being lost in a swirl of emotion.

The honeymoon seclusion became a racking strain. She was proud of Joe's admiration and could find no fault with him; but that is perhaps the greatest fault one can find with anybody. He was not dictatorial. He did not upbraid her or complain when she failed him, yet he was plainly disappointed in their life together.

He woke in Nep emotions and hungers that he could not satisfy, and he made her realize that she was missing something tremendous.

She began to wonder if there might be somewhere a man who could give her the ecstasy of final love. She grew more and more persuaded that this supreme bliss was her supreme right, and therefore her supreme duty.

She fought the thought and called herself ugly names, accused herself of secret disloyalty. She dared not mention this to Joe, and this lack of frankness was added to her soul as another guilt. She could not be happy, brooding over so many things alone.

Joe was an American of the latest

# DON'T HANDICAP YOUR CHILD WITH LAXATIVES

THINK of your child's delicate body, of his health, if you are inclined to be free with laxatives. You may make him an intestinal cripple. For laxatives are drugs that work by irritating the system. They may seem harmless at first, and easy to take — but don't be misled. Don't let yourself or any of your family drift into the laxative habit.

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school in his feeling that a husband's first duty is to see to it that his wife is happy, whatever the cost. The ancient theory of woman as the servant and helpmeet had been exactly reversed.

He could not be blind to the evidences of Nep's wretchedness. The more she tried to smile, the sadder she looked. He turned himself into a clown. Her laughter at his antics was leaden. He proposed games and they played golf, tennis, cards, anagrams. He bought her intricate picture puzzles that succeeded only in killing time.

He suggested changes of abode, travel abroad—to Africa, around the world, anywhere. She shook her head, knowing that they could not run away from their own shadows. But what she said was:

"It would take you too far from your work. When are you going to get back to it? You've wasted enough time on the nitwit that I am."

"But I can't get back to my work till I'm sure that you're happy."

"Good Lord, what difference does it make whether I'm happy or not? You're the only important one in this family."

"Suppose I went back to work, what would you do while I was away?"

"What business is it of a husband's what his wife does while he does his?"

"But I can't leave you by yourself. When are you going to get to work?"

"Me work? At what?"

"Your work. Your career."

"My career? Don't be silly. I haven't any career and you know it."

"You've got to find one. You won't have children. You must have some other interest in life."

"What would you suggest?"

"Writing, painting, sculpture, music."

She ridiculed him less than herself when she burlesqued him: "Or the movies, the talkies, vaudeville."

"Why don't you go into politics?"

"Why don't you?"

The argument always ended at a blank wall. Joe could not understand anybody's ability to meander through the world with a brooklike carelessness of goal. But a distant career was no substitute in Nep's heart for the love that she began to yearn for frantically.

Very pitiful is the fate of a woman who has no desire for children and yet no other ambition to provide activity, anxiety and progress. The modern woman of average character who has no itch for publicity, no suffocation of unexpressed art to overcome, nothing that she cares to give to, or get from, the public, whether by painting, poetry, sculpture, fiction, or acting, dancing, singing, charity, business, or any other exercise of her faculties, is inevitably an unhappy woman; for she sees, all about her, her fellow women hurrying and bustling at raising children or money or reputation—or losing them, which is even more exciting.

Joe had inherited money enough for his needs, but he had never learned how to loaf. Love was an interlude. He could not imagine how his wife could endure a life of no intention beyond the immediate amusement.

She had not even extravagance for a hobby. Nep liked to dress well and fashionably, but she had no interest in dazzling the beholder. She had few friends, and was not particularly fond of them. The majority of womankind irritated her. She had no ache for social leadership.

It appalled Joe to see her so aimless about her one life on earth. If she had been gay as a butterfly he would have been content. But she was morosely unhappy, yet incapable of even trying to find an escape from her augmenting boredom. She grew resentful at last

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even of his attempts to stimulate her interest.

The lover who harries his beloved to exertions that do not come naturally, or who tries to provide initiative to one who has no self-starter, simply destroys the love that he would kindle.

There was, therefore, acute and cumulative misery in the household of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sturgis. Joe went back at last to his office and found some nepenthe in the incessant demands his career made on him, but Nep mewed herself up in a solitary tower of loneliness, frustration and brooding. When Joe came home he was like a caller. They talked until it grew so late that he decided to stay for the night. He fell asleep soon, for he was tired.

She slept much in the daytime but tossed in insomnia all night at the side of her King Log. She dreamed much, and such dreams! Again it was Bill Hanaway who haunted her. She felt tempted to call him on the telephone and remind him that she was married now, and he must keep out of her dreams. But this would have been difficult to elucidate.

She would once have denied that she had a conscience, yet she had one of a sort and within its code it was troublesome, as nagging and as denunciatory as any zealot's. She groveled in remorse and self-revilings at these infidelities in thought and in fancy. Yet her imagination ran away with her, resist it as she would.

Often in Joe's very arms she found herself pretending that he was Bill. She denounced herself, but that gave her no comfort. She was passing through the dark infernos that make secret hells of so many homes.

She began to be lonely for the companionship of men; to remember the lovers she had had as a girl. She had driven Bill to drink and Stanley to plans of suicide. Good Lord, what had become of Stanley?

She had not read the papers or talked to anybody. He might have taken the leap from on high and been so mangled that he could not be identified.

She must find out the truth. But how? She could call up his father or his mother, of course, and learn in a moment. But she shrank from such a conversation. What if they told her he had killed himself? What could she say? Worse yet, what if they told her he was well and happy? They would wonder why she bothered them.

She was afraid to ask Joe to find out the truth lest it hurt him to learn that she was thinking again of the man who had caused her to wound him before.

She was afraid to ask any of the friends she met, and their silence did not reassure her; for, if Stanley had killed himself on her account, they would never refer to him in her presence. To confess her ignorance of such a deed would be shameful. She grew more frantic until the day when her curiosity was ended in the way she least expected.

Stanley was one of those who seem to love torment for its own sake. They suffer and writhe and complain but they do not flee from distress; they seem rather to hug it closer.

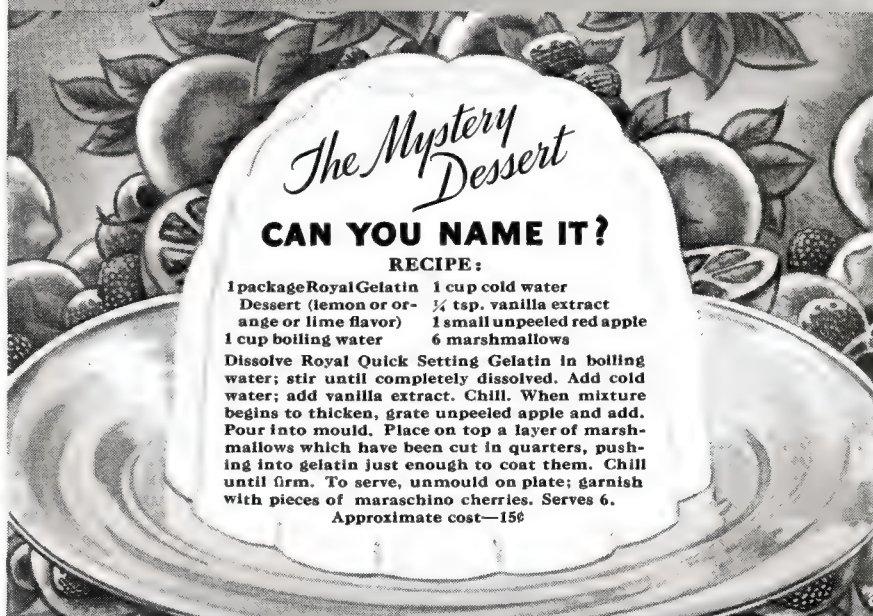
It was like him to get as near as he could to Nep's wedding. The fact that he had not been invited filled him with an almost irresistible temptation to force his way through the door and forbid the banns, or strike the bridegroom dead, or kill the bride or carry her away.

But modern young men in cities cannot play the Young Lochinvar. They cannot ride up to New York houses and

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## the Royal Gelatin MYSTERY DESSERT



### RECIPE:

1 package Royal Gelatin	1 cup cold water
Dessert (lemon or orange or lime flavor)	¼ tsp. vanilla extract
1 cup boiling water	1 small unpeeled red apple
	6 marshmallows

Dissolve Royal Quick Setting Gelatin in boiling water; stir until completely dissolved. Add cold water; add vanilla extract. Chill. When mixture begins to thicken, grate unpeeled apple and add. Pour into mould. Place on top a layer of marshmallows which have been cut in quarters, pushing into gelatin just enough to coat them. Chill until firm. To serve, unmould on plate; garnish with pieces of maraschino cherries. Serves 6.

Approximate cost—15¢

## 162 Other Prizes... in Cash. Contest closes April 1. Read rules in the next column.

EVERY year... as long as you live... \$100 coming to you regularly, unflinching. A definite income you can count on... to use just as you please!

And all you have to do to get this yearly income is—name the Mystery Dessert. If the name you suggest is chosen by the judges, the \$100 a year is yours—for life!

The Mystery Dessert can be made just right only with the new Royal Quick Setting Gelatin.

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So please don't confuse Royal with any other gelatin. Royal sets nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.

### Here are the Prizes

In addition to the First Prize of \$100 a year for life, 162 cash prizes will be awarded as follows:

Second best name	\$75 (one cash payment)
Third best.....	\$50 (one cash payment)
Next 10.....	\$25 (one cash payment)
Next 50.....	\$10 (one cash payment)
Next 100.....	\$ 5 (one cash payment)

If for any one of the prizes, the judges select a name which has been submitted by more than one person, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each person who submitted that name.

### Read these Rules Carefully

1. Who can enter the contest? Any woman over 21 years of age is eligible.

2. What to send: All you have to do is to name the Mystery Dessert. Just take a sheet of paper, write down the name you suggest. Print your own name and address clearly and legibly in the lower right-hand corner of the paper. Enclose it in a stamped envelope and address it to: Contest Editor, Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington Street, New York City.

Only one name from each person will be considered.

3. Important: Write clearly and neatly in ink. Or use a typewriter. Use only one side of the paper.

4. Do not send the dessert itself—just the name, and your own name and address. In fact, you need not even make the dessert unless you wish to.

5. Closing Date: The contest closes on April 1, 1931. All entries must be in the mails by midnight of that date. Envelopes postmarked after that time will be discarded.

Final Judges: Katharine A. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute; Alice Blinn, Executive Director of Delineator Home Institute; Sarah Field Splint, Director of McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management. The decision of these judges is final.



# ROYAL Quick Setting Gelatin

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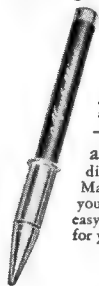
... Bring out all the loveliness hidden in your eyes. Give them new, beautiful brilliance, inviting depth, intriguing charm and expression. This is very easy to do. Only a touch of Maybelline is needed. Instantly your lashes will appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant, and your eyes will undergo the magic transformation hinted above... There is nothing can give you quite so much added beauty as Maybelline. It is easy and delightful to use! Perfectly harmless of course. Try Maybelline. You will be amazed and delighted at the difference it will make in your appearance. Black or Brown, Solid or Liquid Maybelline—75c

... and try  
*Maybelline  
Eye Shadow*



This delicately perfumed cosmetic *instantly* makes the eyes appear larger and intensely *interesting*! It deepens the color and imparts a wonderful brilliance that vivifies the expression, at the same time giving new loveliness to all the tones of the complexion.

Applied lightly for daytime use and with somewhat deeper shading in the evening, the four colors of Maybelline Eye Shadow are most effectively used as follows: Blue is to be used for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. If you would make the most of your appearance, a thrilling discovery awaits you in Maybelline Eye Shadow. Incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity at 75c.



*Maybelline  
Eyebrow Pencil*

Neatly lined, perfectly formed eyebrows—every woman desires them for the added expression they lend. They are not difficult to acquire with the new style indestructible Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. You'll like this pencil—you'll revel in its smoothness and cleanliness—it's so easy to use. Purchase one for your dressing table and one for your purse. Colors, Black or Brown, priced at 35c.

MAYBELLINE products may be purchased at all toilet goods counters.  
MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago

*Maybelline*

EYELASH DARKENER  
EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL

*Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes*

ride off with their captured ladies across their saddlebows or cruppers. Modern ladies are too athletic to consent to such meal-sack rôles; the traffic police render old-fashioned flights impossible, and the only castles of refuge are the hotels.

Even the frenzied Stanley could not seriously plan anything picturesque. But he had to stand on the sidewalk opposite the Newbold home and watch the bride and groom ride by.

Bill Hanaway's soul was of the contrary habit. When he learned that Nep was marrying Joe Sturgis, he suffered perhaps as severe a blow as Stanley, but he tried to run away from pain. He drank himself into a state of delirium tremens, then turned to violent flirtation. In this mood Mrs. Sue Folsom found him and annexed him.

When, after her wedding ceremony, Nep saw Stanley across the street and threw him a kiss, the tender gesture almost struck him to the ground, he loved her so. He staggered away, hardly able to keep from howling aloud in protest against the sacrilege of Joe Sturgis' possession of her.

He found the world where such things could be too abominable to endure. He had solemnly promised Nep that he would not keep his promise to throw himself from a high building, but he was bound to break one vow or the other, and the earlier oath takes priority. He felt an overpowering longing for the supreme experience. It was the nearest thing he could imagine to leaping from the earth entirely.

He hailed a taxicab and gave the driver as his destination the loftiest of the lofty towers springing from the granite foundations of New York. He wanted at least to have a look at the new building. He had not seen it since he had threatened to use it as his take-off into eternity.

When he arrived at his destination he had to cross the street and lean far back to see the top of the building, for there were other skyscrapers surrounding it and its staggered outlines concealed its successive stages. It was really three great towers on top of one another, the roof of one serving for the foundation of the next. And the lowest set its roots so deep in earth that the subway carried a human flood through its caverns in a subterranean river.

He could just see the lofty steel-clad spearhead at the peak of the building, piercing the sky and gleaming in the afternoon sun like the crystal spike of a vast stalagmite heaped highest among the high stalagmites in a more than Mammoth Cave. Or rather it was a colossal geyser that had shot up in a cataclysm and had been stopped in full career and held fast, frozen white, petrified, vitrified; incredible yet undeniable.

He tried to imagine himself up there near the clouds, climbing out, and stepping off into the unstable air. It would not uphold him or stay him, but it would be a swift wild wind going by as he came down.

A mere speck he would be from here, a cinder descending with ever-redoubling velocity and size till he struck the pavement like a cannonball, splitting the street open perhaps with his soft flesh made adamant by its momentum. He shuddered at the thought of what would be left of his poor body, and he wondered what he would be thinking about as he made that long dive, ending in such an abrupt ending of all thought.

He shuddered, too, at the possibility of striking some strange man or woman or child. That would be the wanton assassination of one who had done him

no harm and who might be hurrying to some happiness, the fulfillment of some dream, or the reward of some labor.

He wondered how he could avoid taking an unwilling companion into the grave with him. After meditating, staring upward till his neck ached, he decided that he could manage his leap so that he would strike on the projecting ledge of the lowest of the three buildings that made up the one building.

He counted the windows upward to the first cornice and estimated them at fifteen. This would leave only sixty stories or so to fall—only sixty! They ought to be enough.

He laughed without laughter; then, fearing the cowardice of longer debate, darted across the street and bolted into the central lobby, an uncannily beautiful great chamber where painters on tall ladders and platforms were still at work upon the ceiling.

The architecture in all details was of the new art and fantastic enough to seem appropriate to his purpose. Nobody paid any heed to him, for others were going about their businesses or idling and staring at the new wonder of the world.

He saw various corridors in which banks of elevators of varying destinations were grouped. One group promised to hoist him sixty stories, where another set would take care of the remaining ascent.

Trying to look like a tourist, Stanley asked an attendant if visitors were admitted to the tower.

"Not for a couple weeks. It's not finished till then."

This was a blockade indeed. In two weeks his determination would have leaked out of him. It was seeping away now at every delay. He dreaded the possibility of becoming reconciled to his loss, of consenting to endure life longer.

"I won't be here in two weeks," he said. "Isn't there any way to get up there now?"

"You might see the renting office."

He hesitated, nodded, asked the room number and took one of the lesser elevators up a mere ten stories. In the office he found no one but a stenographer who asked him to take a chair.

"What space do you want?" she asked.

"I—I'm not looking for an office. I just wanted to see the tower—the view."

He felt that he was an arrant intruder upon busy people. The girl studied him.

"You didn't bring your camera?"

"No. I haven't one. I just wanted to take a look."

"You weren't thinking of jumping off, were you?" She was helpful enough to laugh, enabling him to laugh and shake his head.

"Oh, no. No, indeed. Not at all, thank you."

Her laughter was not altogether sincere, for she said: "We're pestered to death with cranks that want to go out that way. Poor nuts! It's the style, though. There's fads in all things. Hadn't you noticed how much jumping off buildings is being done lately? And of course, our building, being the tallest of all, is just what they're looking for. Funny, isn't it? They want to break records even in bumping themselves off. The world's full of squirrel-fruit, isn't it?"

"So it seems," he said. Her careless chatter filled his mouth with ashes and cast dirt on his sublime grief. To her, he was only a crank, a nut, squirrel-fruit. Well, let them call him what they would. He was done with them all.

Her telephone rang. She held a brief parley with someone. When she had finished she said:

"I'm sorry, sir. The only man that could take you up to the tower is leaving



for the day. Could you come tomorrow?"

"Why, yes. I suppose so. Thank you."

He rose and shambled to the door, feeling inept and baffled. He feebly repeated the stenographer's good-by, went back to the elevator and down to the lobby. He supposed he would have to go to one of the lesser buildings, but it cheapened his plan somehow.

He heard a voice calling his name, felt a hand on his shoulder, a hand groping for his and squeezing it with the intricate, secret clasp of his college fraternity. It was Gil Bostwick, one of his cronies of old. They had been young together, very young together, and the forgotten affection was rekindled at once.

Finally Bostwick asked what such a howling swell as Stanley was doing in a business hive. "Slumming?"

"No. I wanted to see the tower, but they won't let me."

"Maybe I can fix it for you. I've got an office upstairs, but I'm late to a date with a possible customer. If I can find Tim McCarthy, though—"

"Who's Tim McCarthy?"

"One of the great men in the world. He raised this building from a pup. He's Superintendent of Construction. There he is now. Come along."

He took Stanley by the arm, and led him to a white-haired stalwart of Irish eyes and the hazardous Irish smile. Gil explained Stanley to McCarthy, and then McCarthy to Stanley.

"Mr. McCarthy's hobby is saving lives—useful ones, of workers. He's helped pile up the tallest building ever made by man from the bottom of the excavation to the tip top, thousands of men knitting together twenty thousand tons of steel. Not far from here a smaller building is going up, and before it's half finished, twenty-two men have been killed. This one is all but finished and, thanks to McCarthy, only one has been killed, and that was by an accident that might have happened anywhere. He was killed in the basement, at the bottom of an elevator shaft."

Inside Stanley's morbid brain a voice muttered: "Thanks to McCarthy, I'll make it two men killed—one by accident in the basement, one by intention from the tower."

He was impatient to reach his goal, but he knew that any show of haste would cancel his only hope. He listened to Bostwick's eulogies and McCarthy's disclaimers with mock enthusiasm, yet when Bostwick told him good-by at last, Stanley gave him the fraternity grip with a sense of Judaslike treason, for when the deed was done and the sensation filled the newspapers, McCarthy would blame Bostwick for his sponsorship of the building's second victim. It was an ill way to use a friend, but nothing to the way he had been used by the woman whom he had loved—and would love until he had quenched, in the one magnificent plunge to oblivion, the power to love and remember and ache.

When Bostwick had gone at last, Stanley found himself the prisoner of McCarthy's priestly reverence for his temple.

"Come along, Mr. McIlvaine. We'll start with the lowest floor."

"I couldn't think of taking so much of your time," Stanley pleaded. "Just show me the tower. Some other time—"

"You'll enjoy the tower the better for seeing the foundation," said McCarthy. "I'm not very busy for the next hour."

To McCarthy the whole structure was a museum of beauty, a Louvre in which each object revealed or hidden was a masterpiece of art. The red marble of the lobby, like autumn leaves petrified, the glossy blue-black marble walling in the stairway down to the subway and the lower shops, were no more and no

**F**ace values  
go up  
as skin  
improves  
through  
use of  
this



## Balanced Cream

DO PEOPLE regard you as pretty sometimes? Or do you bear the reputation for constant loveliness that goes with a delicate, flawless skin? Beauty suffers a heavy mark-down when complexions grow listless. If the mirror shows your face losing some of its radiance, we urge as the speediest means of recovery this single *balanced* cream.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is so perfectly *balanced* in the blending, it contains as many beauty-building properties as a half dozen special-purpose creams. Indeed, a woman can dispense with other aids and achieve the finest kind of a facial with this famous cream alone. Cleansing the skin; floating out impurities; erasing wrinkles; smoothing away roughness; nourishing the face at night.

The freshness, the marvelous purity which women for three generations have associated with Daggett & Ramsdell products, recommends this *balanced* cream for healing as well as beauty uses. Chapped lips and hands find it an excellent unguent. Relieve skin irritations. As protection against wind-

burn or chafing it is recommended to those who participate in outdoor sports.

Beauty advisers have provided the following directions for an expert home facial which thousands of women daily perform. Apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally to the face. Work it in gently, especially around the nose and chin, to thoroughly cleanse the skin, and wipe off with tissues. Now massage the face with a little more of the cream, using an upward stroke over the cheeks and forehead and a rotary stroke around the eyes. Remove any remaining cream with tissues again and notice how refreshed you feel!

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream has been found to agree with the greatest number of skins. You can buy no *better* product at *any* price. Just clip and mail the coupon below for a regular size tube at our expense.

And, by the way, if your skin requires a powder base, apply just a whisk of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream before your regular make-up.

**SEND FOR THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER**

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, 2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY**

Please send me FREE one of your regular size tubes of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Dept. C-2

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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## Adds Glossy Lustre, *leaves your hair* *Easy to manage*

**I**F you want to make your hair... easy to manage... and add to its natural gloss and lustre... this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush... and brush it through your hair... when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

### Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that... it will stay any style you arrange it... even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



**Glostora**

less commendable to him than the devices for handling and incinerating garbage and the litter of the inhabitants of this tower-tower—fifteen thousand people would be its population when it was settled.

He must show his fretful client the schemes for washing the very air the citizens would breathe, for evening its temperatures, for taking care of the hazards of fire and smoke and panic.

The necessity of pretending a polite enthusiasm wearied Stanley's impatience and postponed his mission so far that he began to forget it. Imitating interest created interest. He learned strange things familiar to toilers and builders but great news to a man who had never worked at anything except sport and self-amusement.

He began to feel an awe, a reverence for his guide and for the mysterious Titans who had wrought the foundations of this mountain and heaped it up. They had dugged and dived and gone away, leaving monuments of power and exquisite machineries to protect and transport and sustain multitudes.

Stanley began to lose a little of his contempt for sordid mankind, for the stupid, the greedy, the selfish mob. They might deserve all the harsh things said of them, yet they had made this wonder. They had brought marbles and metals from deep mines far off. They had woven these veins and arteries together in the vast body. They had invented machines to think and act and interact.

They had created a world or recreated an old world. They had reared this giant to the clouds. They had piled a dozen towers of Babel upon one another, defying the lightnings and the ancient gods. They had conquered old deities and old devils and made slaves of them.

Stanley was almost afraid of the thought that came to him: what more had Yahweh done when he constructed a six-foot Adam out of clay than six-foot man had done when he constructed out of rock and mineral this thousand-foot giant who breathed and lived and toiled like a tree that stands fast yet is not still?

By the time McCarthy was ready to climb the stairs again to the street level, Stanley was asking childish questions with a child's eagerness, marveling at everything, forgetting the nightmares of horror that had smothered him.

They entered an elevator, a cabin so closed and so smoothly balanced that he could not tell it was moving except by the little numerals running along in a ribbon of light above the door. The forties passed, and the fifties, and the sixties were entered before the doors slid back and a corridor was disclosed.

McCarthy led him through the sleek and finished office aisles to an outer gallery where he saw the sky again. And from what a height! Only the distances were visible, Long Island, New Jersey, the Bay.

"We're taking down the outside hoist," said McCarthy, speaking what was Greek to Stanley.

He learned at once that the outside hoist was an enormous, unwallled tower of steel, a scaffold and an elevator shaft that had stood as high as the building and had served to bring up the infinite necessities for each floor—girders, cables, pipes, radiators, basins of all sorts, doors, windows, what not?

And now it was being dismantled. Each joint of the skeleton was being unshipped by men standing outside the incredible cliff.

Stanley went to the edge of the wall with a gingerly step, and peered over. His heart shuttled in his breast at the

terror of such long emptiness before his eyes found something to see.

The city beneath him was a toy shop. On a shiny oilcloth strip tiny boats slid slowly, passing under bridges plainly built by children. Along petty tracks petty trains glided. In streams like ant-armies went lines of such automobiles as babies wind up and push. The human beings were tin soldiers and Noah's Ark figurines. The town was a nursery floor.

Stanley was still far beneath the summit of the building, yet he was farther away from earth than people had once imagined heaven to be. They had taken a quaint comfort in the creed that one of the chief rewards and felicities of the blessed in heaven was the privilege of looking down from paradise and watching the damned writhe in hell, and in hearing their unwearied, indestructible lungs howl forever their immortal regrets for momentary sins.

Yet Stanley was so far from being able to inspect hell that he could hardly hear a sound from beneath and could only know from memory that those midges below were fellow creatures. Each of the mites was at this moment no doubt the center of the universe to himself, utterly absorbed in his own concerns and convinced of their supreme importance and novelty. To each of them, his or her sorrow was unique; love a new miracle; success or failure the most exciting drama ever played.

Unquestionably there were people below there who were betraying other people or desperate because they had been betrayed. There were robbers and robbed, sinners and sinned against, murderers uncaught, and murdered not yet slain. Those microscopic insects were of different sexes, no doubt, though there was no evidence of it from here. And those sexual differences were playing havoc with the lives of some of them.

What did it all amount to? It was only the adding-up of minus quantities, multiplying vulgar fractions by vulgar fractions. Two flecks of soot floating along together were perhaps a man and woman who were thinking that life was not worth living unless they could live it together. Those other two smudges were perhaps another couple thinking that life was not worth living if they had to live it together. Beneath those square miles of roofs what was going on? What was not going on? Stupidities, atrocities, pruderies and obscenities, inanities, loneliness, overcrowdings, ferocities and poltrooneries, idiotic laughter, idiotic tears, crimes perhaps—and what they called sins down there.

Sins! How infinitely silly the thought! They were not big enough or important enough to sin. Could molecules sin, or if they could, what of it?

Stanley was like a monstrous scientist peering into a microscope at the animalcula in a drop of dirty water. Little rotifers were tremendously excited and fat amebæ were lazy and plutocratic, but their corruptions and triumphs were alike beneath contempt.

He was, after all, a little like a legendary redeemed saint leaning out across the gold bar of heaven and despising the damned.

Yet, gradually this derision, this disdain began to exert a paradoxical effect upon him. In belittling the emotions of the earthlings, he was belittling his own. After all, the precious Nep was only one of those bacilli, though her unwillingness to give her life to him and her willingness to give her body to another had ruined the earth for him.

And he himself, for all he was so high, was as small as the rest of them. If anybody down there were looking up,



he could not even see Stanley against the bright sky. His heart began to sink, though his frame remained aloft.

His eyes swept the vast cyclorama of the city, the rivers, the islands. He could almost see the ocean off there to the east, the continent to the west and south and north. Mountains and fields, and millions of people, stretched around the globe. He had climbed up here for one purpose, to pitch himself overboard into annihilation; a gnat beating its minikin brains out against a wall, because another gnat would not mate with it.

He began now to despise himself as well as Nep. He despised everybody and everything with such completeness that while life was still not worth living, death was even less worth dying. The world was empty and so was his soul.

He came out of a sort of trance, to hear McCarthy say:

"I tell you, Mr. McIlvaine, I'll be glad when this job's done. Aside from the poor fellow that was killed in the elevator shaft no life's been lost yet, and, please God, there'll be no other blood on this building."

It was easy now for Stanley to resolve that he would do nothing to diminish the pride of this superb man. It would be unpardonable to keep his vow.

And now he was utterly bankrupt. He had not even a purpose left.

When McCarthy moved away, Stanley followed like a vagabond dog. They went to an elevator that would carry them to the last stage. Shortly after McCarthy rang, the door slid back, disclosing inside a workman and a cart loaded with blocks of iron.

"He's testing the elevator," McCarthy explained. "Each one of those pigs weighs a hundred pounds."

He helped to pull the cart out, and then bent to remove the extra weights on the elevator floor. Stanley lent a hand and was glad that he was not too weak to do his stint. But he was thinking chiefly of this meek laborer's quiet heroism. He added his own weight to the loads that were to prove the strength of the cables. If they broke he would perish; but other men's lives would be saved. Altruism at a few dollars a day!

This labor took on a new aspect in Stanley's eyes. All about this building and all about all the other buildings, hirelings were playing the part of angels, benefactors, life-savers, protectors of humanity.

While all these grandeurs were the daily job of these philanthropists, Stanley had been playing cards, golf, tennis, had been dancing, swimming, killing time. He had found nothing better to do than to fasten all his destinies on the possession of one girl—not an admirable girl, not a wise or a brilliant girl—just a girl as worthless as himself.

And because another man got her away, the world had come to an end for him. To think that a little fool of a woman could make so big a fool of a man!

And what a snob he had been! He had looked down on these toilers from an imaginary height; had dared to feel sorry for them. He would have been ashamed to associate with them. He would have refused to bathe from the same beach with one of those dirty folk. Now he thought that the dirt of toil was the only honorable cosmetic and overalls the only decent wear.

The elevator opened its wings and McCarthy led him to a high window, nearly at the end of their journey.

"You can have a peek," he said.

Stanley put his head through a small open frame. It was like putting it in a guillotine inverted. Space beneath rushed

# don't be a rumble-seat rider!



## Whiten Teeth quickly

*Nobody likes to look at a Bacterial-Mouth (you have it)*

**TO HAVE** dazzling white teeth—free from stain, tartar and decay—you must guard against a condition that is embarrassing to its victim and offensive to others—Bacterial-Mouth. It is caused by germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath.

You have it. We all have it. And no ordinary preparation can cope with it.

But Kolynos quickly removes Bacterial-Mouth by killing the germs that cause it. In 10 seconds this antiseptic dental cream kills 190 million bacteria!

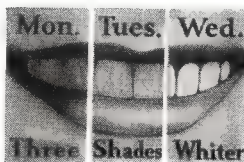
Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter!

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that sparkling teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Only Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. A half-inch is equal in effectiveness to 12 inches of the ordinary toothpaste for it multiplies 25 times when it enters the mouth. It becomes a surging, antiseptic FOAM that eliminates wetting the brush.

You can feel Kolynos work.



It foams into every pit, fissure and crevice. Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish completely and the entire mouth is purified.

This amazing Kolynos FOAM removes food particles that ferment and cause decay—neutralizes acids—washes away ugly, yellow tartar and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

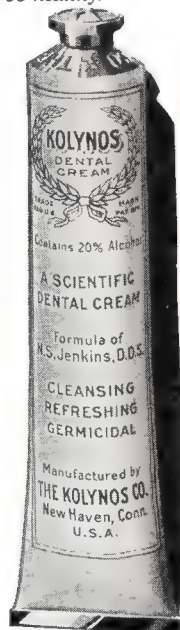
Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, and gums will be healthy.

### Look for Results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums, start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush morning and night.

Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos.



# KOLYNOS

*the antiseptic*

# DENTAL CREAM





ANITA PAGE... M-G-M STAR

## Like the Screen Stars... Have YOUR MAKE-UP In Color Harmony

Accept This Priceless Gift... Your  
Complexion Analysis and Make-Up  
Color Harmony Chart... From Max  
Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up  
Genius. See Coupon Below!

FOR the stars of Hollywood, Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up Genius, created a new kind of make-up for every day and evening use. A make-up ensemble... powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials... blended in color harmony. Cosmetics in lifelike color tones to harmonize with every variation of complexion coloring in blonde, brunette and redhead.

### Based on a Famous Discovery

In millions of feet of film... in hundreds of feature pictures, you, yourself, have seen the magic of make-up by Max Factor. You have seen the beauty magic of his famous discovery... cosmetic color harmony. Under the blazing Kleig lights, Max Factor discovered the secret... make-up to enhance beauty must be in color harmony.

### Now... a Make-Up Color Harmony for You

So this principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor applied to make-up for day and evening use. Revolutionary... Max Factor's Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Leading stars... May McAvoy, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Joan Crawford... adopted it.

Now you may learn this priceless beauty secret. Max Factor will analyze your complexion and send you your make-up color harmony chart... free. And you'll discover, whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead, whatever your type... the one way to really reveal, in the magic setting of beauty, the alluring, fascinating charm of your personality. Mail Coupon NOW!

### MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP "Cosmetics of the Stars" HOLLYWOOD

BESSIE LOVE  
M-G-M Star and Max Factor,  
Filmland's Make-Up Genius.



### MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 15-2-14  
Dear Sir: Send me a copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"; personal complexion analysis; and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR OF EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR OF LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer with check mark	

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City and State \_\_\_\_\_

up at him like an ax blade to behead him. He gripped the solid floor inside with his feet and the frame with his hands. He was afraid, with the primeval, infantile fear of falling. He could faintly hear McCarthy saying (and made listening an excuse for drawing his head out of the abyss):

"Those arches there, right below you. They took a bit of thinking. It came upon us that in the winter the snow and ice would form there and at the first thaw they'd break loose and go crashing down in chunks. Can you imagine blocks of ice raining on that street with nearly a thousand-feet velocity? There would be a bombardment for you and they'd pile up the dead and crush in the cars.

"So we figured out those little knife blades you see sticking up there, so that when the ice slips it will be cut up into little pieces, and go down in a fine powder. You have to think of everything in a building as big as this—even the snow. And the sun, of course, and the expansion and contraction. And the winds.

"It's beautiful up here in winter in the snow. Last winter I stood here one night for an hour—it was all open then. The sun set earlier then and a snow came on, and then the lights in the windows here and there; then everywhere; and in the streets, and the rivers. It is very beautiful up here in a snowstorm at sunset with the lights coming on."

Stanley could imagine it with a perfect vividness, and a deep tenderness illumined him, like lights coming on in his own wintry soul, and the ice turning to tender snow. He felt an understanding of the longing and the pathos that make up a great city.

He had despised New York just now, but only a little more than always. He had never before felt pity for a city. Who ever did? The old saying had always been: "God made the country, and man made the town." It seemed to him now that this was far more of a compliment to mankind than had ever been intended.

How cheap a contempt it was to mock the work of so many eager hands, gigantic art of so much beauty! Petty critics flinging petty eggshells at monuments.

New York had always been the unresisting, unanswering, unheeding target of demagogues and grangers, pulpsters and politicians, self-accredited intelligentsia and prurient puritans. Yet how beautiful it was!

He loved it from here, from this mood, in the aftermath of the storm that had beaten on him. He longed to do something for New York; to be something worth while in it; to build some part of it. He heard himself idly reiterating, "Wonderful, marvelous, wonderful, marvelous," as he followed McCarthy up flight after flight of stairs and stared at everything from little ingenuities of weight-saving or trouble-saving or life-saving to the enormous chimney that came up from the ground to carry off the smoke of any fire that might break out anywhere, and to offer safe egress to anyone otherwise trapped in the sky.

McCarthy showed him the electric elevator controls standing up here all by themselves and caring for the ascending and descending bucketloads of humanity. Their intelligence and their diligence were uncanny. McCarthy could tell from them just where each elevator was and just what doors were opening or closing.

For the first time Stanley felt that he himself was only a kind of electric machine, and a most unreliable, inefficient one. He felt a respect, a brotherhood for those more skillful and trustworthy automatons that made possible these towers and these cities.

At last he was at the top. McCarthy motioned him to have a final look and he ventured to put his head out with great care. The building stood up like a stupendous needle in a colossal pin-cushion. He was in the very eye of the needle.

He could have slipped through and gone his way. But he closed his eyes against the pain of emptiness and the throe of fear. He did not want to go back to earth as a clod. His soul had taken on wings of a sort. He wanted to get safely back to the ground and begin to work there, to do his bit.

He went to his guide to plead: "Mr. McCarthy, I want to get in on this business. Take me on your gang. I don't know anything, but I want to learn. I've got strength and youth. Give me a job."

"Times are hard and jobs are few," said McCarthy. "We're laying off men, not taking them on. The work is about done."

"I don't want any money now, though I'd be proud to earn honest wages some day. I'll work for nothing. I'll pay you for teaching me. I want to begin at the bottom and work—up if I can, but down if I must. I think you're doing the biggest thing on earth today and I want to get busy with you."

McCarthy smiled at him. "There's a new job talking of—a taller job than this one. If I get it, I might find you a place—not much, but a start. You could be learning the trade."

To be learning a trade—Stanley felt as if he were being knighted. They talked as they walked down the stairs. They talked in the elevators. They stood in the lobby, talking. And at last they shook hands and parted.

It was dark when Stanley hailed a taxicab but the lights were coming on. He went home and told his father and mother of his dream. It was not what they had planned, but his happiness contented them.

He thought of Nep that night, but only as an alien in the splendor of the pageant in his heart. He thought of her loss without regret, without jealousy or contempt. Joe could have her, and good luck and all happiness to them both.

After all, the only sure way to cure a longing is to create a greater longing for something else. Drunkards on one wine must find another. The bachelor who despised the married men falls in love and despises the bachelors. The sudden infatuate who despises the woman-haters falls out of love and despises the woman-chasers. In and out we go from one mania to another.

Stanley was still a madman, but he had a new paranoia. The mania of persecution had been replaced by a mania for execution. That was why he was so calm when he happened to encounter Nep—so calm that all he said was: "Why, hello, Nep. How've you been?"

One of the first studies in the curriculum McCarthy had laid out for Stanley was a course in the vital importance of trucking material into new buildings on a strict schedule. The city will not allow it to be stored in the street, the building has no room for it, and it must be delivered on the job exactly when it is needed. This was Stanley's new religion; to bring in the girders, the concrete, whatever was required at the exquisite hour of its place in the calendar.

He was standing in the covered way surrounding the excavation for a new building when Nep came along. There had been and would be places and occasions enough when she might have stumbled upon him, but now she chanced to be held up in an idle walk along



Madison Avenue by a figure in overalls motioning her back with the palm of his hand. She did not give him a second look but turned to leave since a truck carrying a caisson was backing in across the sidewalk.

As she turned she heard a yell that stirred the roots of her hair. It was like a cry from the grave—from Stanley's grave. She whirled and saw a young man waving and howling at a truck driver. The voice was the voice of Stanley; the hands were the hands of a long-shoreman; the clothes—!

She stared, pondered, heard him answer the truck driver's profanity with swell profanity of his own. As the truck retreated into its lair, Stanley turned to motion the pedestrians along. Nep caught sight of his face and his eyes recognized her.

"Stanley!" she gasped. "Stanley McIlvaine."

"Why, hello, Nep. How've you been?"

"Stan! Where've you been?"

"Right here in town. How's Joe? Still married?"

"Yes, but I've been worried to death about you."

"Really. Why?"

"You know why! Remember what you threatened?"

"Oh, what's a little threat between friends? That's all over and done. Well, good-by. I'll lose my job if I'm not spry."

She seized his grimy sleeve. "Lose what job? What on earth are you doing in this get-up? Have you gone mad?"

"Not quite. Maybe the other way. But I'm glad to see you looking so well."

"I look like the devil and you know it."

"Do you? Do I? You look great to me. G'by!"

"Will you come up and see me and tell me all about it?"

"Thanks, Nep, but—well, I stay home and study every night till I fall asleep."

Her eyes blazed with wrath at this rebuff. Her slave was refusing to answer her summons.

Stanley went on: "I never go anywhere."

"There's one place you can go, for all of me!" she snapped and darted away, trembling. She really thought she heard him laughing behind her fairly swishing shoulder blades.

When she had walked off her first anger, she was dazed again. Stanley was not dead. She was terribly glad he had not killed himself for her, yet with a most unsatisfactory gladness. Drama is destructive and cruel, but when it is prepared for and anticipated and then not brought off there is always a sense of disappointment.

So she had lost Stanley! She had lost him a long while before she found him, and left him still lost. She could not help wondering if she could retrieve him. She ought not to think of such things, of course, but it was poisonous to have a man laughing off her invitations to call—a man, too, who had wept and raved when she so much as looked at anybody else. She would like to get him back to his tears just once before she let him go.

He became a permanent lodger in that secret apartment where women keep the lovers whom they never got rid of by marrying them.

There was another lodger in another and a more sumptuous room—Bill Hanaway. Nep began to hear a great deal of him, and always linked with her cherished aversion, Mrs. Sue Folsom.

How to save Bill from Sue was a problem that kept Nep's idle hours busy. One day she heard that Sue was going to Reno for another divorce in order to marry Bill.

"The woman is a regular commuter,"

# COLDS

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*boiling water fails  
to kill them!*

*A handkerchief used  
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### Use Kleenex disposable handkerchiefs

NOW comes dramatic proof of the importance of Kleenex during colds. Scientific tests show that these delicate tissue handkerchiefs may materially check the number of colds, and their duration.

For these authoritative tests prove conclusively that washing fails to kill the organisms associated with colds. This means your handkerchief may be a source of danger. Even after washing, it may hold the organisms Streptococcus, Staphylococcus, the deadly Pneumococcus and Micrococcus Catarrhalis.

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When you use Kleenex, there's no possible danger of reinfection from handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once. Then you discard it forever. Germs are discarded, too.

You'll value the greater comfort of Kleenex. The tissues are exquisitely fine and soft. They are marvelously absorbent—seeming actually to soothe the tender, inflamed skin. There's no chance

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These absorbent tissues are said by beauty experts to be the only safe and sanitary way to remove creams and cosmetics. They lift every trace of dirt along with cleansing cream and save your towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

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# CAUGHT COLD?

It's easy to throw off a cold when you know what to do—and do it. Two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin will break up a cold in a jiffy! Take them promptly. Bayer Aspirin will check your cold at any stage, but why wait until you are miserable? These tablets are perfectly harmless because they don't depress the heart. If your throat feels sore, crush two more tablets in a little water and gargle. This will ease your throat instantly and reduce any infection. A cold needn't worry you when you take these simple precautions. But even a simple cold is serious if you don't. Remember that, and remember to get the genuine tablets stamped Bayer. Read the proven directions for headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica; and for the prompt, positive relief of periodic pain. Until you are familiar with the many valuable uses of Bayer Aspirin you can't realize how much suffering is really needless.

All druggists have the genuine tablets of Bayer Aspirin. The box says Bayer, and you will see the word Genuine printed in red.

said Nep. "See Reno first, is her motto."

Nep's jealousy of Sue Folsom and the recrudescence of her old infatuation for Bill took the form of a noble desire to rescue dear old Bill Hanaway from ruin, at any cost to herself. The realization that Bill was in serious danger of matrimony, as a consequence of Sue Folsom's imminent divorce, overcame Nep's horror of divorce for herself.

If she dashed out at once she could beat Sue to freedom. A less dignified race could hardly be imagined but it took on increasing dignity in Nep's eyes, though she resolved to go almost anywhere else on earth to get hers. The anxiety lest she be too late brought on a feverish impatience with her marriage.

Joe was endurable as an amiable man-about-house, but as an obstacle to her new mission in life he was unbearable.

She began to see innumerable reasons for a quick dissolution of their union. All the reasons were suddenly noble; all the reasons for continuing in Joe's home became suddenly vile—and silly, too.

Since she could neither give nor take perfection of joy in married life with Joe, it was her first business to end the marriage as soon as possible. Her father had saved vast sums by knowing when to take a loss and when to stop throwing good money after bad. What difference was there between the gambling wisdoms of Wall Street and of wedlock? Only fools bankrupted their lives by clinging to hopeless loves and pouring years of life down the rat hole of a plainly futile marriage. That much-lauded school of heroism and self-sacrifice and purity won no admiration from Nep. She thought it rank cowardice, female poltroonery.

Furthermore, her duty to Joe was entirely changed in her new eyes. She must do the right thing by Joe, as well as by herself. If she were contributing to his contentment, there might be a reason for self-sacrifice to the doleful lot of a wife who is loved but cannot love. She had no solace in motherhood, the refuge of so many women who take a well-disguised but none the less selfish delight, said Nep to her new self, in squandering on their children the intense emotions they cannot feel for their husbands. But Nep was more than ever determined not to have children.

The more she pondered the situation, the more she convinced herself that she was living in open respectability but secret sin with a husband she could not love and would soon begin to hate. She knew she had no right to hate so good a man, yet hate would be inescapable unless she broke the chains that galled her more and more.

She made many an effort to speak to Joe, but her words stuck in her throat. At last, however, on a beautiful night when love was in the air, she spoke.

"Joe, I want to have a little talk with you. Try not to misunderstand me and please don't break in. I want to be fair and square in everything—to you of all people. You have a right to the best of everything, for you are an honest man and a good man. And I ought to know. I didn't believe that anybody could be as decent as you are. You are everything that a man should be. It's me that's all wrong.

"I'm not trying to be meek and lowly and modest, just sane and common sensible. I'm nothing that a good wife should be, Joe. You have a right to the finest wife that ever was. You have a right to children. I can't give them to you. And to happiness. I can't give even that to you, Joe.

"Don't interrupt. Don't be polite. I've tried. I'd rather make you happy than do anything else on earth. If I could

**BAYER**  **ASPIRIN**



make you happy. I'd be happy. I'd die gladly if that would make you happy. But I don't believe it would. And my living with you can't make you happy.

"I've tried to make myself over. I've tried to resign myself to things as they are. I could stand it. I have no right to happiness, anyway. But I have no right to make your life wretched. Let's face the fact, Joe: our marriage—it—it just doesn't click."

Stifling all the things that were crowding to his lips, he simply said: "What do you advise, then?"

"Let's get a divorce."

"A divorce? Good Lord!"

"Right away."

"But we've only been married——"

"That's why it's so important to get right after it."

"You mean you're in a hurry to marry somebody else?"

"No, of course not! I don't want to marry anybody. I'm not fit to be anybody's wife. There's nobody I'd marry if everybody asked me. And nobody is asking me. I haven't even seen anybody since I married you."

Again he put behind him all the orations that flocked to his brain. He laughed hollowly. "Well, anyway, you always do the new thing. This would be a novelty, for sure. We return from the honeymoon with an announcement of impending divorce. That ought to be news."

"Don't try to beat me down with sarcasms, Joe. It's unworthy of you. I was never more in earnest. And you'd better listen to me now."

This was so petulantly and pitifully feminine that he turned tender and amorous at once. He caught her in his arms and told her how he loved her, how dear she was, how happy they would be yet. He begged for a little more time to win her.

But she shook her head to everything. She told him that she loved him. She kissed him and even cried over him, tears so unusual and so melting to her own heart that if he had been a genius in the politics of love as he was in political politics, he might have surprised her into the very surrender that she had so desperately longed for.

Poor blind man, he was so eagerly seeking adjectives to illustrate his love that he lost the exquisite fleeting moment for proving it and securing hers. The moment was soon gone and he had on his hands, on his knees, an increasingly grim and stubborn statue of ice.

The best he could do was to persuade her to promise him a little more time to consider. She could grant that easily enough, for her resolution was sealed. The marriage was already over for her. The rest was mere detail.

The next day he presented every argument he could marshal, but in vain. When he mentioned the newspaper sensation, the gossip, he merely diminished her respect for him; she sighed:

"I didn't think you were afraid of a little talk, Joe. You've never been afraid of the newspapers when they abused you for your political ideals. Do you think it would be quite nice—quite brave or even decent, for us to stick together just for fear somebody would make a few remarks if we parted?"

This stung him. He bowed coldly.

"All right. You're right. This is a free country for women as well as men. The time has long since passed for keeping a woman prisoner to a man she doesn't want to live with. Even the religions that don't grant divorces, grant separations wholesale. I don't suppose you want a separation."

"It wouldn't be fair to you, Joe. You

# "You don't know what cold weather is" says RUSSELL OWEN

CAN you imagine travelling on foot over a great snow plain, almost interminable in extent, burned by the sun and wind, frozen by chill winds, marching hour after hour, day after day, with no living thing within many miles? Then the cheeks burn and crack, and lips become blistered and swollen so that they puff out in ugly and painful scabs. They become so sore that it hurts to eat and one cannot smoke for the sting of tobacco on broken flesh.

But when the lips chap and swell under the combined influence of the sun and wind, they must be softened with some healing substance, and "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is used for this purpose by those who are weatherwise. For example, when Bernt Balchen was on the trail in the Antarctic, his lips were badly swollen from exposure and he used "Vaseline" Jelly on them to keep them soft. He believes that it should be in every trail kit and always carries some with him, whether he is exploring or flying planes into the far north mining country of Canada, transporting dynamite and tools. Balchen was born in a cold country and has spent many of his years outdoors under the most trying conditions, and with him always takes a tube of "Vaseline" Jelly for protecting his skin against exposure.

*Russell Owen*

RUSSELLOWEN is one of the  
greatest reporters of all time.

When the Byrd Antarctic Expedition was about to start, Owen was assigned by the New York Times to go with it. This isolated part of the world was described by Owen for fourteen months—the period during which he stayed there. He saw the departures of the planes on all the flights, including the South Pole flight, the returns, and during the four months that the dog teams were away on their 1500 mile trip received bulletins from them and kept the world informed of what they were doing. His work there won for him the Pulitzer Prize, awarded for the best reporting of the year. Now Mr. Owen has a new assignment. From time to time he will tell you in these pages of the interesting uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which he has seen on his wanderings from Pole to Pole. Watch for his next story!



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**Head colds:** Place "Vaseline" Jelly in nostrils to lubricate them and soothe inflammation.

**Throat irritations:** Take "Vaseline" Jelly internally, a half teaspoonful every few hours.



have a right to a wife. Some good woman somewhere has a right to you. I want to get out of your way."

"When do you start for Reno?"

"Reno? Must I really go to Reno?"

"Well, in New York here, you'd either have to wait till I had deserted you for five years, or ask for it on the one ground that I don't want to give even in fun. There are thousands of cases of collusion, of course; but I'm a lawyer and, frankly, I don't want to give anybody a chance to accuse me of legal crookedness. The divorce is going to do me enough harm without that."

"Oh, Joe! Will the divorce really harm you in politics?"

"It won't exactly help."

"Then I won't get a divorce. I wouldn't harm you for all the world."

"But I insist on your getting a divorce. I wouldn't keep you now for all the careers in the world."

This was an unexpected misery and they came nearer to a downright wrangle than they had ever come before. Quaintly enough, they fought because neither wanted to mar the happiness of the other. Nice people are always warring on such fields, each fighting the other's battles.

And now it was Joe who spent an hour arguing in favor of divorce, and it was he who finally compelled her to consent to one. Most amicably they discussed the details. She found it revoltingly hypocritical of the laws to insist upon at least a pretense of opposition.

It dazed her to learn that in the great republic, the home of freedom, it was impossible for a man and wife to part in wisdom and friendship by mutual agreement and peaceful arrangement. There had to be a contest, though everybody knew that it was fraudulent. The judges and the juries augustly presided over the odious farce, and accepted the necessary settlements behind the scenes, or "out of court," as the phrase was.

Joe explained that all this perfunctory perjury was a concession to the forces that would otherwise make divorce impossible. And Nep learned another lesson in the contempt due to the human race for its unconquerable unwillingness to do anything simply, sanely and scientifically.

**J**OE explained why Paris had ceased to be an easy market for divorce seekers, why Mexico was unsatisfactory and why Reno was the one reliable hospital for hopeless marriages.

"How wonderful it is," Nep said, "that I should have married a lawyer who would take me as his client! What will your fee be? Something enormous?"

"Perhaps," he said, "after you have tried two or three other husbands and found that they, too, have their faults, you'll give me another chance."

"Oh, Joe, you are such an angel! Don't hate me. Love me a little, won't you, for I shall always love you a lot!" She kissed him with ardor.

He might have won her then, if he had been able to forget the sardonic irony of her affection increasing as he surrendered his own rights and dignities. But his love was bitter and dark and the surrender was an agony to him. He disguised his pain under what he feared might prove a prophecy.

"You may come back from Reno with a new husband. So many do."

"Well, if I do, I know I'll hate him soon, and I'll come to you for another divorce. Will you be my lawyer—or better yet, the correspondent?"

That hurt him more than it shocked him, and he made a third mistake of conquering a fierce impulse to make himself his own correspondent on the instant.

She wounded his admiration of her, too, by the peevishness of her next complaint.

"Is it really necessary to stay in Reno for three months, Joe? It will seem three centuries. Isn't there any way out of it?"

He shook his head. "You have to establish a residence—at least what's called a residence. You have to pretend you've come out there to live, and not merely to get a divorce and go away."

"Lies, lies, lies! Why do the law courts make it so necessary for everybody to lie?"

"I don't know, dear. It's just the ancient rule. You know that every witness is compelled to take an oath to do three things that no human being ever did or could possibly do."

"What's that, Joe?"

"To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. After that grand opening perjury, every other lie is unimportant."

"Oh, I don't mind lying a little. It seems to me that no amount of little necessary lies can compare in wickedness with the one grand lie of living together in pretended happiness and love when you're not. But it does seem to me too cruel that I've got to stay out there all by myself for three months. Couldn't you come along?"

He smiled at the infantile heartlessness with which she tormented him. But she was thinking that Sue Folsom might come out to Reno while she was there. Suddenly Joe started.

"Good Lord, I've just remembered! A lawyer was telling me some time ago—when I wasn't taking any interest in divorce—that there was a way of getting a decree in Nevada almost instantly."

"Joe! In heaven's name, how?"

"There was an old law that didn't get repealed and didn't get in the index of the code. According to that, if the husband were present in the state and committed the cruelty on the ground, there was no further need to establish residence. That might work again. But it would mean I'd have to go out there."

Large-eyed and more infantile than ever, she said: "Well, surely you wouldn't object to taking that little trip to save me three hellish months, would you?"

He stared at her and laughed his first big laugh as a married man. He roared and whooped. Then he grew angry as he realized suddenly what Nep was doing to him and with him. He wanted to wring her neck. His heart granted itself a decree of divorce at once. For the first time he was willing, eager, to free himself of such a monster.

"I'll look up the details tomorrow at the office," he said.

She was so grateful and so fond of him for this stroke of genius, that she slept on his arm that night. He merely tolerated her there.

The next night he brought her the perfect program of their excursion to Reno. It involved the breaking of a number of important engagements, the leasing of a Nevada ranch by wire and a long journey for a dishonest purpose, but he had kept his office force in a whirl over the details; for he was resolved to give Nep everything she asked for until he was rid of her.

Nep went about the preliminaries of the brief raid on Nevada with the frenzied zeal of a boy running away from school to go fishing. But she must not

tell anybody that she was going divorcing. That might make it illegal.

But she thought she had better tell her father and mother. She called on them. "Well, fond parents, Joe and I are going West for a short ride, and then I'll come and pay you a long visit. I know how you must have missed me. But don't order veal. Your prodigal daughter doesn't like it."

When she explained, they were horrified. Her mother accused her of being wanton, promiscuous, eager for new flirtations. She could answer that.

"It's because I'm trying to be decent that I want a divorce," she insisted. "Thousands of wives keep their husbands as a shield for their lovers—and their children, if any; but I think they're loathsome. It's because I have a great respect for the seventh commandment that I want a divorce. And you ought to help me be decent instead of heaping abuse on me for trying to be."

**S**HE was really convinced of this. She cried genuine tears over her pitiful plight, misunderstood, a martyr to life, crucified by her own parents.

It is surely not necessary, in this day and age of popular science, to state that these pages are not devoted to an attempt to defend or justify Miss Penelope Newbold and her moods—or to an attempt to hold her up to scorn or contumely. They are, of course, a feeble attempt to describe her as a zoölogist describes the habits, instincts and reactions of such animals as he is describing.

Nep was so disheartened by the harshness of her father and mother that she turned to Joe for consolation. And he consoled her with a patience that amazed him.

They had adjoining drawing-rooms on the train West—for appearance's sake, since they must pose as a devoted couple until the grand crash. And now that all anxiety was gone and Joe was so soon to be gone, the beauty of his character brightened as it took its flight.

Nep found him the most fascinating man she had ever met, and told him so. She accompanied her praises with such gentle endearments that the tormented wretch exclaimed in self-defense:

"If you don't let me alone, I'll jump off the train and walk back home!"

"If you do, I'll get off with you," she answered, seizing his hand. "Joe, honestly, I do adore you. I wonder if I'm not really beginning to fall in love with you at last—real love, I mean. Would you like to turn back and try again?"

"No!" he shouted.

"You won't have me any more?"

"No!"

"You don't love me any more?"

"No! Yes! But I wouldn't live with you any more for all the world."

"Why, Joe!" she sighed, staring at him in a lovely stupefaction. Tears shot to her eyes and made them lustrous. She leaned on his shoulder weeping.

He shook her off and said, with all the grimness he could muster: "Look here, you little chameleon, you've changed your last color on my clothes. You can get a Scotch plaid and bust yourself, but you can't get me back. I'm afraid of you and I admit it. If you don't keep your hands off me, I'll give you a wallop with my fist that'll get you a divorce in whatever state we're passing through."

"Why, Joe darling!"

She put out her hands in such appeal that he rose, and lurched out and hurried to the men's club car.

**After divorce—what? Nep, returning from Reno to take up the threads of her life back East, again meets Bill Hanaway—in Rupert Hughes' March Installment**



ONE *will always stand out!*



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Streaking over a mirror of ice, the hockey star seems everywhere at once...but he never forgets that the winning shot must go straight for the net.

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# Chesterfield

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for February 1931





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Above: Bear Lake, Rocky Mountain Nat'l Park. Lower Left: A prize turkey. "Sunshine and vitamins" give Colorado poultry finer flavor, higher quality. The same is true of beef and lamb.

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## Let's Play King by Sinclair Lewis (Continued from page 51)

to give you a chance in life! I work and slave to have you meet the real *bon ton*, like kings and queens, and not a lot of these Hollywood bums, and then you won't act nice like I tell you to! Terry Tait, I haven't punished you for some time, but unless you put on the nice Fauntleroy suit, and act nice and gentlemanly, why, I'll just nachly snatch you bald-headed, jhear me?"

In the case of Mr. Rabbit Benescoten Tait, Terry had seen his mother's rare ability to snatch people bald-headed and, sobbing slightly, he took off the honest boy-town tweed suit he was wearing and began to force himself into the abomination of lace and black velvet.

Out of the door, down the corridor, about to meet a queen—about to meet the first woman who might prove to be her own equal—marched Mrs. T. Benescoten Tait.

Bessie had, in a week of London, learned that really cultured and cosmopolitan people called candy "sweets," called trolley cars "trams," called hotel clerks "reception clerks," called six bits "three bob," and, most especially, called an elevator a "lift." Thus it was no common and uneducated elevator but an exotic lift that they took, and it was to a lift attendant that Bessie murmured charmingly, with just a touch of a Mechanicville French accent, "We'll stop at the *catriem étage*—oh! how fonny!—I mean the fourt' floor, please."

"Very sorry, Madame, but that floor is reserved. I am not permitted to stop there."

"Say, don't you suppose I know it's reserved for the Slovarian royal party? It's them I'm going to see!"

The lift attendant had stopped the lift (or elevator or *ascenseur*) just below the fourth floor. He was a bright lift boy of sixty-five. He said unhappily, "I'm very sorry, Madame, but I'm not permitted to let anyone off on the fourth floor unless they are recognized or are accompanied by someone from the royal entourage."

"Rats! I tell you they're expecting me! Look at this!"

This was a pound note. The lift attendant looked on it regretfully, but he sighed, "Very sorry, Madame—much as my position is worth," and shot the lift down to the ground floor.

"All right, then; you can take us back to the fifth floor," said Bessie.

Terry turned toward their suite, but his mother snapped, "Where do you think you're going?" and marched him toward the onyx-and-crystal front staircase from their floor down to the fourth, the royal floor.

As they elegantly emerged on the sacred corridor, they were confronted by one of the largest, tallest, most ruddy-faced bobbies in the entire British police force. He too was sorry, and he too explained that he could not let strangers approach Their Majesties.

Bessie wasted no words on so rude a fellow. She marched upstairs again. "If they think they can stop me! There's nothing I won't do for the sake of my poor little son!" she moaned and, grabbing the poor little son, she marched him to the east end of their corridor.

Now at the east end Bessie had noted a flight of slate-tread stairs, presumably intended for servants and as a fire escape.

At the foot of the stairs stood the same bobby whom she had just met.

"Now then! 'Ave I got to run you in?" he growled.

With one proud glance she marched back upstairs.

For half an hour she cried on her bed, raging at the tyrants who insulted a mother who was trying to give her son a chance to get along in the world. Then she rose, powdered, and stalked into Terry's room, where he had already changed from the nice Fauntleroy suit into khaki shirt and shorts. He sat behind a couch, arguing with Josephus.

"Now look here, young man, I'm going out, and if you stir one foot out of this suite, you and me will have a little talk this evening, jhear me!"

She marched out, singularly like the Fifth Cavalry on the trail of the Apaches.

Terry telephoned for Ginger. In blessed quiet and lack of maternal care, the two small boys and the one large dog became happy again. Liberally interpreting the boundaries of the suite, which Terry was not to leave, as including the corridor, they laid out the electric railway from Edinburgh (opposite Room 597) to South Africa (overlooking the canyon of the back stairs).

And while they reveled, Bessie was at the American Embassy, successively failing to see the ambassador, the counselor, the first and second secretaries, and finally, with indignation at this neglect of her Rights as an American Citizen, hearing the third secretary murmur:

"I greatly sympathize with you, but I'm afraid it would be hard to get the chief to feel that you have been insulted and that the State Department ought to cable Slovaria. Suppose some complete stranger were to come to your studio in Hollywood while Terry was making the most important scenes of a new picture, and should want to go right in—would he be admitted?"

"But that's entirely different! Terry isn't a stranger!"

"But he might be to the Slovarians."

"Well, I've heard a lot about how ignorant these Europeans are, but you can't make me believe that even the Slovarians haven't heard about Terry Tait, the King of Boy Comedians!"

The third secretary rose with a manner which was familiar to Bessie from her first job-hunting days in Los Angeles. He observed silkily, "Dreadfully sorry, but I'm afraid we can't do a thing in this matter. But if we can help you about passports . . ."

As Bessie walked disconsolately away from the Embassy she groaned, "I guess the game's up! We ain't going to meet any queen. My poor little boy! They won't raise him to four grand a week, after all! And I won't be able to buy that steam yacht . . . The dirty snobs, that care more for red tape than for a mother's heart! Say, why wouldn't that make a swell title for Terry's next movie after 'His Majesty, Junior'? 'A Mother's Heart'!"

Terry, Ginger and Josephus, the managers of the Edinburgh, South Africa and Peking R.R., were repairing a wreck and gleefully counting the temporarily dead passengers beside the slaty African caverns of what would, to unenlightened adult eyes, have seemed the back stairs.

Up those crevasses crept a small boy, obviously English, a boy with black hair, a cheery nose of a cocky Irish tilt, and gray flannels. He was of Terry's age.

"Hello!" he said.

"Ello yourself," observed Ginger grandly.

"I'm going up to the top floor and I'm going to slide down all the banisters all the way down," confided the stranger.

"You better be careful on the floor below this. Some kink's got it. There's a lot of cops there. How'd you ever get by 'em?" demanded Terry.

"I waited till they weren't looking, and slipped past 'em. Oh, I say, what a lovely train!"

He seemed a nice lad, and with much cordiality Terry urged, "Wouldn't you like to play train with us?"

"Oh, I'd love it!" cried the stranger.

"I say, this is ripping! I've run away from my family. They want me to go to parties and have my picture taken."

"Isn't it fierce!" sympathized Terry.

"If you must 'ave your picture taken," Ginger remarked oracularly, "you just tell your old lady to take you to Gumbridge's, on Great St. Jeever's Street, Whitechapel; e'll do you 'andsome—six bob a dozen."

"Oh, thank you very much indeed. I'll tell my mother. May I—would you mind if I started the train just once?"

The new boy was so enthusiastic about the signal system, he so fervently enjoyed the most sanguinary wrecks, that Ginger and Terry adopted him as a third musketeer, and Terry urged, "If you like it, come into my room; I've got some other things there."

The new boy gazed in awe at the electrical Derby race and the electrical Colosseum with the lions charmingly devouring Early Christians.

"I've just never *seen* such things," he sighed.

"What do you play with at home?" asked Terry.

"Why, we live in the country, most of the year, and I ride and swim and play tennis and—and—that's about all. You see, I have ever such a stern tutor, and he keeps me at work so much. But—Oh, I have a bicycle, too!"

Ginger and Terry exchanged glances of pity for their unfortunate new friend, and Terry said comfortingly, "But still, it must be slick to ride horseback on these English roads—not get jounced all to pieces like I do when I ride on the ranch."

"You ride on a ranch? I *thought* you were American!"

"Yes. I'm in the movies."

The stranger startled them with his scream: "Now I know! I knew you looked familiar! You're Terry Tait! I've seen you in the pictures. I loved 'em! Oh, I am so glad to meet you!"

The boys shook hands, while Ginger beamed and Josephus wagged with appreciation, and Terry said generously, "But you Englishers don't care for my stuff like they do at home. I guess I ain't so much as—"

"But honestly, Terry—if I may call you that?"

"Sure, kid."

"But I'm not English—at least only an eighth English. I'm Slovarian."

"With that Slovarian bunch with King Maximilian, downstairs?"

"Yes. I'm Maximilian."

"Oh, go-wan! You don't look like a king! You look like a regular kid!"

"Gblimey!" groaned Ginger. "I believe 'e is the king, Terry! I seen 'is pictures!"

"Gee," wailed Terry, "and I thought kings always wore tights and carried swords!"

"I'm frightfully sorry, Terry. Honestly, I hate being a king! It's just beastly! I have to learn six languages, and all about taxation and diplomacy and history and all those things—and I just want to play and be let alone! And



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they're always trying to assassinate me!"

"Jiminy! Honest?" breathed Terry.

"Yes; I've been shot at three times this year. And really, I don't like it a bit."

"Say, gee, Your Majesty has got to excuse me if I got fresh with you."

"Oh, please, won't you call me 'Max'?"

"Thunder! You can't call a king 'Max.' You call him 'Your Majesty,' or 'Sire.'"

"No, you don't! Not in private life."

"Well, gosh, I ought to know! I've read 'A Gentleman of France' and a lot like that."

"Well, I ought to know! I'm a king!"

"But you haven't been a king long!"

"That's so. But anyway—oh, please call me 'Max.' Honestly, Terry, I'm so frightfully pleased to have met you. I've always been eager to know you ever since I saw you as the cabin boy in 'The Burning Deck.' I say! That was simply ripping where you had that idea about dropping one end of the hose in the ocean and putting out the fire whence all but you had fled. Jove, you must have led the most perilous life!"

"Oh. That! That scene with the hose was taken in the studio. The fire wasn't nothing but some oily waste in pails. No, I never did anything dangerous. Dog-gone it! My mother won't let me!"

"Oh, Terry! Look! When we grow up, and I get to be a *real* king, and my mother and Sebeneco (he's the prime minister) and Professor Michelowsky (he's my tutor)—when I'm of age and they can't govern me any longer, will you be my Commander in Chief?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind, Max." In a sudden consideration of his own troubles, it is to be feared that Terry forgot he was addressing a king. "Anyway, I'd certainly like to get out of the movies. You talk about your troubles—say, you don't know how turble it is to be a movie star. Awful!"

"I have to give interviews, and every time I go out of the house somebody is there horning in, trying to photograph me, and I have to wear trick clothes—oh, horrible clothes!—and old ladies come and stroke my hair, and I have to listen while they tell me what a dandy actor I am—and honest, Max, I'm fierce, and now I've got to meet the king of— Oh, golly, I forgot! You *are* the king!"

"Yes, hang it!"

"It's fierce!"

"It is, by Jove!" mourned Maximilian.

"I wish we could run away and find some nice farmhouse and just be kids there, and feed the pigs!"

"Rather! Wouldn't I like to!"

So engrossed was Terry in Maximilian that he had not realized that Ginger was standing stiffly at attention.

"Oh, jiminy, I forgot to introduce Mr. Ginger Bundock, Max—Your Majesty."

Then Ginger was kneeling, kissing Maximilian's hand.

"Oh, I say, please don't do that!" begged Maximilian.

"An Englishman, sir, knows wot's befitting to a Royal Majesty!" protested Ginger.

"Oh, chuck it, will you!"

"Right you are, sir!"

And the three small boys, actor and king and page, started to play with the delightful assassinations of the Early Christians in the model of the Colosseum and, aside from a profuse buttering of the conversation with "sirs," Ginger was not uncomfortably obsequious to these great men. Indeed, apropos of Terry's further complaint that it was awful to have to retake a scene twenty times, Ginger complained darkly, "If I may say so, sir, an 'otel page' 'asn't too cheery a time, you know. There's old gentlemen that get very drunk, sir, and expects you to bounce out and buy 'em clean shirts

after all the shops is closed, and there's old ladies that gets you into their rooms and asks you, 'Are you saved?' and—"

Maximilian interrupted, "Then we ought all three to run away and—"

"And be pirates!"

"Splendid!" said Maximilian.

"Uncle 'Ennery Bundock used to be a pirate!" yearned Ginger.

From the next room bored a voice. "Good heavens, Marie, I *told* you to send that dress down to be pressed."

Maximilian quaked, "Oh, it's my mother! She's looking for me."

"No," said Terry, looking pale. "It's mine."

"Erp!" said Josephus.

Bessie entered the room swiftly, glanced at Maximilian and cried, "Good heavens, can't I leave you for one moment without your picking up a lot of ragtag and bobtail? Who's this brat? Send him home. We're going to pack and go to Paris."

"Mother! This is King Maximilian of Slovakia!"

Bessie's eyes darted like humming birds. From her fluttered expression it might be judged that she was recalling the rotogravure pictures of the boy king. She gasped at Maximilian, "Oh, I'm so sorry I spoke mean to you! Honestly, are you the king?"

"I'm afraid so!"

"I guess I ought to call you 'Your Majesty,' but I met you so sort of sudden and—uh— Did your mother know you were coming up here, King?"

"I'm afraid not. I rather ran away."

"Oh, my gracious, then she'll be worried to death. I must take you right down to her. But we'd be real pleased to have you come up here and play whenever you get the time. Come on, Terry; we'll go down with His Majesty. And you, Ginger—you beat it!"

Hesitatingly, glancing at each other like conspirators but ruled by Bessie's clanging voice, the two royalties sheepishly followed her, not to the surreptitious back stairs but to the haughty flight in front. At her former enemy, the bobby, on guard on the floor below, Bessie snarled, "I'm with His Majesty," and stalked past him.

"I guess I better take you right to your mother, King, so's she'll know you're all safe," beamed Bessie.

"Oh, I'm— Honestly, I'm afraid she might not like it. Mother always has a massage and rests from tea time to dinner, and she doesn't like to be disturbed. Thank you very much for coming with me, but I can take care of myself, now."

"Well, I thought, seeing I'm right here—it won't be a bit of trouble; I have a few minutes to spare, and maybe we won't go to Paris tomorrow, after all—I thought it might be nice if I could arrange for you to play with Terry again."

"Oh, I would like that! Perhaps we'd better see Count Elopatak. He's in charge of most of my arrangements. He'll be here in Room 416."

Bessie saw that along the corridor doors were opening, curious heads popping out. A tremendous functionary in plush breeches, yellow waistcoat and powdered wig was bearing down. Seizing Terry's hand, she followed Maximilian into 416. It was a bedroom converted into an office. At a desk was a tall, black-mustached man with a monocle.

He spoke to Maximilian in a strange tongue; the king answered, and from their gestures Bessie was certain Maximilian was explaining where he had been.

Coming out from behind the desk, the monocled one bowed and observed, "It is very kind of you, Madame Tait, to have brought back His Majesty. And



now if I may haf the pleasure of escorting you upstairs— My name is Elopatak; I am a gentleman in waiting to Their Majesties."

"I'm pleased to meet you. Count. I think I've talked to you on the phone."

"I believe I do remember having that pleasure!" Very dryly.

Elopatak looked embarrassed as Bessie ardently shook his hand and crowded, "I want you to meet my boy, Terry. You've probably seen him in the cinema."

"Oh! Oh, yes. Quite."

"Terry and His Majesty got along just lovely, and I thought it was nice, both of them being famous like they are, to get together like this. You had a good time, didn't you, King?"

"Oh, thank you very much."

"And I thought it would be just lovely—both boys would prize it so much in after years—if we had a news photographer take a few nice pictures of 'em playing together. I guess both their Publics would be tickled to see 'em."

Elopatak cried, all in one word, "But-mydearmadamethatwouldbequiteimpossibleohquite!"

"But look here! They like each other."

"My dear Madame, I'm afraid you cannot possibly understand that a royal personage has to consider many things besides his own preferences, and while I am sure His Majesty found your son delightful, as he is, you see he must represent Slovaria, and to be paraded in the cinema would not be dignified..."

"Maximilian! I hope you have not forgotten that you are to be taken to a Workmen's Club this afternoon by Prince Henry. I'm very sorry, but it's your mother's request, and I'm afraid you must dash in and dress for it, at once!"

The king looked patiently melancholy. He shook hands with Bessie and with Terry; he murmured, "I do hope I shall see you again," and marched slowly out.

Bessie was clamoring, "But look here! Queen Sidonie would understand how I mean. After all, there's only one heart that can understand and do for a small boy, and that's his mother, so if I could see her and explain—"

"Her Majesty is resting, and she has every moment filled until Their Majesties go to Sandringham, next Saturday. So if I may escort you upstairs—"

This time Elopatak did not offer his arm to Bessie; he took hers, firmly. Bessie saw that there was danger of a scene which might get into the papers, might ruin her. Stiffly she said, "Thanks; I can find my own way. Good day!"

As she clumped upstairs she was touchingly ignorant of what Maximilian and Terry had whispered to each other while she had been talking to Elopatak.

"I hate it all! Now I'll have to go and make b'lieve I'm a king for a lot of people in the East End. I wish I could run away with you!" groaned Maximilian.

"Look, Max! Let's do it! I hate being a star. News reels! Having to pose. Let's go be cabin boys on a pirate ship."

"Really? Really run away?"

"Sure; you bet. Look, Max, they watch you all day, but can't you sneak away good and early in the morning? I'll meet you tomorrow morning, by the back stairs, and we'll make plans."

"Yes! I will! But what do you mean by early?"

"Oh, before anybody's up. Eight-thirty. Or is that too early for you? What time do they get you up at home—Meant, at the palace?"

"Six."

"What? Six? In the morning? Why, you poor kid!"

"Then I have to ride an hour before breakfast, and have a cold bath."

"Why, you poor kid! Gee, that's



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fierce! Gosh, I guess being kings is even worse 'n being actors! But I bet you eat one darn' big breakfast after that."

"Oh, yes. Cocoa and sometimes three rolls!"

"Don't you get any ham and eggs?"

"For breakfast? Oh, one couldn't eat eggs for breakfast!"

"Say, in Poppy Peaks I eat six flap-jacks and about six steen millions of gallons of maplsirup!"

"But," in rather a worried way, "I'm afraid they'll make us get up very early, on a pirate ship."

"Naw! Didn't I see 'em making 'Yo, Ho, Ho'? Pirates always drink rum all night, and they wear silk, and they don't get up till noon anyway. Look! Quick! I'll be there—back stairs—six tomorrow."

Elopatak was commanding Maximilian to go dress for his slumming party; Max was politely shaking hands with the Taits and making exit; but his hands were held behind him and he was showing six fingers.

Bessie was cross and hopeless-looking, all that evening. They were to have gone to the theater, but Bessie said shortly that they would stay home—she had some plans she had to think about.

Terry's chief difficulty that evening was getting hold of Ginger. His mother had explained, adequately, that Ginger was a roughneck, if indeed not an alley cat, and it was *time* she *did* something about Terry's taste for low *company* and where he *got* it, she couldn't *see*—and his father was *just* as bad.

By bribing the chambermaid to call Ginger, Terry was able to meet him for a second at the elevator.

"Look! Ginger! Be up here tomorrow, six in the morning. Max'll be here. We're going to run away; going to be pirates. Understand—*six*!"

"I'll be there, Gaffer! I'm not on duty till eight—I live out—but I'll sleep in a linen closet 'ere tonight, swelp me Bob!"

It was only because his mind was charged with the thought that he was going to run away now and lead the jaunty life of a pirate that Terry managed to awake at a quarter to six. He slipped into blue knickers and a blue jacket, creeping softly about the fog-dimmed room that he might not awaken the snoring Humberstone in the room beyond; he tiptoed down the corridor, followed by Josephus the hound, just as Ginger emerged from an elevator which he had run himself and as Maximilian slipped up the darkness of the back stairs.

Terry whispered feverishly, "We are going to run away. Now swear it!"

"I swear!" muttered Maximilian and Ginger.

"Swert!" said Josephus.

"Till death do us part, by jiminy Christmas!"

"Till death do us part!"

"And," croaked Terry, suddenly inspired, "we're going to start right now."

"Oh, I say, Terry, we couldn't do that! Not—not right now, without making plans. Boys always make plans before they run away. Lookit Tom Sawyer and Huck," protested Max.

"Am I the boss of this gang?"

Maximilian said humbly, admiringly, "Yes, Terry, but—"

"Am I, Ginger; am I, hey?"

"Ra-ther!"

"Didn't you," Terry demanded of Maximilian, "have some trouble getting up here this morning?"

"Yes. I did. I met a policeman patrolling the hall. He didn't dare say anything, but I know he watched me. I'm afraid he'll go wake old Elopatak."

"Do you see? Just as I've told you," crowed Terry. "Next time we may not

be able to get together at all. We'll start right now, this minute. Bimeby we'll write nice letters to our mothers—and my, they'll be proud as anything when we come back from pirating and give 'em parrots and ivory and Spanish doubloons and all like that."

"I've got no mother nor no father but I'll give me Spanish doubloons to me uncle 'Ennery—e used to be a pirate 'isself—e says it's a rare life. I fancy we'll find a good pirate ship at Bristol," said Ginger, in a judicious way.

"Come! We'll start! Ginger'll take us down to the basement and show us how to sneak out," commanded Terry.

"But I say," protested Maximilian "We have no money."

"Haven't we, though?" Terry jeered. "Lookit! Here's fifty pounds Mother gave me. I was to give it to the Infants' Charitable and Rehabilitation Institution today . . . It *would* be good publicity, at that. Pictures of me giving each kid a pound. Still, I guess pirates don't go out for publicity much. Not anyway when they're running away from their mothers. Come on, *will* you?"

And the resolute Terry was followed down the hall, into the elevator, through monastic cellars and corridors and fog-choked area ways, by the uneasy Maximilian and the triumphant Ginger. But as they came out on Berkeley Square, in a wet dawn smelling of coal smoke, broken only by the sound of a one-lunged taxicab, as Maximilian realized that he had escaped from the ardors of kinghood without being captured, while at the same time Ginger realized that he had given up an excellent job and was committing a felony, to wit, stealing and abstracting a valuable piece of property, to wit one blue uniform, the property of the Hotel Picardie Co., Inc., London W.1, their attitudes changed. Ginger became uneasy, looking back, trying to whistle, while Max strode on, rising into song, breathing this damp exciting air, peering into this mysterious fog, for the first time an adventurer in a land of boundless freedom, safe from the respectfully disapproving people who every moment watched him.

And as for Josephus, he rushed hither and yon with all the excitement of an honest alley dog who has been released from a satin suite.

Ginger stopped them to hiss, "We must disguise ourselves! Directly the alarm is given, any bobby will know us. I'm in me uniform, and anyone can see that you two are gentry."

"Why, Max and I have on awful' simple suits! Nobody would ever notice 'em," insisted Terry.

For once, Ginger was pleasantly able to be superior. "Simple, me eye! You may know all about courts and the likes of that, but I know the bobbies." The other two looked at him humbly, regretting their ignorance, and Ginger crowed: "I know a place where we can get some simply 'orrid old clothes. Oh, beautiful! And the man 'e knows me uncle 'Ennery, and I think I can get 'im to exchange our clothes for old ones without charging us a bob. Come on!"

Ginger led them into the the mediterranean mysteries of Soho. Here, in streets that ran like wounded snakes, was a world of Italians, Greeks, Spaniards, with a sprinkling of Chinese and Syrians, dwelling in gloomy low-windowed flats over restaurants or over sinister-looking chemist shops with signs in strange peppery languages.

Josephus went hysterical over rubbish piles and pushcarts. Ginger stopped at an old-clothes bazaar on Greek Street, but at the door he looked terrified.

"Crickey! The lad will remember me



uniform! 'E mustn't see me. You two must get some clothes for me, too; I'll meet you down at the next alley, and change in the court be'ind."

Ginger vanished, running. Terry and Maximilian glanced at each other nervously; nervously they called the valiant Josephus and stroked him. They could not confess that they were such weaklings, but neither had ever been allowed to go into a shop by himself, unwatched.

"Oh, hang it, I'm not afraid!" snarled Terry. Max looked grimly courageous.

The proprietor, a gentleman from the sunny lands of Syria, was eying them from the window. He rubbed his hands when they came in, and simpered.

"I want two old suits, quite old, for this boy and me," said Max. "We're—uh—going camping. And another suit for a boy about two inches taller than me."

"Erggg," said Josephus, in a tone of positive dislike.

While the proprietor fetched them, Maximilian muttered, "Do you suppose he has a decent dressing room here? Really, the place seems dirty!"

"No!" urged Terry. "We mustn't change here and leave our things—Scotland Yard might trace us by our clothes if we left 'em."

"Oh!" Maximilian seemed distinctly flattered. "I've read about Scotland Yard—detective stories I borrow from an English gardener at the palace at home. Do you suppose we'll have a real inspector hunting for us? *Clues*? How ripping! Do you *really* think so?"

"Oh, rather. At least I should think they'd search for a king, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose they would. You see, I've been a king so short a time that I don't quite know. But think of a Scotland Yard inspector hunting for you—microscope and bloodstains and everything. I say, I do like this! It's so much more practical than Latin."

The old-clothes man was coming with three suits which were as beautifully 'orrid as Ginger had promised. All three of them were gray along the seams, they were greasy, and the buttons hung wearily on worn threads. The three were worth, as masquerade costumes, six shillings altogether, but anyone with fancies about sanitation would have demanded five pounds to touch them.

"Just the thing for an outing, young gentlemen!" exulted the dealer. "Three quid for the lot—and your own clothes, of course. Swelp me, I'm giving 'em away."

The greenhorn Terry was roused to irritation. Three quid—he had learned from the scholarly Ginger that a quid was a pound. He snorted, "Don't be silly! I'll give you a pound and a half—what'd you call it, thirty shillings?—and we'll keep our own clothes."

As he spoke, he had brought out his roll of notes, the fifty pounds that were to see them to Bristol and the gay free life of piracy. The dealer's eyes popped, and he said crooningly:

"You're an American, aren't you, matey? And a fine little fellow, you and your little friend." Then, savagely, grasping Terry's shoulders, his yellow teeth showing evilly, "And where did you steal your fine clothes? I'll take four quid, and keep quiet—else I'll call in the police and we'll find out what a couple of American stowaways, blinkin' young tramps that've stole their clothes, are doing in my shop at seven in the morning!"

Josephus had, on sight, fallen out of love with the old-clothes dealer; he had growled when the man seized Terry; now, with enthusiasm, he grabbed the man's trousers leg and began to tear. The man leaped back, barricaded himself behind a rack of old coats. Terry

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95% of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

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snatched up the bundles of clothes, dropped a pound note on the counter, shoed Max and Josephus outside.

"He'll have us arrested!" quaked Max. "Huh! He'll never call the police, now he's got his quid. The less he sees of the police, the better he'll like it. I ain't afraid!" said Terry boldly—while inside he was fully as calm as a cat chased up a tree by a pack of dogs.

They reached the alley mouth and the waiting Ginger, and Ginger drove them through the alley, a courtyard, another alley, and a blind area way behind a shop. They undressed madly, while Terry told of their misadventure.

"I'll 'ave my uncle 'Ennery scrag 'im!" raged Ginger. "'E eats men alive, uncle 'Ennery does."

Dressed, they were as scandalously soiled a trio as was to be found in greater London. Ginger insisted on tearing the caps and stockings of his two heroes; on rubbing dirt over their faces.

He himself was capless. But now, free of his skin-tight uniform, he chucked his fears away with it, and cried, "Righto, me brave lads! 'Tis off to the boundin' blue—as uncle 'Ennery says. What about a bit of breakfast?"

To avoid the old-clothes man, after hiding their proper clothes in a garbage can, he led them through further alleys and courts to a restaurant which he guaranteed to be the best twopenny dive in London. Relieved of worried relatives who insisted on nice porridge with nice cream, Terry and Max joyfully smeared themselves with a breakfast of fried fish, apple tart, pink cakes and jam.

Josephus had a voluptuous bone, and as for Ginger, he breakfasted on tea and fish. He was a pal, he said, of the assistant pastry cook at the Hotel Picardie, and he could have all the cakes he wanted, any time.

"You can eat all the cakes you want? Any time? And nobody stops you?" gasped H.R.M. Maximilian III.

"All you want?" marveled Terry. "Ra-ther!" said Ginger superciliously.

Mr. Ginger Bundock knew that Max was a real king, that Terry was a famous actor, but he couldn't believe it. They looked like two dirty small boys, and while they seemed to have read books, which had never been a habit in the Bundock family, they were so ignorant of his London that he couldn't help feeling superior. And over the fish and pink cakes he was rather snuffy with them about reaching Bristol and the haunts of pirate ships.

"It's west of London. Right away west," he said authoritatively.

"How far?" asked Terry. "How far? Oh, a long way. Seventy-five miles. Or per'aps three 'undred."

"Pooh! That's not far!" Terry was trying to regain the scornfulness of leadership. "My dad and I drove from Los Angeles to San Francisco in one day, and that's five hundred miles!"

"Oh, I dare say! You Americans! An Englishman wouldn't care to go barging about like that, you know!"

"I think," hinted Max, "we ought to be taking a train at once, before they find we're missing."

"A train?" grumbled Ginger. "Oh, I say now, don't be balmy, Max—I mean, Your Majesty."

"Oh, I like being called Max. Please call me Max, Ginger. We're all fellow pirates now, you know."

"Aw, Max sounds Dutch," reflected Terry. "Let's call him 'Mix.'"

"Mix?" queried Maximilian.

"You bet! That's the name of one of the swellest cowpunchers in the movie game, ain't it, Ginger?"

"Oh, that would be nice. 'Mix.' And

then of course as a pirate I suppose I would have to have a *nom de guerre*."

"A wot?" demanded Ginger.

"He's swallowed a dictionary!" protested Terry.

"Oh, I am sorry!" wailed Maximilian. He wasn't sure what he had done to offend these superior representatives of the Anglo-Saxon Race, but he was ready to apologize for anything or for nothing to keep their comradeship.

"'T'sall right, Mixie," said Terry generously; then abruptly, to Ginger, "Anyway, why shouldn't we take a train?"

Ginger recognized his master's voice. More humbly: "W'ere d'you suppose they'd look for us first? On trains, of course! We must walk. *Besides!* Did you ever 'ear of pirates taking trains?"

"Don't you think we ought to carry swords, though?" worried Terry. "Pirates always carry swords."

"Oh, I don't believe modern ones do," said Max. "I fancy they just carry revolvers and six-shooters and things like that, and I don't believe we need buy them till we reach Bristol."

"Well, maybe; but when we get to Bristol, we ought to buy sabers and guns, so when we find a pirate ship and go aboard, they won't think we're a lot of tenderfeet," insisted Terry.

"That's right," Ginger agreed. "Now as I say, we must walk, and I think we ought to go up to 'Ampstead 'Eath and practice being tramps—you know, meeting savage dogs, and sleeping under 'edges, and telling the direction by the bark on the trees, and making fires by rubbing sticks together."

"That's so; we must learn that," agreed Captain Terry, and the three boys, solemnly starting for the Spanish Main by way of Hampstead Heath, made a gallant beginning by finding a Number 24 bus.

The morning fog was gone when they reached the heath; the broad wastes of that tamed moorland were bright with sun and wind, in whose exhilaration the three boys forgot that they were king and star and expert hotel page, and chased one another, yowled and whistled like any other three small boys, while Josephus went earnestly mad, snapping at royal heels with loving painfulness.

Max remembered from his English history that the heath had once been the favorite scene of highway robbery, and the four of them played highwaymen. Josephus, unhappily harnessed by Terry's belt, was the faithful coach horse, Terry was the driver, Ginger the haughty and noble passenger, and Max was permitted the grandest rôle of all, that of the robber.

Old Jim Dangerfield, the gallant coachman of the Yorkshire Flyer, was apprehensive. He clucked cheerily enough to his stout team of dappled mares, Jo and Sephus, and hummed a careless little tune ("My Toil and Strife Has Gotta Eye on We, Ba-by"), but when his passengers were not looking, brave Old Jim hunched down within his many-caped cloak, now whitened with flying snowflakes.

On the seat beside him was a mysterious man in the old, ancient costume of the day. He had refused to give his name, but he was Lord Montmorency. Old Jim knew nothing of this, however.

And so they went on across the heath when all of a sudden a cloaked and masked man, riding a huge great big black horse, leaped out from behind a tree and leveling his pistol cried, "Your money or your life!"

Old Jim reached for his own pistol, but the villain shot him dead and he expired all over the ground, while the faithful Jo and Sephus licked his face—after craftily sneaking out of their harness.

But the brave Lord Montmorency was



not to be quelled by anybody. Crying, "Come one, come all! I defy the blooming lot o' ye!" he leaped from the coach, drawing his trusty sword and, knocking the pistol from the wicked highwayman's hand, he engaged him in mortal combat.

It lasted a long time. In fact, it lasted till Old Jim Dangerfield protested, "Oh, that ain't fair—you two going on swording for hours and hours when I'm dead! I'm going to come to life!"

In the argument with Lord Montmorency and the robber as to whether a pistoled coachman could prove to be merely playing possum, they forgot the game and, panting, lay on the grass.

"My uncle 'Ennery was a 'ighwayman once," mused Ginger.

"Oh, didn't they arrest him?" fretted Terry.

"No, 'e wasn't *that* kind of a 'ighwayman. 'E gave all 'e robbed to the poor."

"Where was this?" Terry sounded suspicious.

"Hey, quit scattering dust all over me. will you, Mixy?" was Ginger's adequate answer. "Excuse me, Your Majesty, but honestly, it gets in me eyes."

"When we go back—I mean, if we hadn't gone off to be pirates, I'd ask my mother to invite your uncle Henry to the palace," considered Max. "He must be a wonderful man. I don't like my uncles so much. But I had some lovely ancestors. I'm descended from Genghis Khan!"

"Oh, I've seen 'im. 'E's that banker from New York. 'E often stays at the Picardie," condescended Ginger.

"I think that must be another Khan," Max said doubtfully. "I think Genghis lived years and years ago. And my grandfather had an estate with two hundred thousand acres of land!"

"Huh! That's nothing," said Terry. "I know a movie actor in California that's got a million acres."

"Oh, he has not!" protested Max.

"He has, too. And I'm going to have a million million acres and grow bees, when I grow up."

"Oh, you will not!" complained Max. "Besides! I'll mobilize my army and conquer Roumania and Bulgaria and a lot of countries, and then I'll have a million trillion billion acres! And another of my ancestors was Seljuk."

"Never heard of him. Jever hear of Seljuk, Ginger?"

"Now! Never 'eard of 'im!"

"And one of my ancestors," continued Terry, "was sheriff of Cattaraugus County, New York!"

"Me uncle 'Ennery was a sergeant major in Boolgaria," Ginger confided.

"Oh, say, let's play soldiers!" cried Terry. "Which of you has the most military training?"

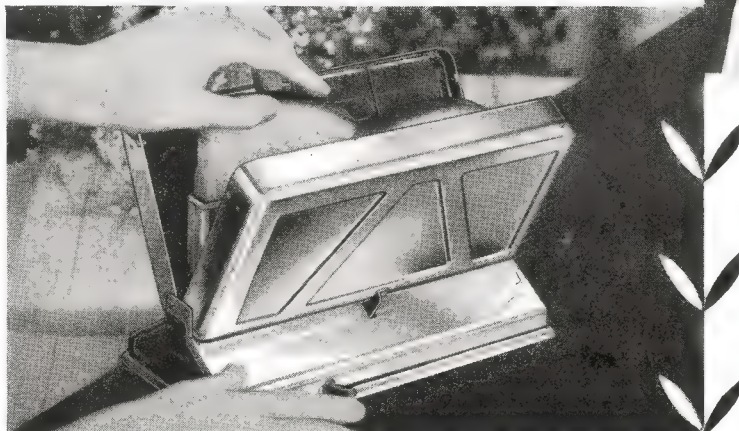
"I almost joined the Boy Scouts, once. There was a curate ast me to join 'em," reflected Ginger. "But you, Mixy, a king must 'ave bushels of military training."

Max confessed, "Not really. Just fencing and riding, as yet. Oh, I am a field marshal in the Slovian Army, and I'm a colonel in the British Army, and in Italy I'm an admiral and a general, but I wouldn't say I was a soldier."

"I know all about militaries. I saw 'em making some of the film of 'The Big Parade,'" boasted Terry; and Max, who had been faintly irritated at their ignorance of his renowned ancestor, Seljuk, rose again to admiration for his hero, the great Terry Tait, and murmured, "Oh, I saw that picture. And you saw them *making* it? That must have been priceless! You be the captain on one side, and Ginger can be it on the other."

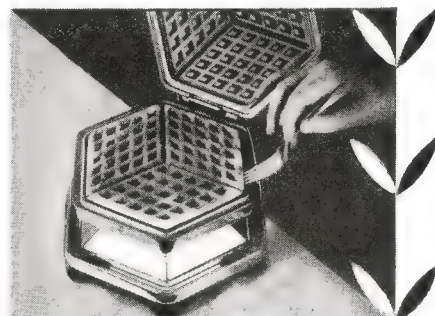
And that was a very nice war. There were any number of hand-to-hand combats, as well as a devastating machine

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gun produced by Ginger's winding his 3/6 watch and remarking, "Brrrrrrr!" When the war ended they lay in the long grass again while Ginger modestly admitted that during the World War his uncle 'Ennery had single-handedly captured sixteen Germans.

Terry interrupted, to shout, "Oh, I've got a dandy game. Let's play king!"

"Oh, that's no fun!" protested Max. "I don't mean like any of these old kings they got today—I mean like there used to be in the Olden Times. I'll show you. You'll like it, Mixy. I'll be king, and Ginger, you're Lord High Executioner."

"Kings don't have Lord High Executioners!" protested Max.

"They do too! Anyway, they always usta have! And Ginger is my Lord High Executioner, and you're a rebel, Mixy; you're leading a band of brigands."

"Who's the brigands?" said Max darkly. "Josephus, of course, you poor boob. Now, look. See, here's my throne." Terry had found a beautiful rock on the heath.

H.R.M. Terry sat down, very royal, his left hand on his hip, his right waving an object which resembled a weed but which to him was a golden scepter.

"Now, you and Josephus go and hide off there over the hill," he ordered Max, "and begin to sneak up on us. You're a band of rebellious peasants. And you, Ginger, you're my Commander in Chief."

"But you said I was Lord Executioner, 'ooever 'e is!"

"You're going to be later, stupid! Now you beat it, Max! That's it, hide!"

As Max and Josephus began a most realistic creep through the grass, glaring their hatred of all monarchical institutions, King Terry reasonably addressed his Commander in Chief, together with hordes of other courtiers who were standing behind the commander:

"What ho, my lieges! Trusty messengers, coming apace, do give me informations that hell is let loose in our mountainous domains and a band of rebels is now approaching. Gwan out, then, my brave troops, and capture 'em. Seek to the nor-nor-east, I bid thee . . . Now you go capture 'em, Ginger; but you put up a fierce battle, Max."

Fierce battle.

Terry, Max and Mr. Ginger Bundock conclude their Glorious Adventure in March Cosmopolitan

## Gay Bandit of the Border (Continued from page 41)

silently up toward the edge of the mesa. There, touched with the sun's first rays, glittered the Cross of the Conquerors. Lips slightly parted, she gazed up in a kind of silent communion—then turned toward the man.

"The legend of the cross may yet be answered," she said slowly, "and the peon find his liberator. I thought so for a moment last night." She mounted and led the way down the long driveway.

"The first morning of creation must have been like this," Ted told her as they rode through the gate and out toward the desert. "Everything washed and dusted. Those mountains look as if they were only a few miles away."

"In reality, they're about thirty. We're going halfway to them, to the Spring of the Saints. There we'll try to eat all the food in our saddlebags and come back through the sunset. A whole day devoted to your lordship. I'm being very nice to you, Ted Radcliffe, for no reason at all."

"You're being quite perfect to me. I'm wondering if it isn't because you pity me for—what's happened."

"I've not felt the least twinge of pity.

During it, King Terry bounced with excitement, demanding, "Lookit, Ginger, you gotta keep running in—you're a messenger—telling me how the battle is going; see, I'm standing up here at the window of a tower looking across my royal plains."

The trusty commander brought in the rebels, and despite a plaintive "Ouch!" from Max, cast them roughly down before the king, who climbed from the tower (which resembled a hummock of grass), seated himself on his throne again, and addressed the traitor:

"Villain, art guilty?"

"What do I say? I've never played this game before," begged Max.

"Neither have I, stupid! Haven't you got any imagination? What *would* a villain say if a king bawled him out like that?"

"I don't know. Oh, I fancy he'd say, 'No, I aren't.'"

"You are too! Commander in Chief, *isn't* he guilty? Didn't you catch him treasoning?"

"Ra-ther!"

"Then— (Now you're Lord High Executioner.) Then off with his head!"

"Oh, I say!" protested Max. "Kings can't have people's heads cut off!"

"Of course they can! Don't be silly. Maybe they can't in Slovaria, but lots and lots of places they can."

"Can they, honest?" admired Max. "I wish I could! By Jove, I'd have old Michelowsky's head off in two twos! He's my tutor—a horrid man!"

"Dry up! You hadn't ought to interrupt a king, don't you know that? Now you get your head cut off. And Josephus, too. Now you form a procession! See, I walk in front, and then you and Josephus, and Ginger in behind with the headsman's sword—here, you can take my scepter for sword, Ginger."

And they marched to the sweetly solemn tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," chanted by Terry, and the noble tragedy of the event was only a little marred by Ginger's peeping at his 3/6 watch just before he dealt the awful blow, and exclaiming, "It's one o'clock! We must find a bit of lunch. I'm not going to start pirating on an empty stomach!"

Why should I, when your life is all ahead of you and you have a mind and a body to do what you want? Besides, you have something I never had—the memory of a father. Mine died when I was too young to remember; I only know he was big and red-headed and had a wild Irish temper. And I know he loved my mother greatly. So don't give me credit for too much charity. These people of mine, they have need of all the charity I possess."

"I love the way you call them your people."

"They *are* my people. Don't forget my mother had Mexican blood in her veins as well as Spanish. And she loved this country and these people just as I do. I wish I could make it a country of happiness instead of tears."

"You mean—?"

"What you saw last night. That sort of thing. There is a curse of cruelty on the lords of this country. They love cruelty for its own sake. Even my uncle. With me and Jito, he is the gentlest of men. I love him. But to him, these people in their mean little homes are not people with blood and feelings or



with hopes and dreams. They are just things that do his will."

"Jito certainly seems inclined that way."

"Oh, Jito is a child, mentally. My uncle is his god. Jito is cruel only as a child is cruel. Sometimes when I have him to myself I make him sorry. But deep inside he is proud to be the feared leader of my uncle's herdsmen."

At the top of a knoll she stopped, and they looked out over the blue sagebrush toward the purple mountains which cast long shadows across the world. Somewhere in the bushes a bird warbled his song of spring and of mating time. In a kind of enchanted silence those two watched and listened, held by the beauty and peace. And when at last the girl turned, tears stood in her eyes.

She whispered, as if half afraid to break the spell, "How wonderful this all is! Life could be so perfect here. It could be always a land of song and eternal sunshine, a land where everyone might have his little piece of land, his home and his work to do. When I was away at school, I realized how much I loved this desert country of mine."

"Each night I would pray the Mother of God to show me how I might come back and change this land of slavery into the paradise it really should be. The freedom and hopefulness that you have in your country—and so easily we could have it. Only to change my uncle—that would be enough."

She laughed with little mirth. "I came back, I tried to change it all, but ever between me and all I wanted to do was the iron will of my uncle. Each year he is more obsessed with the desire to be absolute law in everything."

She touched the horse with her spur. "But why cloud a perfect morning with the tale of a prostrate people? Tell me about your country."

But Ted shook his head. "You already know about my country. Let's talk of you. You are serious-minded, aren't you? And yet you told me you've been in love."

"In love? Oh, many times." She laughed.

"I don't think I like the thought of your being in love many times."

"You wouldn't, Señor Ted. The big, conquering male never does. But I am a woman with a past. When I was twelve years old I was madly in love with Jito, because he could bring me Gila monsters in his hands and carry snakes in his blouse, and I couldn't. And I've long been in love with an old priest. You shall see him some day. And I'm in love with still another man, even today."

"Who is he?"

"Don Bob. Isn't he a dear?"

There was a strange quality of relief in Ted's laugh. "I know one reason why you love him. Bob's as savage as you over the wrongs of the peon. I'd advise a combination between you and Don Bob and El Coyote. There's no telling what the three of you couldn't do."

"The three of us? You should say the four of us. Because we'd enlist your talents, too. And now, watch that horse of yours, for we're going down into the stream bed, and it's a crazy, crumbling path from here on."

They fell silent, intent on watching the trail, which now sloped rapidly off the mesa and descended abruptly to the dry bottom of the stream.

Chaparral and stunted aspen grew thicker as they twisted their way along the narrow canyon, and for two hours jogged at a slow trot, until the ascending grade told them they were entering the foothills. There they dismounted and led their horses up the steep ascent. The sun was already at its height when the

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THE week-end or short visit which intimate friends pay one another is one of the most delightful of all the social contacts of a family. And the letter written can be as charming and thoughtful as the writer herself. Imagine your house in the country. Imagine the people whom you would most like to have there. Then write the sort of letter you would want to send to them. It may be to a friend of your daughter. It may be to married friends in your set. It may be for a house party for your son home from college for the holidays. There are countless possible situations. So, take your pen in hand, and enter Emily Post's "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest. You may win \$1000.00. Read the rules below. Watch next month for another contest; the subject will be announced in the March issue of this magazine.

### RULES OF THE CONTEST

DURING February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will offer prizes for a particular kind of letter. For February they will award prizes in the Emily Post "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest as follows: first prize, \$150; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; five fourth prizes, \$15 each; five fifth prizes, \$10 each; ten sixth prizes, \$5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of \$850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series, making it possible for some one to win \$1000.00!

All letters in the "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest must be

in the mails by midnight of February 28, 1931. Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish. You may enter every contest. There will be three consecutive monthly contests in all.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters.

The winners will be announced in the November issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say. No letters will be returned.

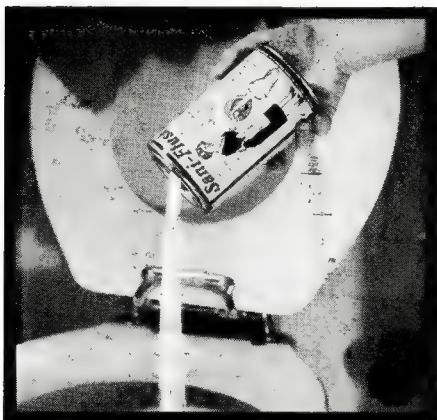
Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr., humorist and artist.



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girl pointed to a grove of fir trees on the hill above them.

"It is the Spring of the Saints."

A place of dreamy silences, Ted found it; cool and shaded after the blazing desert. A stream that welled up from among the rocks and along its banks tall firs and pine trees clustered.

"The sacred trees of the Aztec people, those firs," the girl told him. "Men still call them in Spanish the 'religious' fir. Smell how fragrant they are."

They walked knee-deep through rustling ferns. On the knoll behind them stretched a low, rambling wall of stone, and beyond it the gray ruins of a church.

"The Spanish monks built a monastery here," she said, as they loosened their saddles. "How long they lived here no one knows. Listen to that brook and the wind among the fir tops. I often think this is one of the most peaceful places in the world. And now, if you will bring those saddlebags, we'll see what they've packed for us."

They ate with the appetites a long morning ride can give, then lighted cigarettes and smoked.

Ted watched Adela as she lay back on the soft grass. At last he said, "You're just what old Mother Nature, if she has any plan at all, would want women to be."

"That's too dark a saying, Señor Ted."

"What I'm trying to say is that I find you unspoiled by the world. You're neither bored nor bitter, nor are you ready to accept the world as it is. You know there are holes in it, and you try to help. You do help. I find you perfect and quite adorable."

"Don't make love to me, Ted."

"It's just because I couldn't make love to you that I can say all this."

"I'm not sure I like that, either. Explain why you couldn't make love to me."

"Men tell me you will some day be the richest woman in all North Mexico."

"Well?"

"Well, I am Ted Radcliffe, the poorest man in all Mexico—north or south—with a future all to be made."

She smiled again. "I see." Then, after a little, she added, "Ted, as I told you last night, if you ever fall in love, don't bother that head of yours about whether the girl is rich or poor."

"What should I say to her, Sphinx?"

"Just say that you love her; isn't that enough? Why clutter it up with an inventory of your possessions? After all, life can be as simple as it is here, where we are now, with all the ugliness and the difficulties left out."

"I'm wondering what your uncle would say if some nameless youth tried to teach you that doctrine!"

The girl's laughter seemed to fill the glade. "If I should fall in love with anyone except some Mexican or Spaniard of an old family, uncle would probably turn me out into the world. To him, my only purpose in life should be to marry someone worthy to be master of the hacienda of Paco Morales. He used to send me to Mexico City every winter, hoping I'd fall in love with some aristocratic youth."

"And Jito?"

"Oh, I've refused Jito at least a hundred times. The last time was about a week ago. I think, really, if I accepted Jito he would be a broken man. He would have nothing to scowl about. Some day I'll pick out a nice girl for Jito and he will spend the rest of his life quite happily, bullying her and being worshiped by her."

"I'm beginning to find you out, Adela."

She mimicked extreme terror. "Heaven forbid! So soon?"

"So soon. You have led me to believe

you are an extremely calculating person, and you do it, I think, to conceal another much nicer person who is really you, one who is wildly in love with life, but who is afraid that this life—if she lets it—may do something to her heart."

"Wonderful man!" she mocked. "So I'm really wearing a mask?"

He nodded, adding, "And you change the mask so quickly I'm never sure whether you're an irresponsible child, or a wistful, lonely princess, not very happy, perhaps, but lovely beyond words, and like all princesses, unattainable."

She rose. "Well, there's no use expecting wisdom from a big, good-looking boy, is there? And in the meantime, if we're to get back before dark, we had better start."

But once more she looked about her at the quietly running brook beneath them and the quietly sighing trees above.

"Just the same," she murmured, "life could be quiet and stately and full of beauty like this, couldn't it?"

Mounting slowly, as if reluctant to break the spell, they followed the stream up the slope. Adela frowned at her watch.

"We're going to be later than the devil unless—" She swerved her horse, seized with a sudden thought. "Instead of following that winding trail, let's cut across here and pick it up north of the foothills. That will save us an hour."

Ted groaned. "If all the hours I've lost following short cuts were placed end to end—" he began.

"I know. They'd reach back to the Ark. But after all, we can't miss the desert, and we must save time. So don't be so solemn. Take that lumbering horse out of my way, and I'll show you some plain and fancy guiding."

It was hard going. The way led up the side of a canyon, and at its top they followed a dim game trail over a meadow and down again into a thicket of chaparral. It was a hot and breathless place, hemmed in by foothills. For an hour they rode in silence, then Adela stopped. "I don't like the way this trail's leading," she told Ted.

He laughed. "Then you're hard to please. That trail's been leading so many ways that some of them should meet your approval."

"If you don't like my guiding, my boy, you try it."

"Not today. You guide this week and I'll try my hand at it next."

Without answering, she turned her horse, and glancing at the western sun, laid her course due north. So a half hour passed and at its end they stopped on the edge of a deep canyon. A narrow trail made by deer or cattle and washed by rains led steeply downward. It was hardly more than a series of irregular rocky steps in the face of the cliff.

Adela shook her head. "Not too good. But they're used to rough going, these horses, and we've got to get across. We'd better lead them down."

Ted dismounted. "I'll go first," he suggested.

From the start it was plain that the desert horses had no liking for what must have seemed to them a crazy proceeding. Ted's roan stepped gingerly forward, shaking his head in disapproval.

"You'd better wait until I get clear," Ted called back.

Adela nodded, and he caught a look of anxiety in her eyes.

Carefully the man led on. At least the path was not slippery. He held the reins loosely, letting the horse choose his steps. Over halfway down, now, and the worst seemed behind him. And perhaps they might have made that hazardous descent safely had not disaster



chosen to place a loose rock in the horse's path. Ted heard the horse stumble and felt a sudden tug on the bridle. He turned in time to see the big roan's forefeet miss the path and plunge forward. The reins were torn from his hand, and in another instant the horse had crashed among the rocks beneath.

Frantically Ted scrambled down and reached the horse's side. One look at the legs and the man turned away, sick at heart. He reached into the saddle pocket and, pulling out the automatic, shot twice. As the sounds of the shots echoed up the narrow canyon, he heard the girl running down the trail.

"There was no other way," he said. "It was a long fall."

"I know. I could see from above." Terror stood in her eyes. "It was my fault." She bit her lip. "Let's go back up."

Ted took off the saddle and lifted it to a high rock, then followed the girl.

"The horse is out of pain?"

"He's dead."

"Poor old fellow." Adela walked down the path and stood gazing across the canyon. After a few moments she returned. "And now about us. What are we going to do with one horse?"

"We can't be more than twenty miles from home," Ted estimated. "I can walk as fast as your mare until we get out on the plains, then you gallop ahead and send a horse out for me. If I have to spend a night on the desert, it's no great hardship."

Adela shook her head. "It's not so simple. I'm not sure we will get out of these foothills before dark, and we haven't crossed that canyon yet."

Ted slipped the automatic into his pocket. "At any rate, we'd better get going. I'll walk ahead and we'll skirt that canyon. There must be some break in it that we can cross."

But crossing the canyon still seemed an impossibility when, at the end of an hour, they stopped again on the edge of its vertical rim. Already the shadows were lengthening, and a sudden coolness in the air told of evening's coming.

Once luck favored them. Just before dusk the canyon headed abruptly into a broad hillside, and in half an hour they were descending the long slope to the last outpost of the foothills. Vagrant puffs of hot, dry air came to them, telling of the nearness of the desert.

Their throats were dry, and once they stopped to drink sparingly from the canteen in Adela's saddle pocket. Then on again. As the last light faltered in the west, they emerged from the timber and looked down upon the desert.

Ted's eyes sought the far horizon. Nothing but purple mists and darkening sky. No sign of human life.

Adela was looking toward the west. "I think I've found my stupid self at last," she said, "but we're miles west of the place where we should have struck the desert. That promontory over there, that far one looking a little like a bird's head—I think that's Eagle Rock. It's ten miles from there to the ranch."

"And fifteen from here to the rock," Ted estimated. "Twenty-five miles for a tired horse. Why don't you ride in while it's cool? I can camp here until tomorrow."

For a moment the girl sat in thought, then she swung out of the saddle. "It's better for us to spend the night here."

"But your uncle will be wild with anxiety."

"Of course he will. But I haven't the heart to make this beast face twenty-five miles more. Besides, I don't want to leave you here."

"What could happen to me?"

"Lots of terrible things. For one



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*First*, it induces sound, restful sleep by a natural process.

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Whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach. For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually helps* the cause of the trouble.

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Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

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thing, I might not be able to find you in the morning. Besides, I'm tired."

"But—"

"Ted, look around and gather some soft stuff for us to lie on, and stop talking. I've decided to compromise myself. Really, this sort of thing is good for my uncle. It gives him something to think about besides El Coyote."

Slowly she pulled off her riding boots and gingerly rubbed her insteps, then looked up. "There's a lot of lunch still in that saddlebag, Don Ted, and some spring water in the canteen."

Ted laid on the ground what remained of the lunch, then sat beside her. He got out his cigarets and divided them into two piles.

"When the last one is smoked, we go to sleep." With his knife he cut dry branches of chaparral and soon had a small fire blazing. "Not that we need the heat," he commented, "but this is always the thing to do."

Ted went again to the horse and brought up the saddle blanket.

Adela sighed in contentment. "Not half bad, is it? Ever since I can remember I've wanted to get lost in the desert."

"By yourself?"

"Dios, no. Always with some big, broad-shouldered man who would find me and put blankets over my feet. Thanks. I've spent many nights on the desert with the cattle hands, but I've never been lost. Sometimes I would imagine myself lost, and then this horse-man would always come galloping over the sands and snatch me up into the saddle and take me home."

"What was your dashing rescuer like?"

"Oh, he was always changing. I was very fickle about my escorts. At times he was dark and spoke in Spanish and had a mandolin hung over his saddle, and sometimes he was slender and soft-voiced and had blue eyes. Yes, there were all kinds. After all, why confine yourself to one man in your dreams?"

Ted threw mesquite on the fire until it leaped again and crackled like a thousand roasting chestnuts. On the farther side of the fire he spread the girl's poncho and placed the saddle at its head. The saddle blanket was already dry and warm from the flames, and this he laid over the poncho. The result he contemplated dubiously.

"I've seen softer-looking beds, but it will be warm enough unless the night turns cool. Try it."

Obediently she rolled up in the blanket and laid her head on the saddle. Looking up, she made a face at him. "This isn't going to be either warm or soft, big man, but it's life in the great Southwest." She closed her eyes. "Dios, but I'm tired."

For an hour Ted sat smoking and at last, replenishing the fire with wood, he stood looking down at Adela. Already the girl's eyes were closed. He stooped and pulled the blanket higher about her throat, for a cool current of air was pouring down out of the mountains. For a brief second she opened her eyes.

"You're a dear," she told him, and went to sleep again.

Dawn had already brightened into sunrise when Ted awoke. He rose, cold and stiff from hours on the hard sands, and looked about him. Mist was still rising from the desert, and as yet the sunlight held no warmth. Tethered in a clump of mesquite, the mare raised her head and whinnied impatiently.

Ted looked up. "I know," he said half aloud, "you're hungry and thirsty, and you've got nothing on me."

A rustling in the saddle blanket made him turn. Two sleepy eyes were being rubbed and a mop of hair frantically smoothed into submission.

"If you look at me now I'll take the veil," a sleepy voice warned him. "These openwork dressing rooms have their drawbacks."

So he set about arranging what was left of the food, and slowly saddled Adela's mare. At last he came back to the gray embers of the fire, and at her low laugh looked up.

She was pulling on her boots. "When uncle catches up with us, all that has ever happened is going to seem dull and tame," she said, and for no reason at all she hummed a Spanish song.

"When Jito catches up, I'll have a duel on my hands," he prophesied, "and perhaps another with your uncle."

"Oh, no. Uncle would never descend to anything so uncertain. He'll just get his *vaqueros* to tear you to pieces." Then, suddenly serious, she added: "It is possible that Jito will be frantic when he finds us together. I'm depending on you to help me, even if it's hard for you."

"I promise. But if he comes at me with blood in his eyes, I may have to do a little shadow-boxing."

"He must not. I couldn't endure a quarrel between you two. Out here in this desert country one hasn't too many friends. Our friendship has had a beautiful beginning. I don't want to lose it. I don't want anything to spoil it."

"Nothing could spoil it," he answered. For a long moment they spoke no word, but a message, formless but infinitely precious, passed between them. Then they walked toward the horse.

As Ted stooped to hold the stirrup, Adela laid both hands on his shoulders. In her eyes he caught a shadow of foreboding. He felt her fingers tighten for a moment.

"It has been good, this being alone together in the hills. I want to feel there is a bond between us, whatever comes." Suddenly she released him and swung into the saddle. "I'm going to ride the first hour and you'll ride the second hour," she told him as they turned toward Eagle Rock. "Even in riding boots, I can walk with a fine swinging stride that's a joy to see."

But walking was to prove unnecessary. Far down among the mesquite they first saw a faint movement that neared and became a cavalcade of people and horses making its way out of the desert. For a time they watched the trudging figures, then Adela clapped her hands in delight.

"It's Anton and his Yaquis returning to their mountain home. He will let you have something with four legs."

Ted's thoughts flashed back to the encounter between the Yaqui and Morales two nights before, and he hesitated. But already one of Anton's men had caught sight of them and called back to the others. Almost at once three warriors detached themselves and pounded up the slope at a dead run.

Anton himself greeted them, holding the hand of each a moment in his own while he listened silently to the girl's tale. At times his black eyes turned to the man beside her, but always they returned to Adela. At last he stepped forward and put the bridle reins of his own horse in Ted's hand.

"Yours to ride," he announced in his curt, unaccustomed English, and there was a great friendliness in his smile. "My young men follow tomorrow and bring horse back." Then he turned to the girl, speaking in Spanish too rapid and low for Ted to understand. At the end he touched the girl's hand, nodded to Radcliffe, and before either of them



could thank him, had jumped up behind the horse of one of his braves.

Ted mounted. "That's what I call service! What did Anton say?"

"He was telling me the way and offering to lend me one of his young men to go with us. But we don't need him. According to Anton, two hours' ride will bring us to the hacienda. And now let's see what that Indian pony's good for."

At a fast canter Adela led the way across the brown sand. The sun rose higher. Far out toward the horizon a thousand heat waves shimmered. For a time they rested—then pressed on down the long slope. Near the bottom they reined their horses to a halt, and made out the swaying trees behind the hacienda, barely ten miles away.

The girl gazed back at the circuitous way they had come. A look of chagrin came into her eyes.

Ted laughed. "As a pathfinder—" he began.

"Don't! We must have come miles out of our way. I'm thinking of uncle. What a night he must have spent—and what he's going to say!"

"But what can he say? What is there to say? We went riding and got lost in the foothills. He'll probably joke about your woodcraft and drop it."

Adela made no reply. She was looking down toward a dry watercourse where a dark object moved. "It's Jito. He's been hunting us." She waved her hand, but the far-off rider made no sign.

"This will do it," Ted said, and fired twice into the air.

A moment later the rider wheeled and came toward them at full gallop.

"That young man's face," said Adela, "would seem to mean a tempestuous welcome. Wait here. I want to deal with him myself."

She spurred her horse ahead as Jito's black, foam-flecked stallion thundered up to them. The Mexican's eyes were blazing. Ted watched, quietly.

Disregarding the girl, Jito urged his horse toward Radcliffe. It seemed a mighty effort for him to speak calmly.

"What happened?" he demanded.

"We were lost," Adela answered.

"Lost!" He lashed the word back at her and his eyes went red. "One does not get lost on a desert that one has known always. But it is not with you I talk. Perhaps you, too, will tell me you were lost, Señor, and then I can answer you as man to man." He leaned threateningly forward.

"Jito!" Adela's voice had taken on a quality that made even the maddened Mexican draw back. "This very moment you will turn your horse and go back to the hacienda. Tell my uncle we are coming. You are going to say no word either to Señor Radcliffe or to me. If you do, I swear by Our Lady that from now on you will be nothing more to me than one of your *vaqueros*. For me, you will not exist. Now go, before I forget we are friends."

Sullenly Jito looked into her eyes. No mistaking the message there.

"*Su servidor*," he murmured, and drove the spurs into his horse.

Ted saw that her hand trembled a little as again she took up the reins.

"It's a little wearing to be surrounded by men all one's life and by men's standards. We have spent a night on the desert, you and I. Civilized people would laugh at our dilemma and forget, but Jito and my uncle, they will never forget. They will never trust. It will be either a plot of yours to seduce me or a deliberate insult to tradition." In sudden impatience she struck the horse and galloped forward.

"I want to get this over with!" she



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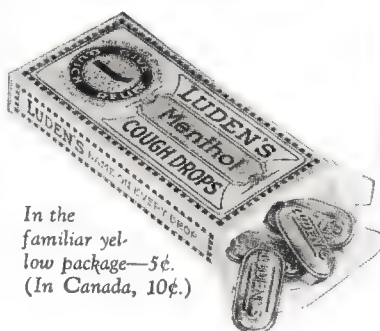
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called back to him, while Ted urged his Indian pony after her. "Who cares for uncles?" she added in a sudden disconcerting leap from sadness to gayety. Ted smiled grimly.

"If Morales pounces on her too abruptly, he'll probably learn a lot in a short space of time," he thought.

At the end of an hour they were cantering through the great iron gates and up the stone drive to the hacienda. Two peons ran out to take the horses, and Ted dismounted.

As he reached up to lift Adela to the ground, they both caught sight of Don Bob looking amusedly down from the balcony. For some reason Bob seemed pleased. Elaborately ignoring them, he directed his remarks to the horses.

"One difficulty with the younger generation, or perhaps I should say still another difficulty, is that they always confirm your worst suspicions."

"The worst suspicions of a hardened sinner like you must be pretty black," Ted countered.

"Oh, they're beyond polite expression. All night I had hoped this poverty-stricken youth would have sense enough to elope with the wealthiest girl in Mexico, and here he comes gravely back. I suppose now he will tell us he was lost."

"We were."

From his perch above Don Bob nodded sadly. "They always are. Always."

"I suppose uncle is simmering," Adela called up.

"Simmering, my dear girl? He is long past that. He has reached the stage of superheated steam."

Turning to Ted, the girl said gloomily, "Let's go in and get it over with."

But as Radcliffe stepped forward, a gesture from Don Bob called him back. "Whatever Morales says," he whispered rapidly, "don't let him pick a quarrel. I have a particular reason."

Ted nodded and followed the girl into the house.

In the patio sat Morales and Jito, and as Adela entered they rose. The girl stepped forward and took her uncle's hand and laid it against her cheek.

"I am so sorry, my uncle, so very sorry. Did you worry much?"

"Tell me exactly what happened," he answered coldly.

"We loitered; we were late in leaving the spring, and I tried a shorter way down over the limestone cliffs. Then the roan fell and broke his legs, so we killed him. Night came on before we reached the desert. We camped until daylight."

"The remaining horse could have shown you the way."

"But Ted couldn't walk all night through the desert."

"Couldn't you have ridden double?"

She laughed and pointed toward Radcliffe. "Look at him, uncle. Over two hundred pounds. Do you think my little mare could carry both of us?"

But the implacable eyes never left her face. "Would it have been dangerous for Señor Radcliffe to remain on the desert until we could send horses to him?"

"It would have been difficult to find him the next day. I had no idea where we were. Besides, why should I leave him alone? I got him into it."

"You ask why you should have left him? Are you some peon woman not to consider the place you have as my niece and mistress of this hacienda?"

"But what has that—"

"Do not dare to ask that stupid question! Would you make my name a thing to laugh at? In my day a girl could not even ride alone with a man."

The girl's eyes flashed dangerously. "I know they couldn't. And why? They

weren't allowed because they couldn't be trusted. You brought them up like irresponsible animals, and they were what you made them. But I'm not! I'm not an animal; neither am I something that needs to be guarded. I guard myself."

"You call it guarding yourself to cast suspicion on your own sanctity?"

"Suspicion! Suspicion! Let's be frank for once. You think of virtue as something so difficult for women to keep that you men must protect us, and so you guard us until you are ready to sell that highly valued commodity to the right buyer. And I tell you that you are not fit to protect me! I alone can do that. Don't you think I can see the insult that lies behind your evasions? It is the same insult that lay in Jito's eyes. You are both thinking, 'What are they to each other? Is he her lover?'"

"Stop! I forbid you to speak."

"I won't stop. I am sick for all time of these evasions. Listen, my uncle. I have known for many years there are two sexes in the world. Let us keep to realities and frank truth, or we will be strangers always. If ever I love and wish to give myself to a man, no fear of you will stop me. But I will never lie to you. I want to be first with you always. I want us to be comrades, but don't you see we never can be if you won't trust me?"

"You are living in an age that's past and it is today that we have to face. I'm not something too irresponsible to be left by myself. I am a girl of this century, and you are of past centuries. Even now, you sit there with doubt and anger and suspicion written across your face. Can't you even trust me?"

In cold anger he hurled at her, "You are the daughter of your mother, and as the daughter of a half-caste you have acted."

She rose, trembling with anger. "Have I? Perhaps it is my mother's Mexican blood that makes me wayward, so that I have spent a night with this man out on the desert. Bueno, my uncle. I have talked and you will not listen. Now I will talk no longer. From now on I will never say one single word of what happened out there last night. And whether I stay another night in this house of suspicion and vile thinking, I myself shall decide. Now, you can sit and nourish your own thoughts, whatever they are. Yes, and for your further peace of mind, I do this."

With one step the girl was at Ted's side, and now she reached up and, drawing down his head, kissed his lips.

"Remember that, my uncle, when you are thinking of last night." With a sob she turned and ran from the room.

For a long time after Adela had gone, the old man sat with head sunk forward. Then he looked up at the tall man still standing before him. He seemed to be weighing some thought. At last he rose.

"Señor Radcliffe, forget all that you have heard and seen here. Those who have youth can never understand the tragedy of outliving one's time. Now, if you will excuse me—"

To Ted came again the feeling that this coolly speaking, courteous Spaniard was acting a carefully chosen part. Those eyes seemed to veil a malevolence that the calm words could not quite conceal.

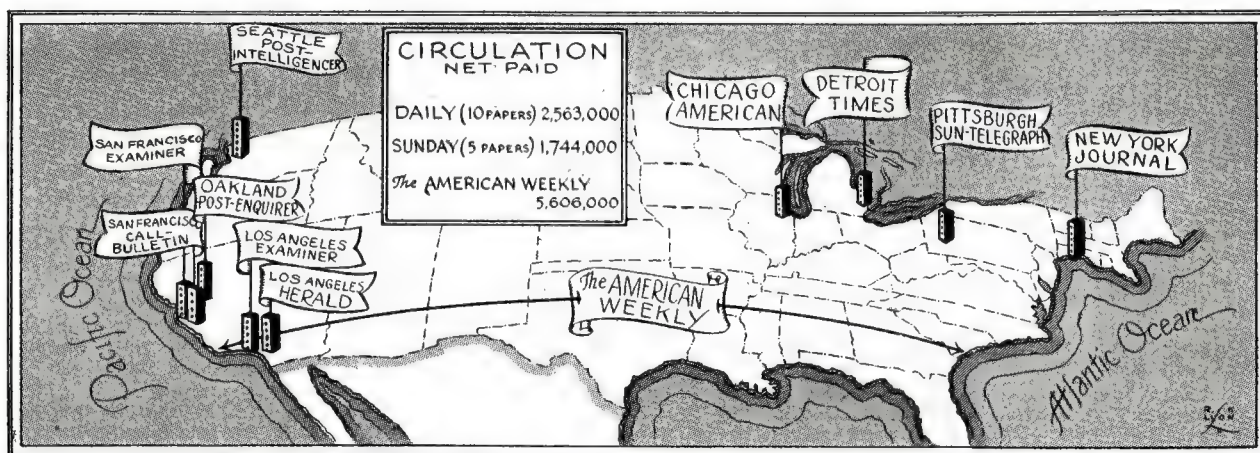
"I am the one to go," he answered.

The old man nodded and put out his hand. "Perhaps it is best. But not in anger. Let us part saying, as my forefathers said, 'Go with God.'"

He seemed very old and very lonely as he turned and walked across the patio. In the guest room Don Bob looked up



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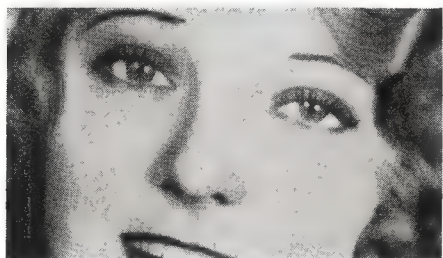
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anxiously as the boy entered. "Well? Harsh words?"

Ted shook his head. "None. But there's no doubt the old fellow hates me. I think I'd better go. There was a scene between Adela and Morales that wasn't pretty, and if chance throws Jito and me together today it's likely to end in some broken furniture. Tell me what happened last night when we didn't come."

Don Bob laughed. "I felt like a lion tamer in a thunderstorm. By dusk, Jito had driven Adela's roadster three times down to the end of the road. Morales remained calm, but he got more sullen as the hours passed. By nightfall, both of them had forgotten they ever knew English, and we all talked in Spanish. It must be easier to say pleasant things in Spanish while you're thinking murder in your heart."

"Before dawn, I heard Jito saddle up and ride off. An hour ago he came back. He called to Morales that Adela and you were found. Then I heard some whispered sentences, and once Morales raised his voice to say, 'Remember, no violence.' The rest of their talk was behind closed doors."

"It's all easy enough to understand. You happen to be the first American who has ever taken Adela anywhere. Always she has been guarded by the rigid conventions of this place. Only for you has she let down the bars. And Jito, of course, would sell his soul for Adela."

"But what isn't easy for me to understand is why Morales has been so civil to you. It would be more like him to order you thrown out the door. There's something unexplained back of that. Whatever it is, remember this: You've made two enemies today, and one of them is the most powerful in the border country. I'm not sure but that it might be better for you to go back East."

Ted had been throwing his clothes into the suitcase. At the last words he raised his head. "I'll see them hanged first. I'm going to make my home out here in spite of every Spaniard and *vaquero* on the border. Besides, there's a reason—" Raising his eyes, he caught the smile on his friend's lips. "But you're joking about my running away."

"Perhaps. But I, too, was thinking about that reason. And yet, as to Adela—"

"I know. I've said nothing, Bob."

Bob looked at him with eyes in which amusement and affection were mingled. "With that openwork face of yours, old son, you wouldn't have to write an essay about it, would you?" Then he, too, busied himself with the packing.

Only Morales appeared to speed their journey. Adela, he explained, was in her room, and he thought it best not to disturb her. The Señores would understand. With Ted he shook hands gravely. For a moment he held Don Bob's hand.

"We must see more of each other, old friend," he said. "We have more in common than boundary fences, no?"

Ten miles down the road Don Bob turned the roadster south from the Verdi highway and followed a sandy, winding trail toward the foothills.

"Last night, in one of his communicative moments, Morales told me the major was making his headquarters near here. I want to run over and learn what he has found out about El Coyote."

"He would be foolish to tell you, wouldn't he? I have a suspicion that you're in cahoots with the bandit."

Bob laughed. "Like Price, I'm at least sympathetic. Compared with most honest politicians, that bandit is a gentleman of high integrity."

Then each fell silent for an hour, while

the car wound its way toward the low foothills. At last Bob pointed.

"There's Blount's camp, hidden away as carefully as the Washington Monument. Tell me, what self-respecting bandit could ever miss that? Let's see what the major knows."

But the major, it turned out, knew surprisingly little. A week's constant patrol of the desert had yielded nothing. Only two sergeants had something to report, and their report was far from satisfactory to the major. They had camped at a small water hole and in the night a lone rider rode up and stole both horses from under their noses. Next day the stolen horses were found tied to the corral in Blount's camp.

The major was bitter about it. Soldiers, he seemed to feel, ought not to be treated that way.

"Impudent bravado!" he stormed, looking fierce and military. Then his face brightened. "But we're combing this country from the United States border to the high range. That means we soon will be even, as far as knowledge of the country goes. We're mapping every stream and water hole. He'll have to step high, wide and handsome to keep ahead of us. And we're showing these natives that it isn't the great thing to be one of El Coyote's friends."

"They're still slow in giving information. It's been a case of '*no sabe*' ever since we started. They know—of course they know. But they're loyal, and they're deadly afraid of the death that overtook the last poor devil who gave information about El Coyote."

"But there's one chap I've got my eyes on. I think he could tell a lot if he dared. He is one of Morales' men, but I suspect he is or was part of El Coyote's band. Two nights ago he came to my tent and wanted to know if I would send him with a guard out of the country if he gave us information about the bandit."

"I told him if he gave the right kind of information we would give him a guard to any place he wanted to go. My Spanish isn't too good, and we didn't get together. He wasn't satisfied, and he went away, but he's coming back."

The major waved his hand. "Sooner or later that's the way it's going to go. It may not be this fellow, and it may not be now. But next week, or next month, some man will be willing to talk if there's gold and protection for him. Morales will put up the gold and I'll furnish the protection, and then—zip!—the end of El Coyote, and you'll owe me a dinner. In the meantime, it's good practice for the boys."

Don Bob looked thoughtful. "It sounds like a long-drawn-out process. It may take years—unless you learn something in your interview with this fellow."

"I think the fellow's holding out for a raise in the blood money."

"He's very wise. I should hold out for a great deal. He had better get enough gold to take him out of the country; otherwise, he is risking too much for too little."

"You and Price always will believe the arm of El Coyote is all-powerful."

"My friend, I think El Coyote, if he wanted to, could kill you or Morales or Ted here, within the week, and get away with it."

"Then why the devil doesn't he?"

"Because it wouldn't serve his ends. It would only be a nasty killing. Suppose he killed Jito and Morales? That wouldn't end the system that's been built up. Sooner or later someone would take their place. The Coyote isn't playing for that. He's playing for the whole country to be with him when he moves. And once the country is with him, there will



be new history written on the border. "As for you, major *mio*, I absolutely believe there isn't a move you make he doesn't know, and I don't think your soldier boys will get him. So don't tell me too much about your plans, for I've a sneaking sympathy with him. He's fighting against the forces of two nations."

Cautiously the major looked about him. "This is not to go any further," he warned, and lowered his voice. "El Coyote may turn out to be a woman!"

"A Boadicea of the border, eh?" The idea seemed to delight Don Bob. "Won't you catch it in Washington if it is a woman? If you hunt her down you'll be a brute, and if she escapes you they'll say you've been made a fool of by a defenseless female. If I were you, I'd resign. But who ever told you that rot?"

"I can't tell you. I only say it may turn out that way. You know yourself no one has actually seen the bandit."

"I have a suspicion that Lopez the traitor saw him that night along the Verdi trail. Men say his eyes were frozen with fear and not pleasant to look at." Bob shook his head. "No, major, I shouldn't lay any trap for a lady bandit. I think when you find your quarry it will be a man. Probably about the size of Ted here."

"If he is that size, it must be Jito. No one else on the border carries all that beef."

"Well, it might not be a bad idea to look into Jito's activities, though I doubt that they will teach you much."

Bob and Ted left soon after, and in the car as they sped toward Verdi, Bob was in high spirits. The idea of the major's "lady bandit," as he called her, delighted him.

"I've half a mind to spread the rumor in Verdi that it's the major's wife adopting this rôle to give her husband exercise. But why should a man, even for a moment, suspect such nonsense? It must be the military mind at work."

Outside the gate at Bob's hacienda they stopped, and Ted stepped out of the car to lay down the bars. As Bob drew up before the house a servant ran forward.

"Señor," he shouted in Spanish, while still afar, "you have heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Last night El Coyote came to the upper camp and stole twenty steers. Twenty of the Señor's best cattle, that son of a devil!"

For a time Don Bob looked at Ted, then his lips curved in a smile. "Now, doesn't that beat all? After all the nice things I've said about him, too."

Within an hour Don Bob had left for the north ranch, sending Ted to Verdi for any news that might have reached there. And it was not until late the following afternoon that Bob returned.

Ted, just back from a round of the near-by camps, had begun dinner when he heard the jingle of spurs outside. A moment later the rancher joined him.

"Too tired to eat." Bob sank into the nearest chair. "But give me a dozen cups of coffee. What did you learn?"

Ted shook his head. "Nothing. Neither in Verdi nor in the camps. And you?"

"I've ridden all over that upper country for signs. Finally I lost trace of the steers among the sand hills. It's blowing hard up there, like blasts from a furnace. It would wipe out the tracks of a dinosaur. Lord, that coffee's welcome!"

"Do you think El Coyote did this?"

The rancher smiled. "I don't. My boys can't tell me much. They only know that half a dozen Mexican horsemen rode down on the herd, cut out



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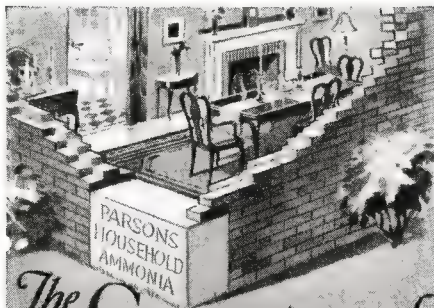
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twenty of the best steers and drove them south toward the line. Only two of the boys saw it happen, and they prudently waited in the brush until the job was done. Then they galloped back with the news. But the big white horse that El Coyote rides wasn't seen."

He drank two cups of black coffee, then he seemed to have reached some decision, for abruptly he rose. "I still have one or two questions about this thing, and tired or not tired, I'm going over to Mendoza's. Come along. Mendoza's is part of your education."

"I've heard that name."

"Of course you have. Mendoza's is the greatest institution for vice and unvarnished evil in Verdi—or in all the borderland, for that matter. It is the one place where at some time or another you will find anyone you are looking for. If you are patient, he or she is sure to show up at Mendoza's."

"It's a kind of road house, isn't it?"

"Oh, much more than that. It's a cabaret, dance hall, gambling hell and inn. It is there you can find the best-dressed and the most dangerous women of the border. It is there, too, you can find all the plain and fancy gunmen you may ever need. Jito recruits his *vaqueros* from there. If you want anyone killed, there are a dozen men who will be eager to quote you rates over at Mendoza's. Human life varies from fifty pesos up. Abduction is much more reasonable."

"Mendoza himself, the old rascal, has the best wine and the worst morals in Mexico. He has deserved killing dozens of times, but his passing will be a loss to the border."

"Is that where the girl they call Ann Reed lives?"

Bob's eyes raised quickly. "What do you know of Ann Reed?"

"Only that she is a singer over there and that she is one of the most beautiful women on the border. I remember somebody at the major's saying she had the voice of an angel with a lost soul."

"Not a gallant saying. Some kindly woman must have thought of that. Yes, it's over there Ann Reed lives and makes men for a time forget that they're just funny little fighting animals with brief, unimportant lives to live. You may hear her sing tonight." Then abruptly he asked, "Who said she had a lost soul?"

Ted laughed at the other's sudden intensity. "I've forgotten. What difference does it make?"

"None." Bob added as they went to the car, "But it's an unintelligent thing to say, isn't it?"

And Ted found himself wondering why Bob should resent the saying.

"Is she an American girl?" he asked as they drove out into the night.

"To her finger tips. Yet she speaks Spanish as well as I."

"What brought her here?"

"Who can ever answer that question? Life plays one of its little jokes and we find ourselves out here on the border. You and I, for example."

And beyond that, Ted was still in ignorance as to who Ann Reed might be when, a little later, they parked the car outside the tall, brilliantly lighted structure that had attained fame throughout the Southwest.

Bob leading, they entered the glass-covered patio and walked down a long lane of tables ringed in cigaret smoke. Surrounding the patio, crowded tables were scattered in the half light about the cleared space that Mendoza held for the dancers. A babel of voices, English and Spanish, rose to greet Don Bob. Everywhere Ted was conscious of the hair and shoulders of women, and of the appraising scrutiny of men. As Ted



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passed, several of the women raised their eyes and followed his broad shoulders.

The two men passed through the low adobe arch into the patio itself, where, under the ever-changing lights cast from above, two dancers were weaving a slow, sensuous tango. A waiter bowed before them.

"A table for two, Señor Don Bob?"

They sat outside the circle of light, and for a time Bob smoked in silence.

"The man I want isn't here," he said at last. He rose. "Sit here and watch the dancing, Ted. I'll be back within the half hour." Musingly Bob looked at the room filled with women, whose perfume and laughter rose like a spell about them. "I leave you," he said, "among many attractive playfellows. You know these border people call Mendoza's 'the end of man's desires.' It always seemed misleading to me, that phrase. So, *cuidado!*"

Beyond the patio Bob turned and, mounting a narrow stairway, climbed to the upper floor, then passed down a darkened passage, at the farther end of which a yellow lamp gleamed. Before a closed door he stopped and knocked.

"*Quién es?*" Fresh and clear, a woman's voice came through the door. "Who is it?"

For answer, Bob turned the knob and entered.

A girl was sitting there. White, dead-white, her face was, almost too white, although it served to make still larger the dark eyes and to enhance the brilliance of her blue-black hair. A vivid, unforgettable face. Yet a face strangely sad. She sat before the mirror in a light peignoir, penciling her lips with deep carmine.

As she looked up the gathering frown melted to a smile of welcome. Running to him, she kissed him. A long kiss. Then she threw back her head and her eyes caressed him.

"Don Bob." Her voice was resonant with adoration. "Don Bob." Smilingly she added, "Whom others call El Coyote." "Dark secrets like that," he cautioned, "deserve closed doors."

"You yourself deserve a closed and bolted door." She drew him to a chair before her dressing table. "It's been days, days and days. Whenever you don't come I want to go to that ridiculous major over in Verdi and say, 'Give me your bags of gold pesos and I'll tell you who El Coyote is. He is your leading citizen, dear major, but also he is a very unsatisfactory lover.' Then what would your fat major do?"

"Spank you and send you back to me, I hope. If he let you escape, I'd have nothing to live for."

"Strange man—as if anyone really mattered to you. Even I, who would die for you."

He smiled up at her, then abruptly rose. "When are you singing next?"

"Not for an hour; never, if you will stay."

"I'd like to stay always here where there is peace and security and a beautiful child to spoil me. Only—"

"Only you would get so weary of peace and security after a day or two! I know. There is a curse laid on people like you, Bobs. You never rest; you never lose yourself—even in love. Already you are glancing at the clock and you haven't been here two minutes."

"It's because I have Radcliffe downstairs; I promised to come back."

"Your young giant? They talk of nothing else here."

"What do they say?"

"Everything. Some say he is Jito's master. Some say that Jito is waiting for a chance to tear your *Americano* apart. They say, too, he is in love with

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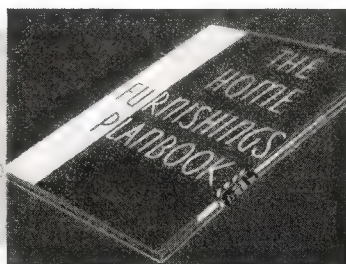
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Adela Morales." She stopped. "That might be fatal."

Bob nodded. "All the border secrets come to you, little Ann, sooner or later."

She looked about her at the heavily draped room. "Always secrets. There are times when every man will talk to a woman of the thing nearest him, and so I learn. I think the very ghosts of secrets must cling about every corner of this room, and behind every tapestry. Most of them are sad, unimportant secrets, but some of them have the power to wreck human lives. And all these tales that men bring me are at the disposal of this imperious Don Bob. Not because I care about his border crusade—I merely happen to love him."

Suddenly she laughed. "Last night that young Mexican captain of cavalry was downstairs. It is he who tells me their plans against you. All next week they are to wait along the Verdi road by the mesa. He is still angry because the major let that peon escape."

Bob smiled. "The major didn't. I came back and got him." His eyes grew thoughtful. "So they're going to hunt along the Verdi road! When Manuel comes tomorrow, get word for the band to keep back in the foothills. Tell him that on Thursday I lead them in a raid." Bob smiled gravely down at the girl. "If you only knew how indispensable you are in every way." His hand touched her shoulder. "And how desirable!"

The woman's body thrilled at his touch. "What I tell is nothing. You know I would do anything for you."

"Have you ever heard of any piece of land owned in the name of Radcliffe?" Bob asked.

She shook her head.

"Probably it doesn't exist, but Ted thinks his father bought land here in the old days. He has sent back East for maps and records. In the meantime, keep those pretty ears open." Bob smiled. "You know, of course, that Blount's men are still after me?"

Ann Reed laughed. "That must give you grave concern."

"It has elements of danger. One of them is that any traitors in my band would be more likely to give information to Blount than to the Mexican soldiers. They have greater confidence in Blount's ability to protect them, and they know that if he promises a reward he will pay."

"Blount has let it out that someone in the band already feels the itch for Morales' gold. He may know much or little. He may be able to ruin me. Tell Manuel what I have said; have him send anyone he may suspect to me. I should not like to kill this dog without good cause. But neither can I wait until it is too late."

"And if you find him?"

"My dear, what could I do? This is not work for sentimentalists. For two years I have existed because I strike first. That is a fundamental rule of warfare, and this is border warfare, so when I must be, I am a killer. Does that disturb you, my dear?"

There came again to the girl that look of submission and utter yielding. "How little you know women! Nothing you do disturbs me. To me, your little finger is worth more than the life of all your band, for I find you in every way perfect."

Bob took her face in his hands. For a long time he looked down into her black eyes. Then he shook his head. "You make me wonder, Ann, why all this loveliness and youth of yours should

find me in any way desirable, and you make me wonder, too, what all your loveliness and youth are destined for."

Ann laughed. "Old, old man," she mocked.

"Old enough."

"One is never old if one loves. That is your tragedy, Don Bob: you have never really loved. If you could give yourself as I give myself, freely, happily and utterly, you would never be old. Why have you never loved, really?"

The man patted her cheek. "When you were about five years old, I had already learned a little about this thing called love. The girl who taught me this dangerous wisdom decided at last that there were better men in the world than I. So she chose a better one. And since then, life has never seemed an important or vital business, except in the game that I am playing now. That may be why I can't fall in love."

"Love, I think, has come to Radcliffe, and that way danger lies. Morales suspects it. Jito suspects. Once they are certain, or once they believe Adela cares for him, Morales will issue orders."

"Does your giant foreman know you are El Coyote?"

"That is one thing I never want him to know. What I do is my own affair. I can't drag him into it. The kid has had a hard-enough road since he came here. I want him to go on as foreman for Don Bob—whatever comes."

"But he must know sometime, Bobs."

"When it is all over."

"And that will be?"

"Soon. One way or another, it will be over soon. Either I win or I lose. I think the border is ready to declare itself and follow me. Already I am planning to strike—one success and all the country will follow us. And if we fail—"

"Yes?"

"Then I shall kidnap Mendoza's star singer and take her to some tropical island where there are no bandits or pesos or tyranny, except the tyranny of love."

"And I could have you all to myself," she murmured. "Bobs, I am so tired of the struggles of men and their hates and secrets. What does it matter about these peons, whether they are free or slaves? Always something is telling me all this is so vain—and it is only love that matters."

Bob looked down at her with a vast tenderness. "Ann," he told her, "I sometimes suspect you of sentiment. Now, I must go. Tell Manuel to be watchful." He raised her long, delicate fingers. "Again I put my life in these pretty white hands."

"And if these pretty white hands should betray you?"

He shrugged. "I should say that, too, would be part of the great game. Yet even then it would sadden me to destroy that lovely body of yours, for I am really fond of you."

"I wonder if you are really fond of anyone."

From the open door Don Bob smiled at her. "There are one or two people I have a great weakness for, Ann *mi*, and you are the loveliest of them all."

For a long time after the door had closed, the girl sat staring into the mirror before her. At last she went to her desk and wrote. Carefully she read the letter, then sealed it and on the long envelope scrawled the words "Señor Paco Morales."

She smiled, and once again touched her lips with deepest carmine.

What was Ann Reed's motive in writing Morales? Tom Gill tells you the next move of the formidable enemy of El Coyote in March



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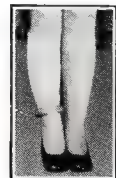
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## White Face

(Continued from page 80)

detectives and between them walked their prisoner.

Lorna Weston came to her feet, her eyes fixed upon the smiling man who stood between the two guards, unconcerned, perfectly at his ease, not by so much as the droop of an eyelid betraying consciousness of his peril.

"There he is!" she shrieked, pointing at him. "The murderer! You killed him! You said you would if you ever met him and you did it!"

Mason watched the prisoner curiously, but he made no response.

"It wasn't for me you hated him. It wasn't because he took me away from you; it was because of your brother who died in prison."

The man nodded. "It was because of that," he said simply. "If he could be brought to life, I'd kill him again."

"Do you hear him?" she shrieked. "My husband—Tommy Furse!"

"Call me by my real name," said the other. "Thomas Marford! It is a pretty good name, though it has been borne by some pretty bad people." He turned smilingly to Mason. "You won't want this lady, I think. I can tell you all you wish to know, and I will clear up any point which may seem to you to be obscure."

Michael Quigley stood petrified, unable to speak or move. Marford! This self-possessed man. White Face—holdup man, murderer!

Marford looked half pityingly at the woman who called herself his wife. He was evidently considering something besides his own position.

"I hope Doctor Rudd will feel no ill effects from his unhappy experience," he said. "As I told you earlier in the morning, I don't think he will suffer anything worse than a headache. He has been in my garage all the night. You see, Rudd had a theory which was to me a dangerous theory on the lips of a loquacious man. His view was that there was only one person who could possibly have killed Bateman—and that was myself!"

"He thought it was a huge joke, but it wasn't a joke to me; and when he called at my surgery on the way to the station to put his ideas before you, I realized that I was in danger and that I must save myself at all costs."

He looked round and caught Elk's eye and shook his head sadly. "I had to do it, Elk. I'm terribly sorry."

To Mason's surprise, Elk grinned. "I don't know anyone I'd rather take a coshing from," he said handsomely.

"You were a dangerous man too," smiled Marford, "but I couldn't give you a whisky and soda with a shot of drug in it, as I gave Doctor Rudd. Just enough to put him under for a few minutes. Then I doped him and put him in the garage. I was afraid he had betrayed me later, when I heard him groaning."

"There is one other matter I'm concerned about—how is old Gregory? I'm afraid he's taken it badly."

He talked fluently enough, but with a slur in his voice. It was the first time Mason had noticed that he lisped.

"I'm anxious you should take my statement now."

Mason nodded. "I must caution you, Doctor Marford—I suppose you are a doctor, Marford?"

Marford inclined his head. "Yes, I am qualified: lay anything to my door but the charge of being a quack! You can confirm this by a visit to my surgery, where you will find the certificates."

"I have to warn you," Mason went on,

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"that what you now say may be taken down and used at your trial."

"That I understand," said Marford.

He looked at his wife. Her dark eyes were blazing with hate.

"You'll hang for this, Tommy!" she cried. "Oh, I'm glad! You'll hang for it!"

"Why not?" he asked coolly, and followed Mason into the inspector's office.

"A nice woman," was his only comment on his wife's outburst. "Her loyalty to her unfortunate friend is almost touching—but then, loyalty invariably is. I cannot let myself think about poor Gregory Wicks."

Mason offered him a glass of water, which he refused. He sat down by the side of the writing table; his only request was that somebody should open a window, for the room was unpleasantly crowded. And then he told his story.

"Are you ready?" he asked, and Sergeant Shale, who had opened a new notebook, tested his fountain pen and nodded.

My brother and I were left orphans at an early age (Doctor Marford began). I was at a preparatory school when Walter went out to Australia to try his luck. He was the best brother any man could wish to have. The little money that came to us from the sale of my father's practice—oh, yes, he was a doctor—he put in the hands of a lawyer for my education. He hadn't been in Australia long before he found work, and half his salary used to come to the lawyer every month.

I don't know what date his criminal career began, but when I was about fifteen I had a letter from him, asking me to address all future letters to "Walter Furse." He was then in Perth, Western Australia. His full name was Walter Furse Marford. Naturally, I did as I was asked, and soon after larger monthly sums came to the lawyer.

One day the lawyer came to see me. He asked me whether I had heard from my brother, and I told him I had not had a letter from him for four months.

He told me that he was in a similar case, but that, previous to my brother's ceasing to write, he had sent a thousand pounds. But all the lawyer's letters asking how he would like this money invested had been unanswered.

I was alarmed, naturally, because I had a deep affection for Walter and realized what I owed to him. I was to go to a hospital and take up my father's profession—it was my brother's money which made this possible.

The mystery of Walter's silence was explained when I received, in a roundabout way, a letter which had been sent to a friend of his, and which was by him transmitted to me. It was written on blue paper, and when I saw on the heading the name of an Australian convict prison I nearly fainted. But it was the truth: Walter hid nothing in the letter.

He had been arrested after holding up a bank; he and his gang had got away with nearly twenty thousand pounds. He asked me to think as well of him as I could; he was telling me because he was afraid the authorities might trace me, and I should hear the story from some unsympathetic person.

I will tell the truth. After the first shock I was not horrified at the revelation. Walter had always been an adventurous sort, and at my age I had that touch of romanticism which exaggerates certain picturesque types of crime into deeds almost worthy of a paladin. I felt an increasing love for the man who had made such sacrifices in order to fit his brother for membership in a noble profession.

I exalted him above all men, and I yet

do. But for the burden which my education and living imposed upon him, he could have afforded to live honestly, and I know, though he never told me, that I and I alone was responsible for his entering upon the crooked path.

The letter which I sent to him had in it a suggestion of hero worship, and when he was released from prison he answered me; pointed out that there was nothing admirable in what he was doing, and that he would sooner see me dead than have me go the way he had gone.

I worked like the devil at the hospital, determined to justify his sacrifice, if it could be justified. From time to time he wrote me. Apparently he was going straight.

It was in this way that I first heard of Donald Bateman. My brother said he had met a clever crook and had nearly been caught by him in connection with a land deal, but that a mutual friend had made them known to each other, Bateman had apologized, and they were now chums.

Bateman apparently made his money out of persuading innocent purchasers to put up deposits on imaginary properties, but he did other crooked work on the side and was one of the best-informed men in Australia on one topic—the security and deposit of banks. He himself was not a bank robber, but he supplied various gangs with information which enabled them to operate at a minimum risk. Usually he stood in for his corner.

As soon as my final examinations were over, Walter wanted me to come out to Australia and stay with him for six months, to discuss future plans. He asked me to adopt the name "Furse." He said he could arrange to get my passport and ticket in that name.

The only awkward point about this arrangement was that my examinations finished on a Friday, I was to leave for Australia on Saturday, and I could not know the result of the exams except by letter. I arranged, however, with the manager of the bank which carried my account to have the certificates addressed in care of the bank and sent on to an address which my brother had given me. I had to invent a family reason for calling myself "Furse" in Australia, and he seemed satisfied.

The work at the hospital grew increasingly hard. The last days of the examination came, and I handed in my final papers with a sense of thankfulness.

The next morning, as happy as a child, I drove off to St. Pancras and Tilbury, and on Saturday afternoon was steaming down the Channel. I was traveling second class, because I wanted to save as much as possible.

The ship was crowded with people, the majority of whom were bound for India and Colombo. We dropped the Indian passengers at Port Said or Suez, and with the dining room thinned out and space to walk about the decks, I began to take notice of my fellow passengers.

I had seen Lorna Weston the day we left England, but I did not speak to her until we were passing through the Suez Canal, and then only to exchange a few words about the scenery.

It was at Colombo, where we both went ashore, that I came to know her. She was pretty and vivacious, and was, she told me, traveling to Australia to take a position as governess. Looking back, I can see that I should have guessed that she was going out in the hope of finding easy money.

I told her little about myself except that I was a medical student, but for some reason or other she got it into her head that I was a wealthy young man or had wealthy relatives.



If you know anything about ship travel you will understand that it takes no more than a few days for an ordinary friendship between a young man and a girl to develop into a raging passion. We were not five days out of Colombo before I adored Lorna. I loved her, and she loved me. So we told each other. I'm not reproaching her, and I don't want to say one single word that's going to make life any harder for her, except that I must tell the truth to explain why she is living in Tidal Basin.

She loved only one man in her life, and that was Bateman. I say this without bitterness or hatred. She probably loved the worst man she had ever met or is ever destined to meet.

It is not necessary for me to tell you what happened during the remainder of the voyage. I wondered what Walter would say when I told him that at the outset of my career I had engaged myself to marry.

He came down to the dock to meet me, and I introduced him to Lorna, but I did not tell him of my intentions until we were in the hotel where he was staying. To my surprise, he took it very well.

"You're a bit young, Tommy, but I'm not so sure it's a bad thing for you. If I had married I mightn't have made such a fool of myself. But don't you think you could wait for a year?"

I told him there were imperative reasons why we should marry almost at once, and his face fell.

"She told you that, I suppose. She may be mistaken."

But I couldn't argue the matter, and after a while Walter agreed.

"I'm going through a pretty bad time," he said. "I've been speculating on the Stock Exchange and I've lost a lot of money racing. But things will take a turn soon and you shall have the best wedding present that money can buy!"

Again it was to make some provision for me that Walter fell back into his old ways. His wedding present was five hundred pounds, and it didn't make me a bit happy, because I had read in the papers that a country bank had been stuck up the day before and a considerable sum of money had been stolen. I taxed him with it, but he laughed it off.

It was a few days after the wedding that I made up my mind. I left Lorna at the hotel and went in search of Walter. I found him in a restaurant which was also a bar, and that was the first time I met Donald Bateman. Bateman went out, and I took this opportunity to put forward my proposal, which was that I should share Walter's risk. He wouldn't hear of it, but I insisted.

"You've been taking risks for me all these years. You've suffered imprisonment. Every time you go out on one of your adventures you stand the risk of being killed. Let me take a little of it."

Bateman came back at that moment, and I realized he was in Walter's confidence. I tried to put the matter hypothetically to Bateman, but he saw through it at once.

"Why not, Walter? It's better than taking in a roustabout. Besides, he's a gentleman, and nobody would imagine he was a member of a gang of crooks."

Walter was furious, but his fury did not last long.

We all three went back to the hotel, and I introduced my wife to Bateman. He was a good-looking fellow in those days and terribly popular with women. Although I was only a kid, I could see Lorna was tremendously attracted by him, and the next day, when I went out with Walter to talk matters over with him, I came back to find that Bateman had lunched with her, and thereafter

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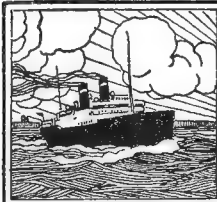
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they hardly left each other. I wasn't jealous; I'd got over my first madness and realized I'd made a ghastly mistake.

Naturally, I didn't want any complications with Bateman, who was married and had left his wife in England. As a matter of fact, he was married before he met and married the present Mrs. Landor—the lady who came to my surgery a few hours before I killed Bateman and told me, to my amazement—However, that can wait.

Walter at last agreed that I should help him with the robbery of a country bank which carried a considerable amount of paper currency, especially during week-ends. The job was to be done "two-handed," as we say, and Bateman, of course, took no part in the actual holdup, but was the man who spied out the land and discovered almost to a pound how much cash reserve a branch office was holding.

It was a little town about sixty-five miles from Melbourne, and Walter and I drove out overnight in a motor car and stayed with a friend of his till morning. Naturally, I was wild with excitement, and I was all for carrying a gun. Walter wouldn't hear of this. The only pistol he used was a dummy—that was a lesson I never forgot.

"You're either going to murder or you're not going to murder," said Walter. "If you're going out to rob, a dummy pistol's as good as any. It's its frightening power that is important. It's the job of a bank official to defend his property, and if you kill him you're a coward. It's a copper's job to arrest you, and if you shoot at him you're a blackguard."

We carried our dummy pistols in a belt under our waistcoats. You'll find all the particulars of the raid we made upon the branch bank in a little scrapbook in my bedroom. It was successful.

At the appointed minute we entered the bank with white masks on our faces; I held up the cashier and his assistant with my dummy pistol while Walter passed round the counter, pulled the safe open—it was already unfastened—and took out three bundles of notes. We were out of the town before the police had wakened from their midday sleep.

We came back to Melbourne by a circuitous route, and I'll swear there was nobody in the town who could have recognized or identified us in any way. That evening the papers were full of the robbery, and announced that the bank was offering five thousand pounds for the arrest of the robbers, and this was supplemented by a statement issued on behalf of the government, through the police, that a free pardon would be granted to any person, other than one of the perpetrators, who might turn king's evidence. Walter was worried about this notice. He knew Donald Bateman.

"If he gets the reward as well as the pardon, we're cooked," he said, and when he put through a telephone inquiry to the newspaper office and heard that the reward was to go to anybody, accomplice or not, he went white.

"Go and find your wife, Tommy," he said. "We've got to slip out of this town quick! There's a boat leaving for San Francisco this afternoon. We might both go on that."

I went to the hotel, but Lorna was out; the porter told me she had gone with Mr. Bateman to the races, and I returned to Walter and told him.

"Maybe he won't see the offer until after the races. That is our only chance," he said. "You'd better leave Lorna a note and some money; tell her you'll let her know where she can join you."

Returning to the hotel, I packed a



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Quebec is the sample: so different from anything else in America it was difficult to believe I was on my native continent.

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Then the long, winding roads into the country; a shrine by the wayside; villages clustered around a tall church; hooked rugs hanging temptingly over the porch rail—even a bearskin offered for sale at a seemingly ridiculous price; oxen and horses drawing loads of wood; rosy-cheeked, smiling *habitants*.

If this is a sample of France then France itself must be even more wonderful than I imagined—and I want to see it all—glamorous Paris, and the highways and byways of the provinces, with the odd, old villages, the churches and the chateaus, and the interesting people.

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few things and wrote the note. When I walked out of the elevator into the vestibule, the first person I saw was Big Jock Riley, Chief of the Melbourne Detective Service. I knew what was going to happen when he came towards me and took the suitcase out of my hand.

"You'd better pay your bill," he said. "It will save everybody a lot of bother."

He went with me to the cashier, and I paid the bill, and then he took me to a taxi and we drove to the police station. The first person I saw when I got in was Walter. They'd taken him soon after I had left.

The police found most of the money—not all, for Walter had planted four thousand pounds and had paid two thousand to Bateman, which Bateman returned when he found he was going to get the five thousand reward.

Bateman was the informer, of course. He hadn't gone to the races: he was sitting in another room at the police office when we were brought in, and he came out to identify us. Walter didn't look at him. But I met Bateman's eyes, and he knew that if ever he and I met, there would be a reckoning.

There's very little to tell about the court proceedings. The prosecution was fair, and we were sentenced, Walter to eight years and I to three. I never saw Walter afterwards until I was taken to the prison hospital where he was dying.

Riley was there; he'd come to see if he could get any information about the four thousand that was cached. He told me that if I would tell him he would get me a year's remission of my sentence. I was so miserable that I was on the point of telling him, but I thought better of it and told him only half the truth.

There was two thousand planted in one place and two thousand in another. I told him the hardest, and I believe he recovered it, because within a week I had my order of release.

I hung around Melbourne for a month. I didn't have to look for Lorna: I knew she'd gone—you get news in prison—and that Bateman had gone with her. That didn't worry me. I was certain that Bateman and I would meet sooner or later.

It's curious how Walter's warning always stayed with me. I have never owned a pistol in my life.

The police let me alone when I came out. I had had all my English letters sent to a certain address in Melbourne, and when I went to this place I found a dozen old bills, receipts, letters from hospital friends and a long envelope.

Sometimes when I was in prison I used to wonder what had been the result of those examinations, but after a time I ceased to take any interest in them. It seemed that whatever honest career I had had was finished. I should be struck off the Medical Register on conviction, and that was the end of my doctoring.

I didn't realize that the Australian authorities knew nothing of Marford—knew only Tommy Furse—and it was only when I opened the envelope and took out the stiff parchment certificate that the truth dawned on me. In England I was Doctor Marford, a duly and properly qualified medical man. A new and wonderful vista was opened.

I collected the two thousand, and after a reasonable interval left Australia for England, traveling third class as far as Colombo and transferring to first class from that port. I stopped off in Egypt. In Cairo I presented my credentials to the British Minister, obtained a new passport in place of one which I said I'd lost, and traveled overland through Italy and Switzerland, arriving in London at the end of September.

I decided to build up a practice of my



own in London. I had fifteen hundred pounds left, and by a system of strict economy I knew I could live for five years without a patient—three years if I carried out my big plan, which was to establish a sunlight clinic for babies.

I love children, and if I had not been interrupted by Bateman and my wife, I should within a few years have opened a great institution, which would have cost twenty thousand pounds to build and ten thousand a year to maintain.

It is common knowledge that I opened a surgery in Endley Street and started my practice as cheaply as any practice has ever been founded. From the first I was successful in obtaining patients. They were of the cheapest kind, but it was interesting work, and in a burst of enthusiasm I arranged to open my first clinic. I reckoned that I could live on my earnings, and that the money I had hoarded would keep the clinic running for two years.

And then one day a thunderbolt fell. A woman walked into my consulting room. It was Lorna Marford, my wife!

I had forgotten her. That is no exaggeration. Literally she had passed out of my memory. For a moment I did not recognize her, and then she smiled, and my heart felt like a piece of lead.

"What do you want?" I asked.

She was poorly dressed and shabby-looking and was lodging at that time with a Mrs. Albert. She was, she told me, three or four weeks behind with her rent. "I want money," she said coolly.

"Isn't there a man called Bateman?" I asked.

She laughed at this and made a gesture. I knew from that that she was still fond of him, and that he'd left her.

"Bateman's gone. He and I have not seen each other for over two years."

She told me how she had been forced into a slum by poverty. I felt sorry for her, but I remembered that she had taken her share of the blood money and had probably helped in our betrayal.

"You'll get no money from me," I said. "You had your share of the reward, I suppose?"

"I had a bit of it," she answered. "Not so much as I deserved. The police would never have found your white masks but for me."

I got up and opened the door. "You can go," I said, but she did not stir.

"I want a hundred pounds," she said.

"Why should I give you a hundred pounds?" I asked.

"Because," she answered, "if you don't give me a hundred pounds I shall tell somebody that you are an ex-convict. And then where will you be—doctor?"

From that day onwards she blackmailed me. Within three months I had only half the money I had put aside for the clinic, and I had committed myself to twice as much: ordered lamps, beds, structural alterations, and had practically placed myself under an obligation to buy the premises in five years.

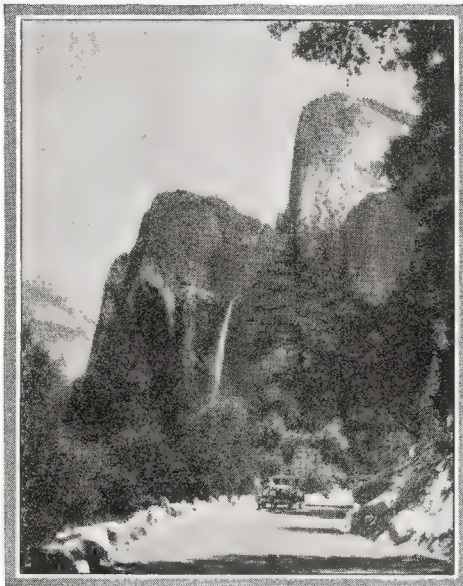
If I could have got her to leave the neighborhood I might have had some respite; but she insisted upon taking rooms locally, when she changed her lodgings.

Why she refused to live somewhere else I did not know. It puzzled me, until one day there flashed upon me the solution. She believed that sooner or later I should meet Donald Bateman; she wanted to be on hand so that she might save her lover.

It seemed there was not one chance in a million that I should ever see Donald Bateman again. And yet I had met with some odd coincidences.

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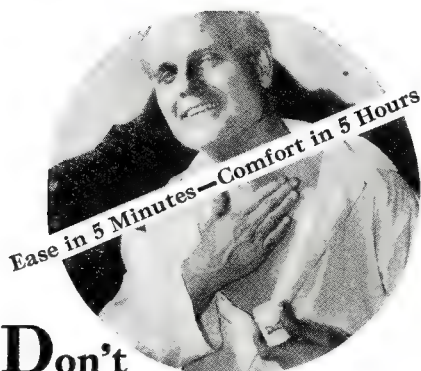
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and I had heard Bateman speak of Rudd. Rudd had been prison doctor at a county jail where Bateman had served two years! I remembered the name and the description the moment I saw him.

The demands from the clinic increased with the growth of my ambition. I was desperately hard pressed for money. On the one hand, by the legitimate expansion of my experiment; on the other, by the increasing demands from Lorna.

I don't know what gave me the idea; I think it was the pathetic distress of old Gregory Wicks when I told him he never could take out his cab again except at the gravest risk to himself and to the community. He was nearly blind, and his misery at the idea of surrendering his license touched me.

I thought how useful a taxicab might be, and how easily I might make up as Gregory. One thought suggested another, and when the idea took definite shape I was thrilled by the prospect. To take toll of wealthy people who had ignored my appeals and use the money to extend my clinic—that was a fantastic but a fascinating thought!

I don't think I was ever completely happy until I began my raids. I planned everything, spent nights in the West End timing and arranging my first coup.

For the benefit of Gregory Wicks, I invented a fictitious convict who could not obtain a license but who was a good and careful driver. I took lodgings for him in Gregory's house, and the old man was delighted. Only one stipulation he made, and it was that his substitute should place himself under a solemn vow to return any lost property he found in the cab.

The first raid was ridiculously simple. I took my taxicab to the vicinity of a restaurant where smart people go to supper, and walking boldly into the hall, I held up the room with a dummy pistol and got away with the jewels of a large, florid woman.

The underworld had given me its confidence. I knew a receiver in Antwerp and another in Birmingham with whom I could place the stones, and the first coup gave me enough money to reequip the clinic and to open my Eastbourne convalescent home.

But I had reckoned without Lorna. She had read an account of the stick-up, and it so happened that, unknown to me, she had witnessed my return. She came the next morning and demanded her share. Subsequently I gave her nearly a thousand pounds.

The second and third raids were as successful as the first. I paid Lorna her share.

If I had any qualms about the work on which I was engaged, they were caused by my association with a girl who shall be nameless. Her sweetness and her purity were the more transcendent in contrast with the character of my wife.

Of Bateman I had seen nothing. I had no idea that he was in England and that Lorna had met him by accident in the West End and had asked him to come to see her. The first mention of him came last night when I was visited at my surgery by a lady who was under the impression that her husband had been fighting and had killed his assailant.

She was hysterical, and in her hysteria she took me into her confidence, told me of a man who was blackmailing her, mentioned his name—Donald Bateman! When I heard it, the room seemed to spin round. Bateman was in England—was in that very neighborhood! Imagine the devil that took possession of me!

She grew calm when I assured her that the two men who had been fighting

were laborers from the docks, and she went away leaving me in a kind of passive delirium. The old loathing for the informer had come back to me.

I could see, as plainly as though he were before me, the pinched face of my dying brother. It came back vividly and seemed to reproach me that I had let it pass from my mind. Yet all that was sane in me told me that it was impossible that I could do anything; that it was unlikely I should ever meet Bateman.

Could I go wandering round the streets of London looking for this blackguard? I should know him, of course; he had a knife scar under his chin—a woman did that in Australia.

I was still thinking over things after Mrs. Landor had left, when I heard voices on the other side of the street. It was raining and that had driven the crowds away and left Endley Street empty. I saw Bateman there in evening dress, and I saw Lorna run across to him. I knew he suffered from angina pectoris and invariably carried a phial of butyl-ammonol to be used in case of emergency. Apparently he had left this behind at Lorna's apartment. I heard him thank her. And then I saw them looking across the road and knew she had told him who I was. He did not dream that I was aware of his identity!

He sent her back; didn't move till she was out of sight. Then he began to walk on slowly, and I was preparing to follow, when I saw a man come up to him—it was Landor—heard a few words, and then saw Landor lash out and Donald Bateman fall.

He was always a tricky fellow, and it was a favorite dodge of his in a fight to pretend he'd been knocked out. In this way he saved himself from further punishment. It succeeded with Landor, for he walked away, and I lost sight of him.

I still hesitated as to what I should do. I knew P. C. Hartford was on his beat, saw the flicker of his helmet as he passed under a distant street lamp.

And then Bateman got up, dusted himself and began to walk toward Hartford. I saw the man and the constable talking together, and Hartford came on. He didn't come far; presently he turned round, and at that moment Donald Bateman dropped as if he'd been shot.

I knew exactly what had happened: he had had a heart attack. At that moment a figure crossed the road and crouched over the fallen man—and Hartford had seen him. He went back, quickening his stride, and I followed. As I came along I saw something lying at my feet. It was a broken key chain with a bunch of keys attached.

I picked it up and put it in my pocket. The man who was searching Bateman's pockets was a thief named Lamborn. He, too, saw the policeman and he started to run, but Hartford grabbed him.

While they were struggling, I came up. Then I saw, lying by the side of the man I hated, a sheath knife. It had evidently fallen out of his pocket. I had to make my decision quickly. There he lay—the traitor, the wronger of women, the man who had killed my brother! I don't remember taking the knife from its sheath or using it. He never moved; he must have died instantly.

The struggle between the policeman and the thief was subsiding. I slipped the red knife into my pocket. There was excuse for the blood on my hands—I was a doctor handling a murdered man. Nobody questioned me or suspected me. A policeman brought me a bucket of water to wash my hands.

I didn't regret it long. I do not regret it now. I am glad I killed him.

Then came Rudd, an imbecile theorist;



but imbecile theorists sometimes hit upon solutions with diabolical accuracy. And Elk suspected me from the first.

But the real danger threatened when Lorna came on the scene. She had heard that a man had been murdered, pushed her way through the crowd.

She didn't see me. I knew she was going to speak and wondered how I could stop her. Fortunately, nature intervened and she fainted. I was asked to take her to the station. It was my opportunity.

We got her into the car and drove to a chemist's shop, and I sent the policeman who accompanied me to wake up a chemist. He had hardly gone before I slipped a hypodermic syringe out of my pocket. It was one I had prepared for a maternity case. The drug was working when the policeman came back.

I awaited my opportunity while she was in the matron's room, and gave her a second dose. It was easy to explain her condition when I put the hypodermic syringe and its case in her bag.

To dispose of her was one thing; to silence Rudd another. I heard he'd gone home to bed. I was amazed when he tapped at my window on his way to the station and came in with his astounding theory—astounding because it was true.

The man, he said, must have been murdered between the time the policeman arrested Lamborn and the time I said he was stabbed. He was working on the same grounds as you, Mason. If Lamborn had told the truth at first your task would have been simplified.

Obviously, Bateman could not have been stabbed when the thief picked his pocket, or his pocketbook and Lamborn's hands would have been covered with blood. That was Rudd's theory too. He jokingly accused me of being the murderer.

Rudd had to be silenced at all costs. I invited him to drink a glass of wine with me; he preferred whisky and soda. Getting his attention fixed on my new ray lamp, I doctored his drink. He was on the ground in ten seconds. I served him as I had served Lorna; carried him into the garage and left him there.

I had to get away: I knew that was imperative. But traveling required money, tickets, passport—things I did not possess. And then, standing near the door of the inspector's room, I heard that Landor had a large sum of money in his apartment. This was my only chance.

I went home, got out the taxi and drove to a road at the back of Landor's house. There was a fire escape and up this I went.

I had the keys of Landor's apartment—I had picked them up. Landor's name was on a brass plate, and I opened the door and went in.

I had hardly closed the door behind me when I was startled to hear a woman's voice asking if I was Louis. I have a memory for voices, and I recognized it as that of the lady who had called at my surgery that night. I kept quiet. She went back into her room and I crept along, looking for a hiding place.

There was a small room which I guessed was a maid's room. I stepped into it; the key was on the inside and I turned it. Landor arrived two minutes afterwards; and then, to my embarrassment, I heard Elk and Inspector Bray.

Again I was fortunate: the detectives left with the Landors and gave me a few minutes to get the money and tickets. They had been located for me by Landor, who had told the detectives what was in the drawer.

I had hoped to take the money and

make my get-away before Elk returned, but he came back too soon. I can't say how sorry I was to strike down a man whom I always regarded as a friend.

And there was another danger, I discovered, when I got back to the surgery. Rudd was returning to consciousness. I heard him groan as I went along the yard to give him a second injection.

There was one chance of getting away, but when I had finished my preparations and had brought the car to the back door I was rung up from the police station with the news that Mason was on his way. I knew my last minute of safety had arrived, and on the spur of the moment I invented the forthcoming visit of the man with the white mask. I planned it all out, sprinkled the passage with beef extract, which would look like blood in artificial light, tested the switches and oiled the bolts outside the door, between the time the detectives left the station and arrived at the surgery.

I still had to get out, but I had arranged that, too. There is on my desk a bell which rings in the passage, and which I use as a signal for the next patient to come in. I awaited my opportunity and rang the bell, using the signal which I had said White Face used.

Thereafter it was easy; to hold an imaginary conversation with somebody in the hall was a simple matter. To slam and lock the door, pretend that I had been attacked, switch out the lights and get away in the cab, occupied a few minutes. I had already put Rudd there, since I dared not leave him behind.

As you know, I made for the farmhouse which I intended turning into a home for tubercular children. Perhaps some philanthropist will carry on the good work.

I don't think there is anything more that I can tell you. If there is, I shall be able to supply any deficiency.

Doctor Marford stretched back in his chair, a smile on his weary face.

"Tired, doctor?" said Mason.

He nodded. "Very, very tired," he said. "I never knew you had a lisp before." The doctor ignored the question. "Tell me, how did you find me at Annerford? Oh, I know. You interviewed Miss Harman, and she told you I had another institution, and you went there."

Mason nodded.

"You have no questions to ask me?" Mason considered. "I don't think there is anything, doctor. You won't tell me the names of the two fences who bought the diamonds you stole?"

Marford shook his head. "That would be unprofessional, wouldn't it?"

"That crazy man in the court—did he know?"

"He's a good guesser. I sometimes think he's psychic," said Marford.

"I was talking about your lisp just now, doctor. I've never noticed it before," said Mason again.

"I haven't a lisp and I haven't any impediment of speech. But I recognize inevitabilities, and for the last hour and a half I have had in my mouth—it is now between my teeth—a glass phial of cyanide of potassium—"

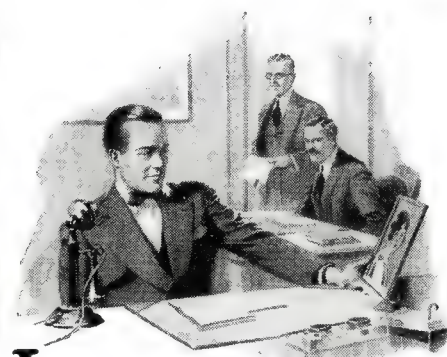
Three detectives flung themselves upon him, but it was too late. He shuddered slightly; a spasm of pain passed over his face, and he stiffened.

Mason looked at him in admiration. "Game, eh? By heaven, how game!"

He turned abruptly away and walked bareheaded into the street, to breathe the sweet air of morning.

The day was breaking.

THE END



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For out-of-town calls to places 25 miles away, the day station-to-station rate is about 25 cents; 40 miles away, 35 cents; 75 miles, 50 cents; 125 miles, 75 cents; 150 miles, 80 cents. Where the station-to-station day rate is more than 35 cents, the rates are lower during the evening and night periods. Try it tonight.



# The Cosmopolitan Temperament

*cōs'mo-pōl'i-tān* (adj.) — Not provincial, interested in the whole modern scene -- entertainment, sports, travel, better education, fuller living. Taking advantage of all conveniences, comforts, luxuries.

Are you interested in knowing what sort of a family the average Cosmopolitan reading family is, and how it compares with the family living right next door?

The definition given above is only in part the dictionary definition—the balance is the description as we have found it to apply. It defines the type of person for whom Cosmopolitan is edited.

But how does such a temperament react?

Well, we've studied a large number of Cosmopolitan families—we learned what their incomes are, how many own their homes, what price cars they own and the year they bought them, how much entertaining they do and how much they spend for groceries every week.

The results are most interesting:

You Cosmopolitan readers own 70% more electric refrigerators than your neighbors in the same financial circumstances; you have 15% more of the three best vacuum cleaners; you buy 35% more of the three leading makes of toothbrushes; you own more radios and a larger percentage of the standard makes.

You take your temperament to market: you spend about \$3 more per family per week for groceries than your neighbors—and this is because you buy only the best: you pay 10c a pound more for coffee, 5c a pound more for shortenings, 4 $\frac{1}{8}$  c per bottle more for ginger ale, 5c more per can of scouring powder; and you buy three times as many relishes, sauces, mayonnaise, etc., than non-Cosmopolitan families.

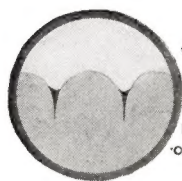
Certainly Cosmopolitan families demand the best—and the leading advertisers realize this, as you can see by the list opposite.



## COSMOPOLITAN'S FEBRUARY ADVERTISERS

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<b>A</b>			<b>L</b>		
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Accounting	LaSalle Extension University	193	Liquid Arvon	R. L. Watkins Co.	192
Adult Business Training	LaSalle Extension University	3	Listerine	Lambert Co.	101
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Agents for Photo-Color Process	Irving-Vance Co.	191	Luden's Menthol Cough Drops	Luden's Inc.	133
Agents for Playing Cards	Chicago Playing Card Co.	188	Lux Toilet Soap	Lever Bros.	129
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**ORDINARY CLEANSING**

Note dirt embedded in pores—undisturbed by surface cleansing. Causes blackheads, blemishes, open pores, dull, old skin.

**PORE-DEEP CLEANSING**

All dirt is removed. Pores are small, skin smooth. Regular use makes skin clear, fine and young!

## WHAT IS CRITICAL AGE OF WOMAN'S SKIN?

### Read skin specialist's answer:

"YOUR ACTUAL age and the age of your skin may not be the same. Blemishes, open pores, excessive dryness or oiliness may make your skin eight, ten, fifteen years older than need be.

"Watch these signs, madam. When they appear, the skin is at a critical age. Neglect dryness and skin wrinkles early. Neglect blemishes, open pores, oiliness, and skin quickly coarsens, taking on pallid, flabby appearance of age.

### Doctor recommends liquid

"What can you do? First, remember improper cleansing has much to do with old-looking skin. Harsh cleansers that dry out natural oil and do not replace it promote early wrinkles. Superficial cleansers that do not get out deep-lying dirt cause blemishes, open pores, and an exaggerated condition of oiliness.



### MICROSCOPE PROVES WHY DOCTORS PREFER LIQUIDS FOR THOROUGH CLEANSING

#### How to use

Saturate cotton with Ambrosia and wipe gently over the face and neck. Repeat until fresh cotton does not show any soil. Now you know your face is perfectly clean. Pat dry with hands so skin absorbs softening oils.

IF SKIN IS DRY finish treatment by patting additional Ambrosia over the face, continuing patting until all oil is absorbed. At night, first cleanse pores, then add a softening cream.

IF SKIN IS OILY rinse with cool water to remove surplus oil and stimulate circulation.

#### Send for generous bottle FREE

Don't let your skin get to the critical age doctor warns about. Get Ambrosia at any drug or department store today, or write for free bottle. Hinz Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. C-2, 114 5th Ave., New York; 69 York St., Dept. C-2, Toronto, Can.

4 oz., \$1.00 • 8 oz., \$1.75 • 16 oz., \$3.00

**AMBRŌSIA**  
the pore-deep cleanser



Don't let blemishes make your skin old. Daily use of Ambrosia corrects and prevents blackheads.



Hidden dirt distends pores. Clean and close them with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser.



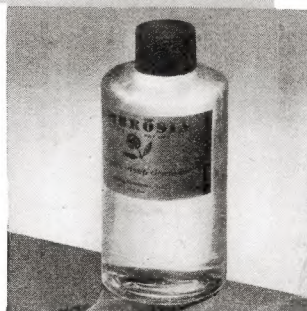
Nose shiny? Try Ambrosia one week as directed for oily skin. See grease disappear, skin get normal.

"To get skin clean today, I recommend a liquid solvent. Be sure it contains oils. You'll find your face has never felt so clean and smooth before."

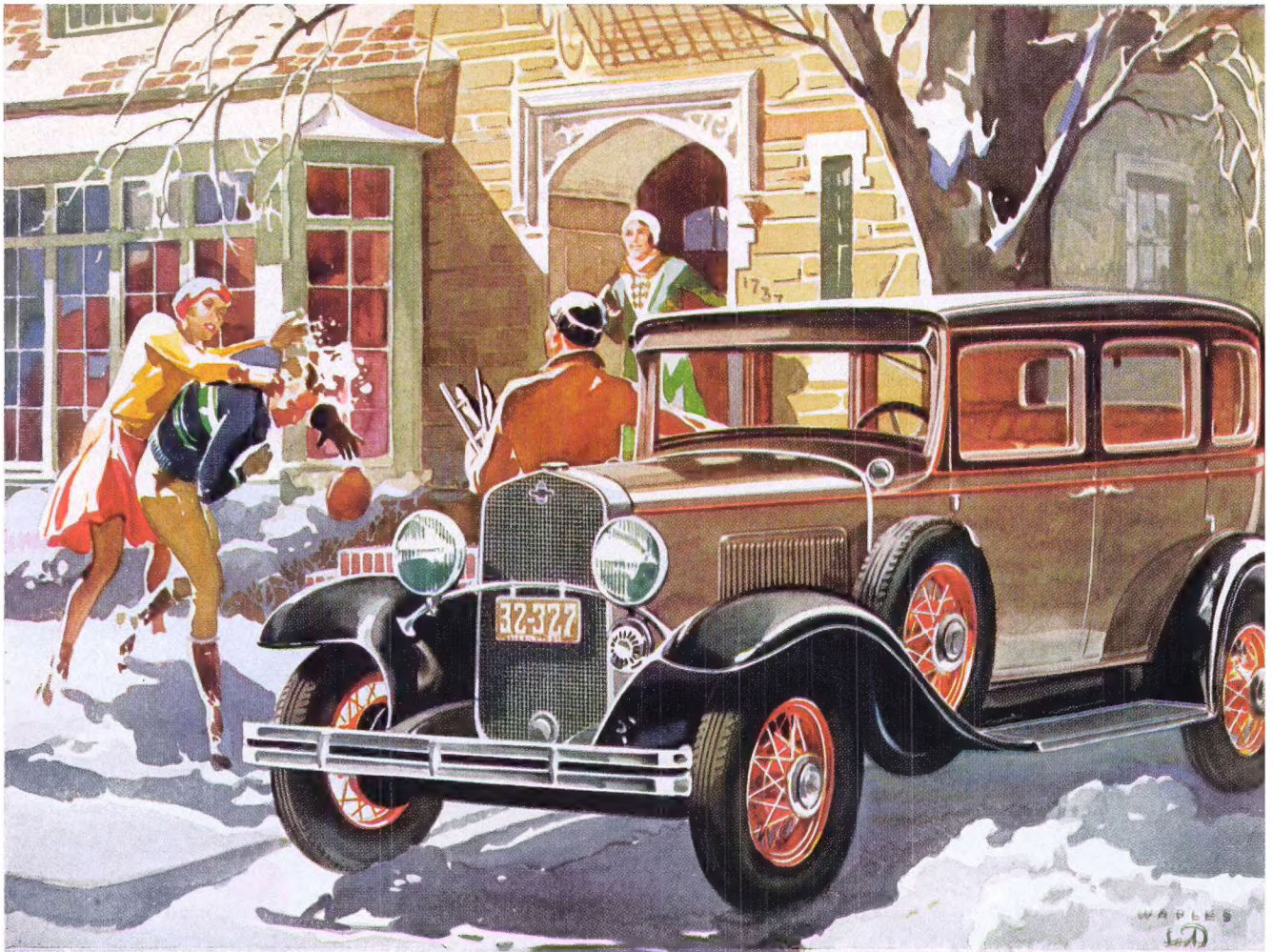
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Skin specialists recommend Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid solvent. Ambrosia instantly cleans pores, and also contains pure sweet oils that keep skin smooth. Thus it combines thorough cleansing with lubrication. No danger now of drying skin out like paper. No risk of blemishes due to half-clean pores. Ambrosia brings the radiant feeling of freshness every woman desires.

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*The Chevrolet Special Sedan*

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In the Bigger and Better Chevrolet Six, *Body by Fisher* means finer quality and more distinctive beauty than ever before in Chevrolet history. Fisher artistry and craftsmanship have taken full advantage of a longer wheelbase to achieve a degree of smartness, luxury and comfort usually found only in cars of much higher price. Chevrolet's new Bodies by Fisher are long and low, with fleet lines and graceful

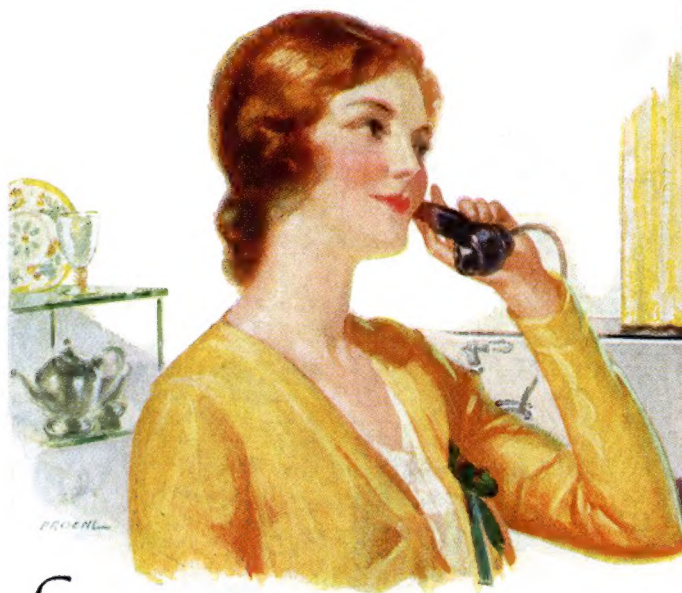
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**New Low Prices**—Phaeton, \$510 . . . Roadster, \$475 . . . Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), \$495 . . . Coach, \$545 . . . Standard Coupe, \$535 . . . Standard Five-Window Coupe, \$545 . . . Sport Coupe (with rumble seat), \$575 . . . Standard Sedan, \$635 . . . Special Sedan, \$650 . . . Special equipment extra . . . Chevrolet Trucks from \$355 to \$695 . . . All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan . . . Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors Corporation

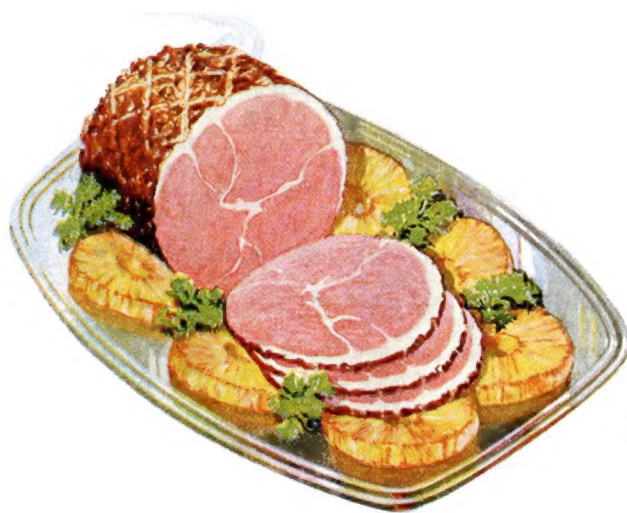


"It's all right George, bring out Grace and Harry.  
I'll have a Baked Ham ready by the time you get here."



Hormel Radio Recipes by Ida Bailey  
Allen every Wednesday morning—  
11 E. T.—10 C. T.—9 M. T.—11  
P. T. Columbia Broadcasting System

## Something your Mother could never do!



### *And This Is What This Modern Woman Did*

Baked and served this beautiful juicy Half Ham with all the trimmings in 30 minutes. Already cooked to a juicy tenderness in its sealed package, it needs but garnishing and 30 minutes of oven heating and browning. The economical way to buy Ham because there is no bone, no skin, no surplus fat—it is all Ham. And cooking shrinkage is practically nil.

**W**HAT an advantage the modern housewife has! Imagine cooking that wonderful Baked Ham in 30 minutes—mother would have spent two hours at it. She couldn't have asked the company to dinner, or if she did, it would be to "pot luck."

Now they speak of Hormel luck and it is *good* luck for guests and hostess and the family. The finest of foods cooked sealed in the package in which you buy them. All the juices and flavor retained instead of escaping in the air as in kitchen cooking. And all you need do is a few minutes of heating and browning.

All this quality, flavor, convenience—cost no more per pound of food on your table because there is no waste. Prove it. Bake a Hormel Ham today. Geo. A. Hormel & Company, Austin, Minn. Marples Jones & Co. Ltd., Liverpool, Eng.—Burns & Co., Calgary, Alberta, Can.

**Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham**—A Half or Whole Ham with all bone, skin and surplus fat removed. Slice cold. Fry or grill quickly. Brown Half Ham in 30 minutes, Whole Ham 1 hour. Wts. 2½ to 10 lbs.

**Hormel Flavor-Sealed Spiced Ham**—also Pork Tongue. Cold slices or sandwiches. 3 and 6 lb. tins.

**Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken**—A Whole Chicken or a Half Chicken not cut up nor boned. Cleaned to perfection, feet, head and useless parts removed. Chill and serve cold in its own jellied juices. Fry or broil quickly. Half Chicken 1½ to 2½ lbs. Whole Chicken 2½ to 4 lbs.

**Hormel Flavor-Sealed Boneless Chicken**—Pieces of white and dark meat of selected chicken without bones or fat. Comes out like one solid piece, slices wafer thin. For sandwiches or serve cold, or diced for chicken salad or creamed chicken. 6 oz.

**Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken a la King**—Well balanced proportions of No. 1 top grade white and dark chicken meat with fresh mushrooms and pimientos added in a sauce of pure milk, cream and creamery butter. 10½ oz.

**Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken Broth**—A high quality Chicken broth with rice. May be served undiluted, or with half water, serves four. 10½ oz.

# HORMEL

Instant Food for Any Meal

*Flavor Sealed*  
FIG. US. PAT. OFF.

# FOODS

Ready Cooked - Ready to Eat